

PR 5852

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM
WORDSWORTH

WITH MEMOIR, EXPLANATORY NOTES, ETC.



NEW YORK
JOHN W LOVELL COMPANY
150 WORTH STREET, CORNER MISSION PLACE

PR5852
.66

PHOTICAL WORKS

REPRODUCTION

Gift
Estate of
Mrs. Elisabeth Dupuy
Aug. 12, 1940

FD
Ms. 12-42

1891.

MED 311 M 1891

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 reaction between the two
 substances. The results of the
 experiments are given in the
 following table. It will be
 seen that the rate of reaction
 increases with the concentration
 of the reactants. This is to be
 expected, since the more
 molecules of the reactants are
 present, the greater is the
 probability of collision between
 them. The results also show
 that the rate of reaction is
 independent of the volume of the
 reaction mixture. This is also to be
 expected, since the concentration
 of the reactants is the same
 whether the volume is large or
 small. The results of the
 experiments are in good
 agreement with the theory of
 collision.

They buried Wordsworth on Saturday, April 27 (1850), in Crasmere Churchyard. That is one of the sweetest spots in all the world, the little dotted plot lying low, with its old grey church, in the arms of the green hills, within its half-circular road, breasted by its beautiful river and shaded by its spreading yews. . . The grave is where the poet himself wished it to be. . . It is in the sweetest corner of that sweet spot. A gravel path goes round it, and the low wall of the churchyard is very close at its foot and at its side. When the day dawns it is the first bed in the dale to know it, and being out of the shadow of the church, it is the last to partle with the setting sun. And the beautiful river, the Uotha, which babbles and laughs before it comes to this corner, and again laughs and babbles beyond it, flows deep and silent and with a solemn hush as it goes slowly under the quiet place of the poet's rest.

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THE, PRELUDE OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

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POEMS

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Of the Poems in this class, "THE EVENING WALK" and "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES" were first published in 1793. They are reprinted with some alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication.

This notice, which was written some time ago, scarcely applies to the Poem, "Descriptive Sketches," as it now stands. The corrections, though numerous, are not, however, such as to prevent its retaining with propriety a place in the class of Juvenile Pieces.

1836.

I.

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAVING SCHOOL.

DEAR native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

1786.

II.

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,

Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal
That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends! restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop
again.

III.

AN EVENING WALK.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's regret of his Youth which was passed amongst them—Short description of Noon—Cascade—Noon-tide Retreat—Precipice and sloping Lights—Face of Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain-farm, and the Cock—Slate-quarry—Sunset—Superstition of the Country connected with that moment—Swans—Fe

(18)

male Beggar—Twilight-sounds—Western
Lights—Spirits — Night — Moonlight —
Hope—Night-sounds—Conclusion.

FAR from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to
rove
Through bare gray dell, high wood, and
pastoral cove ;
Where Derwent rests, and listens to the
roar
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lin-
dore ;
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island
leads,
To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald
meads ;
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cot-
taged grounds,
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland
bounds ;
Where, undisturbed by winds, Winander
sleeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled
steps ;
Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's
shore,
And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes, erewhile, I taugth, a happy
child,
The echoes of your rocks my carols wild :
The spirit sought not then, in cherished
sadness,
A cloudy substitute for failing gladness.
In youth's keen eye the livelong day was
bright,
The sun at morning, and the stars at night,
Alike, when first the bittern's hollow bill
Was heard, or woodcocks roamed the moon-
light hill.

In thoughtless gayety I coursed the plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of pain ;
For then, the inexperienced heart would
beat
At times, while young Content forsook her
seat,
And wild Impatience, pointing upward,
showed,
Through passes yet unreached, a brighter
road.
Alas ! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round ;
Hope with reflection blends her social rays
To gild the total tablet of his days ;
Yet still, the sport of some malignant power,
He knows but from its shade the present
hour.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain ?
To show what pleasures yet to me remain,
Say, will my Friend, with unreluctant ear,
The history of a poet's evening hear ?

When, in the south, the wan noon, brood-
ing still,
Breathed a pale steam around the glaring
hill,
And shades of deep-embattled clouds were
seen,
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights be-
tween ;
When crowding cattle, checked by rails that
make
A fence far stretched into the shallow lake,
Lashed the cool water with their restless
tails,
Or from high points of rock looked out for
fanning gales ;
When school-boys stretched their length
upon the green ;
And round the broad-spread oak, a glim-
mering scene,
In the rough fern-clad park the herded deer
Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing
ear ;
When horses in the sunburnt intake *
stood,
And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,
Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress,
With forward neck the closing gate to
press—
Then, while I wandered where the huddling
rill
Brightens with water-breaks the hollow
ghyll †
As by enchantment, an obscure retreat
Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet,
While thick above the rill the branches
close,
In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds
between ;
And its own twilight softens the whole
scene,
Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
On withered briars that o'er the crags re-
cline ;

* The word *intake* is local, and signifies a
mountain-inclosure.

† Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to
this country : ghyll, and dingle, have the same
meaning.

Save where, with sparkling foam, a small cascade

Illumines, from within, the leafy shade ;
Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,

The eye reposes on a secret bridge
Half gray, half shagged with ivy to its ridge ;

There, bending o'er the stream, the listless swain

Lingers behind his disappearing wain.
— Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine !

Never shall ruthless minister of death
'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel un-sheath ;

No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,

No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers ;
The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
A more benignant sacrifice approve—

A mind, that, in a calm angelic mood
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
Beholds, of all from her high powers re-quired,

Much done, and much designed, and more desired,—

Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth re-fined,

Entire affection for all human kind.

Dear Brook, farewell ! To-morrow's noon again

Shall hide me, wooing long thy wildwood strain ;

But now the sun has gained his western road,

And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.

While, near the midway cliff, the silvered kite

In many a whistling circle wheels her flight ;
Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace

Travel along the precipice's base ;
Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,
By lichens gray, and scanty moss, o'ergrown ;

Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or thistle's beard ;

And restless stone-chat, all day long, is heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue !

Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood ;
There, objects, by the searching beams be-trayed,

Come forth, and here retire in purple shade ;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,

Soften their glare before the mellow light ;
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide

Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,

Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,

Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream :

Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving

shroud ;
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of

Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the breezes sink,
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink ;
There doth the twinkling aspen's foliage sleep,

And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deep :

And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening

streaks ;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright

With thousand thousand twinkling points of light ;

There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,

Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray ;
And now the whole wide lake in deep repose

Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows,
Save where, along the shady western marge,
Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal

barge.

Their panniered train a group of potters goad,

Winding from side to side up the deep road ;
The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge

Shot, down the headlong path darts with his sledge ;

Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse illume

Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings," and broom ;

While the sharp slope the slackened team confounds,

Downward the ponderous timber-wain re-sounds ;

In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps
along;

From lonesome chapel at the mountain's
feet,

Three humble bells their rustic chime re-
peat;

Sounds from the water-side the hammered
boat;

And *blasted* quarry thunders, heard remote!

Even here, amid the sweep of endless
woods,

Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling
floods,

Not undelightful are the simplest charms,
Found by the grassy door of mountain-farms.

Sweetly ferocious, round his native walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks;
Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his
tread;

A crest of purple tops the warrior's head.
Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-ball
hurls

Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls;
On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion
throat,

Threatened by faintly-answering farms re-
mote:

Again with his shrill voice the mountain
rings,

While, flapped with conscious pride, resound
his wings!

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the
sombrous pine

And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline;
I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,
Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and
numerous wains:

How busy all the enormous hive within,
While Echo dallies with its various din!
Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking
sound?)

Toil, small as pigmies in the gulf profound:
Some, dim between the lofty cliffs descried,
O'erwalk the slender plank from side to
side:

These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless
ring,

In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.

Just where a cloud above the mountain
rears

An edœ of flame, the broadening sun ap-
pears:

A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,
And breaks the spreading of its golden tides:
And now that orb has touched the purple
steep

Whose softened image penetrates the deep.
'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the cliffs
aspire,

With towers and woods, a "prospect all on
fire:"

While coves and secret hollows, through a
ray

Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray.

Each slip of lawn the broken rocks between
Shines in the light with more than earthly
green:

Deep yellow beams the scattered stems
illuminate,

Far in the level forest's central gloom:

Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering
rocks,

Hunts, where his master points, the inter-
cepted flocks.

Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance
shoots

On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted
roots;

The druid-stones a brightened ring unfold;
And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold;
Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,
Gives one bright glance, and drops behind
the hill.*

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may claim;
When up the hills, as now, retired the light,
Strange apparitions mocked the shepherd's
sight.

The form appears of one that spurs his
steed

Midway along the hill with desperate speed;
Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while
all

Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.

Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show
Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro;

At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar beam;
The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen
gleam. [below,

While silent stands the admiring crowd
Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward way
Till the last banner of the long array

* From Thomson.

Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendor—save the beacon's spiry head
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.

Now, while the solemn evening shadows
sail,
On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale;
And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines

Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger
lines;

'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay,
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward
flings

His neck, a varying arch, between his tower-
ing wings :

The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful pride can be, and how majestic,
ease.

While tender cares and mild domestic loves
With furtive watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
And her brown little-ones around her leads,
Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
Or playing wanton with the floating grass.
She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
Forgetting, calls the wearied to her side;
Alternately they mount her back, and rest
Close by* her mantling wings' embraces
prest.

Long may they float upon this flood
serene;
Theirs be these holms untrodden, still, and
green,
Where leafy shades fence off the blustering
gale,

And breathes in peace the lily of the vale!
Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-
maid's feet,

Yet hears her song, "by distance made more
sweet,"

Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-like
bower;

Green water-rushes overspread the floor;
Long grass and willows form the woven
wall,

And swings above the roof the poplar tall.
Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,
They crush with broad black feet their
flowery walk;

Or, from the neighboring water, hear at
morn

The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow
horn;

Involve their serpent-necks in changeful
rings,
Rolled wantonly between their slippery
wings,
Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,
Force half upon the wave their cumbrous
flight.

Fair swan! by all a mother's joys ca-
ressed,
Haply some wretch has eyed, and called
thee blessed;

When with her infants, from some shady
seat

By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the
noon-tide heat;

Or taught their limbs along the dusty road
A few short steps to totter with their load.

I see her now, denied to lay her head,
On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built
shed,

Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
By pointing to the gliding moon on high.

—When low-hung clouds each star of sum-
mer hide,

And fireless are the valleys far and wide,
Where the brook brawls along the public
road

Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching
broad,

Oft has she taught them on her lap to lay
The shining glow-worm; or, in heedless
play,

Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted;
While others, not unseen, are free to shed
Green unmolested light upon their mossy
bed.

Oh! when the sleety showers her path
assail,

And like a torrent roars the headstrong
gale;

No more her breath can thaw their fingers
cold,

Their frozen arms her neck no more can
fold;

Weak roof a cowering form two babes to
shield,

And faint the fire a dying heart can yield!
Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears

Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its
tears;

No tears can chill them, and no bosom
warms,

Thy breast their death-bed, confined in
thine arms!

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
 Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
 And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
 Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
 And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
 Shoots upward, darting his long neck before.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light
 Blends with the solemn coloring of night;
 'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
 And round the west's proud lodge their shadows throw,
 Like Una shining on her gloomy way,
 The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray;
 Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and small,
 Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall;
 Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale
 Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.
 With restless interchange at once the bright
 Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.
 No favored eye was e'er allowed to gaze
 On lovelier spectacle in fairy days;
 When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's face;
 While music, stealing round the glimmering
 deeps,
 Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steep.
 —The lights are vanished from the watery
 plains:
 No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
 Unheeded night has overcome the vales:
 On the dark earth the wearied vision fails;
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain;
 Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no
 more,
 Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers
 hoar;
 And, towering from the sullen dark-brown
 mere,
 Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps ap-
 pear.
 —Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we
 feel
 A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,

And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
 The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil
 mind.

Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
 Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away;
 Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;
 Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear re-
 tains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light
 to thread
 Silent the hedge or streamy rivulet's bed,
 From his gray reappearing tower shall soon
 Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,
 While with a hoary light she frosts the
 ground,
 And pours a deeper blue to Æther's bound;
 Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds
 to fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

Above yon eastern hill, where darkness
 broods
 O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and
 woods;
 Where but a mass of shade the sight can
 trace,
 Even now she shows, half-veiled, her lovely
 face:
 Across the gloomy valley flings her light,
 Far to the western slopes with hamlets
 white;
 And gives, where woods the checkered up-
 land strew,
 To the green corn of summer, autumn's hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed
 horn
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own
 morn,
 'Till higher mounted, strives in vain to
 cheer
 The weary hills, impervious, blackening
 near;
 Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the
 On darling spots remote her tempting smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant
 scene,
 (For dark and broad the gulf of time be-
 tween)
 Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
 (Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my
 way;
 How fair its lawns and sheltering woods ap-
 pear!
 How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine
 ear!)

Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall
rise,
'Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of
death.

But now the clear bright Moon her zenith
gains,
And, riny without speck, extend the plains :
The deepest cleft the mountain's front dis-
plays [rays ;
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching
From the dark-blue faint silvery threads
divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide ;
Time softly treads ; throughout the land-
scape breathes
A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by wreaths
Of charcoal-smoke, that o'er the fallen wood
Steal down the hill, and spread along the
flood.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard
by day, [way.
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from
sleep,
The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,
The boat's first motion—made with dashing
oar ;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurrying the timid hare through rustling
corn ;
The sportive outcry of the mocking owl ;
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl ;
The distant forge's swinging thump pro-
found ;
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.
1787-9.

IV.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT
EVENING.

How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues !
And see how dark the backward stream !
A little moment past so smiling !
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure :
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colors shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow !
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-mor-
row ?
1789.

v.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.
COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR
RICHMOND.

GLIDE gently, thus forever glide,
O Thames that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river ! come to me.
O glide, fair stream ! forever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds forever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought !—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene !
Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who murmuring here a later * ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
For *him* suspend the dashing oar ;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrows more.
How calm ! how still ! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended !
—The evening darkness gathers round
By virtue's holiest Powers attended
1789.

VI.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR
AMONG THE ALPS.

TO THE REV. ROBERT JONES,
FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAM-
BRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—However desirous I might
have been of giving you proofs of the high

* Collins's Ode on the death of Thomson.

place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of our having been companions among the Alps seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you, I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a post-chaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessaries upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter!

I am happy in being conscious, that I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my coloring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets, which give such splendor to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethgellert, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steeps of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem

I am, dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,
W. WORDSWORTH.

London, 1793.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on earth) among the charms of Nature—Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller—Author crosses France to the Alps—Present state of the Grande Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Time, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning;

its voluptuous Character; Old man and forest-cottage music—River Tusa—Via Mala and Grison Gipsy—Skellenen-thal—Lake of Uri—Stormy sunset—Chapel of William Tell—Force of local emotion—Chamois-chaser—View of the higher Alps—Manner of life of a Swiss mountaineer, interspersed with views of the higher Alps—Golden age of the Alps—Life and views continued—Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air—Abbey of Einsiedlen and its pilgrims—Valley of Chamouny—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of liberty on cottage-happiness—France—Wish for the Extirpation of Slavery—Conclusion.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground
Where from distress a refuge might be
found,

And solitude prepare the soul for heaven;
Sure, nature's God that spot to man had
given

Where falls the purple morning far and wide
In flakes of light upon the mountain side;
Where with loud voice the power of water
shakes

The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall
roam,

Who at the call of summer quits his home,
And plods through some wide realm o'er
vale and height,

Though seeking only holiday delight;
At least, not owing to himself an aim
To which the sage would give a prouder
name.

No gains too cheaply earned his fancy cloy,
Though every passing zephyr whispers joy;
Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,
Feeds the clear current of his sympathies.
For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn;
And peeps the far-off spire, his evening
bourn!

Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
And dear the velvet green-sward to his
tread:

Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming
eye?

Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury:"
Kind Nature's charities his steps attend;
In every babbling brook he finds a friend;
While chastening thoughts of sweetest use
bestow'd

By wisdom, moralize his pensive road.

Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide
 bower,
 To his spare meal he calls the passing poor ;
 He views the sun uplift his golden fire,
 Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's
 lyre ; [ray,
 Blesses the moon that comes with kindly
 To light him shaken by his rugged way.
 Back from his sight no bashful children
 steal ;
 He sits a brother at the cottage-meal ;
 His humble looks no shy restraint impart ;
 Around him plays at will the virgin heart.
 While unsuspected wheels the village dance,
 The maidens eye him with enquiring glance,
 Much wondering by what fit of crazing care,
 Or desperate love, bewildered, he came
 there.

A hope, that prudence could not then
 approve,
 That clung to Nature with a truant's love,
 O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my footsteps
 led ;
 Her files of road-elms, high above my head
 In long-drawn vista, rustling in the breeze :
 Or where her pathways straggle as they
 please
 By lonely farms and secret villages.
 But lo ! the Alps, ascending white in air,
 Toy with the sun and glitter from afar.

And now, emerging from the forest's
 gloom,
 I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy
 doom.
 Whither is fled that Power whose frown
 severe
 Awed sober Reason till she crouched in
 fear ?
 That Silence, once in deathlike fetters
 bound,
 Chains that were loosened only by the
 sound
 Of holy rites chanted in measured round ?
 —The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
 The cloister startles at the gleam of arms.
 The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
 Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps
 away his tears.
 Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their troubled
 heads,
 Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner night
 o'erspreads ;
 Strong terror checks the female peasant's
 sighs,

And start the astonished shades at female
 eyes.
 From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted
 jay,
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
 A viewless flight of laughing Demons mock
 The Cross, by angels planted * on the aerial
 rock.
 The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow
 breath
 Along the mystic streams of Life and
 Death. †
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
 Portentous through her old woods' trackless
 bounds,
 Vallombre, ‡ 'mid her falling fanes, deplores,
 Forever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin
 roves
 Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy
 steeps
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow
 deeps.
 —To towns, whose shades of no rude noise
 complain,
 From ringing team apart and grating wain—
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's
 bound,
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
 Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,
 And o'er the whitened wave their shadows
 fling—
 The pathway leads, as round the steeps it
 twines ;
 And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
 The loitering traveller hence, at evening,
 sees
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between the
 trees ;
 Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-
 eyed maids
 Tend the small harvest of their garden
 glades ;
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to
 view
 Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad and
 blue,
 And track the yellow lights from steep to
 steep,
 As up the opposing hills they slowly creep.

* Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the
 spiry rocks of Chartreuse.

† Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

‡ Name of one of the valleys of the Char-
 treuse.

Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
 In golden light; half hides itself in shade:
 While, from amid the darkened roofs, the
 spire,
 Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like
 fire:
 There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
 Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
 Slow glides the sail along the illumined
 shore,
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious
 sighs,
 And amorous music on the water dies.

How blest, delicious scene! the eye that
 greets
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;
 Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood that
 scales
 Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy vales;
 Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,
 Each with its household boat beside the
 door;
 Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue
 sky;
 Thy towns, that cleave, like swallow's nests,
 on high;
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, de-
 scribed
 Dim from the twilight waters shaggy side,
 Whence lutes and voices down the en-
 charmed woods
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten
 floods;
 —Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue
 or gray,
 'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from
 morning's ray
 Slow-travelling down the western hills, to
 enfold
 Its green-tinted margin in a blaze of gold;
 Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin
 bell
 Calls forth the woodman from his desert
 cell,
 And quickens the blithe sound of oars that
 pass
 Along the streaming lake, to early mass.
 But now farewell to each and all—adieu
 To every charm, and last and chief to you,
 Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade
 Rest near your little plots of wheaten
 glade;
 To all that binds the scail in powerless
 trance,
 Lip-dewy song, and ringlet-tossing dance;

Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles
 illumine
 Thy sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.
 —Alas! the very murmur of the streams
 Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous
 dreams,
 While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to
 dwell
 On joys that might disgrace the captive's
 cell,
 Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's
 marge,
 And lures from bay to bay the vocal barge.

Yet are thy softer arts with power indued
 To soothe and cheer the poor man's soli-
 tude.
 By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's home
 Left vacant for the day, I love to roam,
 But once I pierced the mazes of a wood
 In which a cabin undeserted stood;
 There an old man an olden measure
 scanned
 On a rude viol touched with withered hand,
 As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie
 Under a hoary oak's thin canopy
 Stretched at his feet, with stedfast upward
 eye
 His children's children listened to the
 sound;
 —A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence: for fair Locarno smiles
 Embowered in walnut slopes and citron
 isles:
 Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
 Where, 'mid dim towers and woods, her
 waters gleam
 From the bright wave, in solemn gloom re-
 tire
 The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still,
 aspire
 To where afar rich orange lustres glow
 Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks,
 and snow:
 Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
 The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
 Hang o'er the abyss, whose else impervious
 gloom
 His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.
 The mind condemned, without reprieve,
 to go
 O'er life's long deserts with its charge of
 woe,
 With sad congratulation joins the train
 Where beasts and men together o'er the
 plain

Move on—a mighty caravan of pain :
Hope, strength, and courage, social suffer-
ing brings,

Freshening the wilderness with shades and
springs.

—There be whose lot far otherwise is cast :

Sole human tenant of the piny waste,
By choice or doom a gypsy wanders here,
A nursling babe her on'y comforter .

Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy
rock,

A cowering shape half hid in curling
smoke !

When lightning among clouds and moun-
tain snows

Predominates, and darkness comes and
goes,

And the fierce torrent at the flashes broad
Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring
road—

She seeks a covert from the battering
shower

In the roofed bridge ; the bridge, in that
dread hour,

Itself all trembling at the torrent's power.

Nor is she more at ease on some *still*
night,

When not a star supplies the comfort of its
light ;

Only the waining moon hangs dull and red
Above a melancholy mountain's head,

Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant
sighs,

Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary
eyes ;

Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,
Or to the drowsy crow of midnight cock,

Listens, or quakes while from the forest's
gulf

Howls near and nearer yet the famished
wolf.

From the green vale of Urseren smooth
and wide

Descend we now, the maddened Reuss our
guide ;

By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as they ;

By cells upon whose image, while he prays,
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to
gaze ;

By many a votive death-cross planted near,
And watered duly with the pious tear,

That faded sily from the upward eye
Unmoved with each rude form of peril

men :

Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming snows, and roaring
waves.

But soon a peopled region on the sight
Opens—a little world of calm delight ;

Where mists, suspended on the expiring
gale,

Spread roof-like o'er the deep secluded vale
And teams of evening slipping in between,
Gently illuminate a sober scene :—

Here, on the brown wood-cottages they
sleep,

There, over rock or sloping pasture creep.
On as we journey, in clear view displayed,

The still vale lengthens underneath its
shade

Of low-hung vapor : on the freshened
mead

The green light sparkles ;—the dim bowers
While pastoral pipes and streams the land-
scape lull,

And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye

Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
Huge convent domes with pinnacles and
towers,

And antique castles seen through gleamy
showers.

From such romantic dreams, my soul,
awake !

To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake
In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
Winds neither road nor path for foot to
tread :

The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of
beech ;

Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.

Yet here and there, if 'mid the savage
scene

Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep
To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on
the steep.

—Before those thresholds (never can they
know

The face of traveller passing by and fro)
No peasant leans upon his ocle, to tell
For what at morning tolled the funeral
bell :

Their dog ne'er his angry bark fore-
gave,

Touched by the beggar's moan of human
woes :

The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
 To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.
 Yet thither the world's business finds its
 way
 At times, and tales unsought beguile the
 day,
 And *there* are those fond thoughts which
 Solitude,
 However stern, is powerless to exclude.
 There doth the maiden watch her lover's
 sail
 Approaching, and upbraids the tardy gale ;
 At midnight listens till his parting oar,
 And its last echo, can be heard no more.

And what if ospreys, cormorants, herons,
 cry,
 Amid tempestuous vapors driving by,
 Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear
 That common growth of earth, the foodful
 ear ;
 Where the green apple shrivels on the
 spray,
 And pines the unripened pear in summer's
 kindest ray ;
 Contentment shares the desolate domain
 With Independence, child of high Disdain.
 Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
 And grasps by fits her sword, and often
 eyes ;
 And sometimes, as from rock to rock she
 bounds,
 The Patriot nymph starts at imagined
 sounds,
 And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs aghast,
 Whether some old Swiss air hath checked
 her haste
 Or thrill of Spartan life is caught between
 the blast.

Sworn with incessant rains from hour to
 hour,
 All day the deepening floods a murmur
 pour :
 The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight :
 Dark is the region as with coming night ;
 But what a sudden burst of overpowering
 light !
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
 Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious form !
 Eastward, in long perspective glittering,
 shine
 The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake
 recline ;
 Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams unfold,
 At once to pillars turned that flame with
 gold :

Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to shun
 The *west*, that burns like one dilated sun,
 A crucible of mighty compass, felt
 By mountains, glowing till they seem to
 melt.

But, lo ! the boatman, overawed, before
 The pictured fane of Tell suspends his jar
 Confused the Marathonian tale appears.
 While his eyes sparkle with heroic tears.
 And who, that walks where men of ancient
 days
 Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds
 of praise,
 Feels not the spirit of the place control,
 Or rouse and agitate his laboring soul ?
 Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
 Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,
 On Zutphen's plain or on that Highland
 dell,
 Through which rough Garry cleaves his way
 can tell
 What high resolves exalt the tenderest
 thought
 Of him whom passion rivets to the spot,
 Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's
 happiest sigh,
 And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye ;
 Where bleeding Sidney from the cup re-
 tired,
 And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" ex-
 pired ?

But now with other mind I stand alone
 Upon the summit of this naked cone,
 And watch the fearless chamois-hunter
 chase
 His prey, through tracts abrupt of desolate
 space, [gave
 Through vacant worlds where Nature never
 A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
 Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred
 keep ;
 Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice, and
 Motion sleep ;
 Where silent Hours their death-like sway
 extend,
 Save when the avalanche breaks loose, to
 rend
 Its way with uproar, till the ruin, drowned
 In some dense wood or gulf of snow pro-
 found,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deep
 abortive sound.
 —'Tis his, while wandering on from height
 to height,
 To see a planet's pomp and steady light

In the least star of scarce-appearing
 night;
 While the pale moon moves near him, on
 the bound
 Of ether, shining with diminished round,
 And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays :
 To him the day-star glitters small and
 bright,
 Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
 And he can look beyond the sun, and view
 Those fast-receding depths of sable blue
 Flying till vision can no more pursue !
 —At once bewildering mists around him
 close,
 And cold and hunger are his least of woes ;
 The Demon of the snow, with angry roar
 Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
 Soon with despair's whole weight his spirits
 sink ;
 Bread has he none, the snow must be his
 drink ;
 And, ere his eyes can close upon the
 day,
 The eagle of the Alps o'er shades her prey.

Now couch thyself where, herad with fear
 afar,
 Thunders through echoing pines the head-
 long Aar ;
 Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive Underwalden's pastoral heights.
 —Is there who 'mid these awful wilds has
 seen
 The native Genii walk the mountain green ?
 Or heard, while other worlds their charms
 reveal,
 Soft music o'er the ærial summit steal ?
 While o'er the desert, answering every
 close,
 Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and
 goes.
 —And sure there is a secret Power that
 reigns
 Here, where no trace of man the spot pro-
 fanes,
 Nought but the *chalets*, flat and bare, on
 high
 Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky ;
 Or distant herds that pasturing upward
 creep,
 And, not untended, climb the dangerous
 steep.
 How still ! no irreligious sound or sight
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
 An idle voice, the sabbath region fills
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,

And with that voice accords the soothing
 sound
 Of drowsy bells, forever tinkling round ;
 Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's steady
sugh : *
 The solitary heifer's deepened low ;
 Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
 All motions, sounds, and voices, far and
 nigh,
 Blend in a music of tranquillity ;
 Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy
 Shouts from the echoing hills with savage
 joy.

When, from the sunny breast of open
 seas,
 And bays with myrtle fringed, the southern
 breeze
 Comes on to gladden April with the sight
 Of green isles widening on each snow-clad
 height ;
 When shout and lowing herds the valley
 fill,
 And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill,
 The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to scale,
 Leaving to silence the deserted vale ;
 And like the Patriarchs in their simple age
 Move, as the verdure leads, from stage to
 stage ;
 High and more high in Summer's heat
 they go,
 And hear the rattling thunder far below ;
 Or steal beneath the mountains, half-de-
 terred,
 Where huge rocks tremble to the bellowing
 herd.

One I behold who, 'cross the foaming
 flood,
 Leaps with a bound of graceful hardihood ;
 Another high on that green ledge,—he
 gained
 The tempting spot with every sinew
 strained ;
 And downward thence a knot of grass he
 throws,
 Food for his beasts in time of winter snows.
 —Far different life from what tradition
 hoar
 Transmits of happier lot in times of yore !
 Then Summer lingered long ; and honey
 flowed
 From out the rocks, the wild bees' safe
 abode :

* *Sugh*, a Scotch word expressive of the
 sound of the wind through the trees.

Continna waters welling cheered the
waste,
And plants were wholesome, now of deadly
taste:
Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled,
Nor Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled:
Nor Hunger driven the herds from pastures
bare,
To climb the treacherous cliffs for scanty
fare.
Then the milk-thistle flourished through the
land,
And forced the full-swoln udder to demand,
Thrice every day, the pail and welcome
hand.
Thus does the father to his children tell
Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too well.
Alas! that human guilt provoked the rod
Of angry Nature to avenge her God.
Still Nature, ever just, to him imparts
Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn: with gold the verdant moun-
tain glows;
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of
rose.
Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea! whose billows wide around
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound;
Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops
uprear,
That like to leaning masts of stranded ships
appear,
A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
Gapes in the center of the sea—and through
That dark mysterious gulf ascending,
sound
Innumerable streams with roar profound.
Mount through the nearer vapors notes of
birds,
And merry flageolet; the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling
bell,
Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-
tower knell.
Think not, the peasant from aloft has
gazed
And heard with heart unmoved, with soul
unraised;
Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor less
Alive to independent happiness,
Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at even-
tide
Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side.
For as the pleasures of his simple day
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,

Nought round its darling precincts can he
find
But brings some past enjoyment to his
mind;
While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's urn,
Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his
return.

Once, Man entirely free, alone and wild,
Was blest as free—for he was Nature's
child.

He all superior but his God disdained,
Walked none restraining, and by none re-
strained:

Confessed no law but what his reason
taught.

Did all he wished, and wished but what he
ought,

As man in his primeval dower arrayed
The image of his glorious Sire displayed,
Even so, by faithful Nature guarded, here
The traces of primeval Man appear;
The simple dignity no forms debase;

The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace:
The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,
His book he prizes, nor neglects his sword;
—Well taught by that to feel his rights,
prepared

With this "the blessings he enjoys to
guard."

And, as his native hills encircle ground
For many a marvellous victory renowned,
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
With few in arms innumerable foes,
When to those famous fields his steps are
led,

An unknown power connects him with the
dead:

For images of other worlds are there;
Awful the light, and holy is the air.
Fitfully, and in flashes, through his soul,
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled transports
roll;

His bosom heaves, his spirit towers amain,
Beyond the senses and their little reign.

And oft, when that dread vision hath
past by,

He holds with God himself communion
high,

There where the peal of swelling torrents
fills

The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills;
Or, when upon the mountain's silent brow
Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of
snow;

While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.

And when a gathering weight of shadows
brown

Falls on the valleys as the sun goes down ;
And Pikes, of darkness named and fear
and storms,*

Uplift in quiet their illumined forms,
In sea-like reach of prospect round him
spread,

Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red—
Awe in his breast with holiest love unites,
And the near heavens impart their own de-
lights.

When downward to his winter hut he
goes,

Dear and more dear the lessening circle
grows ;

That hut which on the hills so oft employs
His thoughts, the central point of all his
joys.

And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,
So to the homestead, where the grandsire
tends

A little prattling child, he oft descends,
To glance a look upon the well-matched
pair ;

Till storm and driving ice blockade him
there.

There, safely guarded by the woods behind,
He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
Hears Winter calling all his terrors round,
And, blest within himself, he shrinks not
from the sound.

Through Nature's vale his homely pleas-
ures glide,

Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride ;
The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
With one bright bell, a favorite heifer's
neck ;

Well pleased upon some simple annual
feast,

Remembered half the year and hoped the
rest,

If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,
Of thrice ten summers dignify the board.

—Alas ! in every clime a flying ray
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way ;
And here the unwilling mind may more
than trace

The general sorrows of the human race :

* As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror ; Wet-
ter-Horn, the pike of storms, &c., &c.

The churlish gales of penury, that blow
Cold as the north wind o'er a waste of
snow,

To them the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
Yet more ;—compelled by Powers which
only deign

That *solitary* man disturb their reign,
Powers that support an unremitting strife
With all the tender charities of life,
Full oft the father, when his sons have grown
To manhood, seems their title to disown ;
And from his nest amid the storms of
heaven

Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was
driven ;

With stern composure watches to the
plain—

And never, eagle-like, beholds again !

When long familiar joys are all resigned,
Why does their sad remembrance haunt the
mind ?

Lo ! where through flat Batavia's willow
groves,

Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves ;
O'er the curled waters Alpine measures
swell,

And search the affections to their inmost
cell ;

Sweet poison spreads along the listener's
veins,

Turning past pleasures into mortal pains ;
Poison, which not a frame of steel can
brave,

Bows his young head with sorrow to the
grave.

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume !
Ye flattering eastern lights, once more the
hills illumine !

Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious
morn,

And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, re-
turn !

Alas ! the little joy to man allowed
Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud ;

Or like the beauty in a flower installed,
Whose season was, and cannot be recalled.

Yet, when opprest by sickness, grief, or
care,

And taught that pain is pleasure's natural
heir,

We still confide in more than we can know ;
Death would be else the favorite friend of
woe.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine,
 Between interminable tracts of pine,
 Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
 By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
 On the mute Image and the troubled walls.
 Oh! give not me that eye of hard disdain
 That views, undimmed, Einsiedlen's *
 wretched fane.
 While ghastly faces through the gloom appear,
 Abortive joy, and hope that works in fear;
 While prayer contends with silenced agony,
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
 If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
 One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it
 there!

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,
 Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire:
 Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day
 Close on the remnant of their weary way,
 While they are drawing toward the sacred
 floor
 Where, so they fondly think, the worm shall
 gnaw no more.
 How gayly murmur and how sweetly taste
 The fountains reared for them amid the
 waste!
 Their thirst they slake:—they wash their
 toil-worn feet,
 And some with tears of joy each other
 greet.
 Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
 Those holy turrets tipped with evening
 gold,
 In that glad moment will for you a sigh
 Be heaved, of charitable sympathy;
 In that glad moment when your hands are
 prest
 In mute devotion on the thankful breast!

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that shields
 With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile
 fields:
 Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
 And with wild flowers and blooming or-
 chards blend:—
 A scene more fair than what the Grecian
 feigns
 Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
 Here all the seasons revel hand in hand:

* This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, laboring under mental or bodily afflictions.

'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets
 fanned,
 They sport beneath that mountain's match-
 less height
 That holds no commerce with the summer
 night.
 From age to age, throughout his lonely
 bounds
 The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;
 Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
 Where daylight lingers on perpetual snow;
 Glitter the stars above, and all is black
 below.
 What marvel then if many a Wanderer
 sigh,
 While roars the sullen Arve in anger by,
 That not for thy reward, unrivalled Vale!
 Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal
 gale;
 That thou, the slave of slaves, are doomed
 to pine
 And droop, while no Italian arts are thine,
 To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.

Hail Freedom! whether it was mine to
 stray,
 With shrill winds whistling round my lone-
 ly way,
 On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad
 moors,
 Or where dark sea-weed lashes Scotland's
 shores;
 To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breath-
 ing rose,
 And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;
 Still have I found, where Tyranny prevails,
 That virtue languishes and pleasure fails,
 While the remotest hamlets blessings share
 In thy loved presence known, and only
 there;
 Heart-blessings — outward treasures too
 which the eye
 Of the sun peeping through the clouds can
 spy,
 And every passing breeze will testify.
 There, to the porch, belike with jasmine
 bound
 Or woodbine wreaths, a smoother path is
 wound;
 The housewife there a brighter garden sees,
 Where hum on busier wing her happy bees;
 On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow;
 And gray-haired men look up with livelier
 brow,— [rest;
 To greet the traveller needing food and
 Housed for the night, or but a half-hour's
 guest,

An! oh, fair France! though now the
traveller sees

Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the
breeze;

Though martial songs have banished songs
of love,

And nightingales desert the village grove,
Scared by the rife and rumbling drum's
alarms,

And the short thunder, and the flash of
arms;

That cease not all night falls, when far and
nigh

Sole sound, the Soud * prolongs his mourn-
ful cry!

—Yet, hast thou found that Freedom
spreads her power

Beyond the cottage-hearth, the cottage-door:
All nature smiles, and owns beneath her
eyes

Her fields peculiar and peculiar skies.
Yes, as I roamed where Loire's waters
glide

Through rustling aspens heard from side to
side,

When from Ober clouds a milder light
Fell where the blue flood rippled into white;

Methought from every cot the watchful bird
Crowded with ear-piercing power till then
unheard,

Each creaking mill, that broke the murmur-
ing streams,

Rocked thy charmed thought in more deli-
ghtful dreams;

Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling
leaf

Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief;
The murmured echo of the distant flail

Wound in more welcome cadence down the
vale;

With more majestic course the water rolled,
And rippling foliage shone with richer gold.

—But trees are gathering — Liberty must
raise;

Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze;
Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to
tower!

Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour!
Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's per-
verted ire

Rouse to all's own aid, and wrap thy fields in
fire;

Lo, from the flames a great and glorious
birth;

As if a new-made heaven were hailing a new
earth!

—All cannot be: the promise is too fair
For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial
air:

Yet not for this will sober reason frown
Upon that promise, nor the hope disown;

She knows that only from high aims ensue
Rich guerdons, and to them alone are due.

Great God! by whom the strifes of men
are weighed

In an impartial balance, give thine aid
To the just cause; and oh, ! do thou pre-
side

Over the mighty stream now spreading wide:
So shall its waters, from the heavens sup-
plied

In copious showers, from earth by whole-
some springs,

Brood o'er the long-parched lands with Nile-
like wings!

And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries presumptuous, "Here the flood
shall stay,"

May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
And cease the acknowledged purpose to
withstand;

Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore,
Sink with his servile bands, to rise no more!

To-night, my Friend, within this humble
cot

Be scorn and fear and hope alike forgot
In timely sleep; and when, at break of day,
On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams
play,

With a light heart our course we may renew,
The first whose footsteps print the moun-
tain dew.

1791, 1792.

VII.

LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew tree, which
stands near the lake of Esthwaite, on a
desolate part of the shore, commanding a
beautiful prospect.

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-
tree stands

Far from all human dwelling: what if here
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant
herb?

* An insect so called, which emits a short,
melancholic cry, heard at the close of the sum-
mer evening, on the banks of the Loire.

What if the bee love not these barren
boughs?

Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling
waves, [mind

That break against the shore, shall lull thy
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

—Who he was

That piled these stones and with the mossy
sod

First covered, and here taught this aged
Tree

With its dark arms to form a circling
bower,

I well remember —He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science
nursed,

And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth

A favored Being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the
taint

Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,

All but neglect. The world, for so it
thought,

Owed him no service; wherefore he at
once

With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his
soul

In solitude. — Stranger! these gloomy
boughs

Had charms for him; and here he loved to
sit,

His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:

And on these barren rocks, with fern and
heath,

And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour

A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life:

And, lifting up his head, he then would
gaze

On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it be-
came

Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beautiful! Nor,
that time,

When nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those Beings to whose
minds

Warm from the labors of benevolence
The world, and human life, appeared a
scene

Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
Inly disturbed, to think that others felt

What he must never feel: and so, lost Man!

On visionary views would fancy feed,
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this
deep valed

He died,—this seat is only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy
forms

Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned, and know
that pride,

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt

For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought
with him

Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who might
move

The wise man to that scorn which wisdom
holds

Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!

Instructed that true knowledge leads to
love;

True dign. ty abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

1795.

V:II.

GUILT AND SORROW;

OR, INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN

ADVERTISEMENT,

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF
THIS POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842.

Not less than one-third of the following
poem, though it has from time to time been
altered in the expression, was published so
far back as the year 1798, under the title of
"The Female Vagrant." The extract is of
such length that an apology seems to be re-
quired for reprinting it here: but it was
necessary to restore it to its original posi-
tion, or the rest would have been unintelli-
gible. The whole was written before the
close of the year 1794, and I will detail,
rather as a matter of literary biography than

for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say, that of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

I.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain

Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare ;
Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain

Help from the staff he bore ; for mien and air
Were hardy, though his cheeks seemed worn
with care,

Both of the time to come, and time long fled :
Down fell in straggling locks his thin gray
hair ;

A coat he wore of military red
But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch
and shred.

II.

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on,
He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
That welcome in such a house for him was
none.

No board inscribed the needy to allure
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and
poor

And desolate, "Here you will find a friend !"
The pendent grapes glittered above the
door ;—

On he must pace, perchance 'till night de-
scend,

Where'er the dreary roads their bare white
lines extend.

III.

The gathering clouds grew red with stormy
fire,

In streaks diverging wide and mounting high ;
That inn he long had passed ; the distant
spire,

Which oft as he looked back had fixed his
eye,

Was lost, though still he looked, in the
blank sky.

Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,
And scarce could any trace of man descry,
Save cornfields stretched and stretching
without bound ;

But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to
be found.

IV.

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant
green,

No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear ;
Long files of corn-stacks here and there
were seen,

But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.
Some laborer, thought he, may perchance be
near ;

And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain ;
No voice made answer, he could only hear
Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
Or whistling thro' thin grass along the un-
furrowed plain.

V.

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Concealed some cottage, whither he might
turn

And rest ; but now along heaven's darken-
ing cope

The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward
borne.

Thus warned, he sought some shepherd's
spreading thorn

Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,
But sought in vain ; for now, all wild, for-
lorn,
And vacant, a huge waste around him spread ;
The wet cold ground, he feared, must be
his only bed.

VI.

And be it so—for to the chill night shower
And the sharp wind his head he oft hath
bared ;
A sailor he, who many a wretched hour
Hath told : for, landing after labor hard,
Full long endured in hope of just reward,
He to an armèd fleet was forced away
By seamen, who perhaps themselves had
shared
A like fate ; was hurried off, a helpless prey,
'Gainst all that in *his* heart, or theirs per-
haps, said nay.

VII.

For years the work of carnage did not cease,
And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
Death's minister ; then came his glad release,
And hope returned, and pleasure fondly
made
Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's aid
The happy husband flies, his arms to throw
Round his wife's neck ; the prize of victory
laid
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she
could know.

VIII.

Vain hope ! for fraud took all that he had
earned.
The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
Even in the desert's heart ; but he, returned,
Bears not to those he loves their needful
food.
His home approaching, but in such a mood
That from his sight his children might have
run,
He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his
blood ;
And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate
to shun.

IX.

From that day forth no place to him could be
So lonely, but that thence might come a pang
Brought from without to inward misery.
Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
A sound of chains along the desert rang ;

He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
A human body that in irons swang,
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by ;
And, hovering, round often it did a raven fly

X.

It was a spectacle which none might view,
In spot so savage, but with shuddering pain ;
Nor only did for him at once renew
All he had feared from man, but roused a
train
Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
The stones, as if to cover him from day,
Rolled at his back along the living plain ;
He fell, and without sense or motion lay ;
But, when the trance was gone, feebly pur-
sued his way.

XI.

As one whose brain habitual phrensiv fires
Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tosed
Profounder quiet, when the fit retires.
Even so the dire phantasia which had
crossed
His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening stream
Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
Moody, or only troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk on any casual
theme.

XII.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek ;
He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might
wreak ;
Saw that the bustard, or those regions bleak
Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wandering, gave a mournful
shriek,
And half upon the ground, with strange
affright,
Forced hard against the wind a thick un-
wieldy flight.

XIII.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound,
The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it strays,
Marks nothing but the red sun's setting
round,
Or on the earth strange lines, in former days
Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading wide
Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise

Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide

He turned, while rain poured down smoking on every side.

XIV.

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet keep

Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and hear

The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's sweep,

Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year; Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear

For sacrifice its throngs of living men, Before thy face did ever wretch appear,

Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier pain

Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter now would gain?

XV.

Within that fabric of mysterious form, Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme;

And, from the perilous ground dislodged, through storm

And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,

Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led; Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam

Disclose a naked guide-post's double head, Sight which tho' lost at once a gleam of pleasure shed.

XVI.

No swinging sign-board creaked from cottage clm

To stay his steps with faintness overcome; 'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery realm

Roaring with storms beneath night's starless gloom;

No gypsy cower'd o'er fire of furze or broom; No laborer watched his red kiln glaring bright,

Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's room;

Along the waste no line of mournful light From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night.

XVII.

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon arose;

The downs were visible,—and now revealed

A structure stands, which two bare slopes enclose.

It was a spot, where, ancient vows fulfilled, Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build

A lonely Spital, the belated swain From the night terrors of that waste to shield:

But there no human being could remain, And now the walls are named the "Dead House" of the plain.

XVIII.

Though he had little cause to love the abode Of man, or covet sight of mortal face.

Yet when faint beams of light that ruin showed,

How glad he was at length to find some trace

Of human shelter in that dreary place. Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,

Here shall much-needed sleep his frame embrace.

In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes begin to close;

XIX.

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed to come

From one who mourned in sleep, he raised his head,

And saw a woman in the naked room Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed.

The moon a wan dead light around her shed. He waked her—spake in tone that would not fail,

He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill he sped, For of that ruin she had heard a tale

Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail;

XX.

Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shroud,

Felt the loose walls of his decayed Retreat Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,

While his horse pawed the floor with furious heat;

Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet, Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse:

The man half raised the stone with pain and sweat,

Half raised, for well his arm might lose its force,

Disclosing the grim head of a late murdered corse.

XXI.

Such tale of this lone mansion she had
learned,
And, when that shape, with eyes in sleep
half drowned,
By the moon's sullen lamp she first dis-
cerned,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.
Her he addressed in words of cheering
sound ;
Recovering heart, like answer did she make ;
And well it was that, of the corse there
found,
In converse that ensued she nothing spake ;
She knew not what dire pangs in him such
tale could wake.

XXII.

But soon his voice and words of kind int .t
Banished that dismal thought ; and now the
wind
In fainter howlings told its *rage* was spent :
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,
Which by degrees a confidence of mind
And mutual interest failed not to create
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,
In that forsaken building where they sat
The Woman thus retraced her own untow-
ard fate.

XXIII.

* By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a
man
Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred ;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said :
And afterwards, by my good father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read ;
For books in every neighboring house I
sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure
brought.

XXIV.

A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
A garden stored with peas, and mint, and
thyme,
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn
Plucked while the church bells rang their
earliest chime.
Can I forget our freaks at shearing time !
My hen's rich nest through long grass
scarce espied ;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime ;
The swans that with white chests appeared
in pride
Rushing and racing came to meet me at
the water-side !

XXV.

The staff I well remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire ;
His scat beneath the honied sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by
winter fire ;
When market-morning came, the neat attire
With which, though bent on haste, myself I
decked :
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease
and tire
The stranger till its barking-fit I checked ;
The red-breast, known for years, which at
my casement pecked.

XXVI.

The suns of twenty summers danced along,—
Too little marked how fast they rolled away ;
But, through severe mischance and cruel
wrong,
My father's substance fell into decay .
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day
When Fortune might put on a kinder look ;
But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they ;
He from his old hereditary nook
Must part ; the summons came ; —our final
leave we took.

XXVII.

It was indeed a miserable hour
When, from the last hill-top, my sire sur-
veyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
That on his marriage-day sweet music made !
Till then, he hoped his bones might there be
laid
Close by my mother in their native bowers :
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and
prayed ;—
I could not pray :—through tears that fell in
showers
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas ! no
longer ours !

XXVIII.

There was a Youth whom I had loved so
long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say :
'Mid the green mountains many a thought-
less song
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in
May ;
When we began to tire of childish play,
We seemed still more and more to prize
each other ;
We talked of marriage and our marriage
day ;

And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such
another.

XXIX

Two years were passed since to a distant
town

He had repaired to ply a gainful trade :
What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown !
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed !
To him we turned :—we had no other aid :
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept ;
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
He well could love in grief, his faith he
kept ;
And in a quiet home once more my father
slept.

XXX.

We lived in peace and comfort ; and were
blest

With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.
Three lovely babes had lain upon my breast :
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I
sighed,
And knew not why. My happy father died,
When threatened war reduced the children's
meal :
Thrice happy ! that for him the grave could
hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent
wheel,
And tears that flowed for ills which patience
might not heal.

XXXI.

'Twas a hard change ; an evil time was come ;
We had no hope, and no relief could gain :
But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum
Beat round to clear the streets of want and
pain.

My husband's arms now only serve to strain
Me and his children hungering in his view ;
In such dismay my prayers and tears were
vain :

To join those miserable men he flew,
And now to the sea-coast, with numbers
more, we drew.

XXXII.

There were we long neglected, and we bore
Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed ;
Green fields before us, and our native shore,
We breathed a pestilential air, that made
Ravage for which no knell was heard. We
prayed
For our departure ; wished and wished—
nor knew,

'Mid that long sickness and those hopes
delayed,

That happier days we never more must view
The parting signal streamed—at last the
land withdrew.

XXXIII.

But the calm summer season now was past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
Ran mountain high before the howling blast,
And many perished in the whirlwind's
sweep.

We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must
ensue,

Our hope such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves should rue :
We reach the western world, a poor devoted
crew.

XXXIV.

The pains and plagues that on our heads
came down,

Disease and famine, agony and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would unman the firmest heart to hear.

All perished—all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children ! one by one, by
sword

And ravinous plague, all perished : every
tear

Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance
restored."

XXXV.

Here paused she of all present thought
forlorn,

Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain
expressed,

Yet nature with excess of grief o'erborne,
From her full eyes their watery load re-
leased,

He too was mute ; and, ere her weeping
ceased,

He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn opening the silvery east
With rays of promise, north and southward
sent ;

And soon with crimson fire kindled the
firmament.

XXXVI.

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary
night

Of such rough storm, this happy change to
view."

So forth she came, and eastward looked
the sight

Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;
 Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue
 Seemed to return, dried the last lingering
 tear,
 And from her grateful heart a fresh one
 drew:
 The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer
 Lemp'ered fit words of hope; and the lark
 varbled near.

XXXVII.

They locked and saw a lengthening road,
 and wain
 That rang down a bare slope not far remote:
 The barrows glistened bright with drops of
 rain,
 Whistled the waggoner with merry note,
 The cock far off sounded his clarion throat;
 But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they
 viewed,
 Only were told there stood a lonely cot
 A long mile thence. While thither they
 pursued
 Their way, the Woman thus her mournful
 tale renewed.

XXXVIII.

'Peaceful as this immeasurable plain.
 Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest,
 In the calm sunshine slept the glittering
 main;
 The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
 I too forgot the heavings of my breast.
 How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were!
 As quiet all within me. I was blest,
 And looked, and fed upon the silent air
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

XXXIX.

Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
 And groans that rage of racking famine
 spoke;
 The unburied dead that lay in festering
 heaps,
 The breathing pestilence that rose like
 smoke,
 The shriek that from the distant battle
 broke,
 The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid
 host
 Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-
 stroke
 To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick an-
 guish tossed,
 Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

XL.

Some mighty gulf of separation past,
 I seemed transported to another world;
 A thought resigned with pain, when from
 the mast
 The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
 And, whistling, called the wind that hardly
 curled
 The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts
 of home
 And from all hope I was forever hurled.
 For me—farthest from earthy port to roam
 Was best, could I but shun the spot where
 man might come.

XLI.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)
 That I, at last, a resting-place had found:
 'Here will I dwell,' said I, 'my whole life
 long,
 Roaming the illimitable waters round;
 Here will I live, of all but heaven disowned,
 And end my days upon the peaceful flood.'—
 To break my dream the vessel reached its
 bound;
 And homeless near a thousand homes I
 stood,
 And near a thousand tables pined and
 wanted food.

XLII.

No help I sought; in sorrow turned adrift,
 Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare rock;
 Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
 Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.
 I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock
 From the cross-timber of an out-house hung.
 Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!
 At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely
 stung,
 Nor to the beggar's language could I fit my
 tongue.

XLIII.

So passed a second day; and, when the
 third
 Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's resort.
 —In deep despair, by fighful wishes stirred,
 Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;
 There, pains which nature could no more
 support,
 With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;
 And, after many interruptions short
 Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could
 crawl:
 Unsought for was the help that did my life
 recall.

XLIV.

Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;
I head my neighbors in their beds complain
Of many things which never troubled me—
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee,
Of looks where common kindness had no
part,
Of service done with cold formality,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart,
And groans which, as they said, might make
a dead man start.

XLV.

These things just served to stir the slumber-
ing sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
With strength did memory return, and,
thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
The 'anes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot
blazed;
The travellers saw me weep, my fate in-
quired,
And gave me food—and rest, more welcome,
more desired.

XLVI.

Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly
With panniered asses driven from door to
door;
But life of happier sort set forth to me,
And other joys my fancy to allure—
The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
In barn uplighted; and companions boon,
Well met from far with revelry secure
Among the forest glades, while jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and
genial moon.

XLVII.

But ill they suited me—those journeys dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to
hatch!
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful
bark,
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue
match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle
shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill
Besides, on grief so fresh my thoughts were
brooding still.

XLVIII.

What could I do, unaided and unblest?
My father! gone was every friend of thine;
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help, and, after marriage such as
mine,
With little kindness would to me incline
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine;
In open air forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping
sorrow knit.

XLIX.

The roads I paced, I loitered through the
fields;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
Trusted my life to what chance bounty
yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used
But what afflicts my peace with keener
ruth
Is that I have my inner self abused,
Foregone the home delight of constant trudi
And clear and open soul, so prized in fear-
less youth.

L.

Through tears the rising sun I oft have
viewed,
Through tears have seen him towards that
world descend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
Three years a wanderer now my course I
bend—
Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned
away;
As if because her tale was at an end,
She wept; because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit
lay.

LI.

True sympathy the Sailor's looks expressed,
His looks—for pondering he was mute the
while.
Of social Order's care for wretchedness,
Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,
Joy's second spring and Hope's long-treas-
ured smile,
'Twas not for *him* to speak—a man so tried.
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
And not in vain, while they went pacing *side*
by side.

LII.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight,
 Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
 Rise various wreaths that into one unite
 Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam :
 Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
 Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent ;
 They paused, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,
 And female cries. Their course they thither bent,
 And met a man who foamed with anger vehement.

LIII.

A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,
 And, pointing to a little child that lay
 Stretched on the ground, began a piteous tale ;
 How in a simple freak of thoughtless play
 He had provoked his father, who straight-way,
 As if each blow were deadlier than the last,
 Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay
 The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast ;
 And stern looks on the man her gray-haired Comrade cast.

LIV.

His voice with indignation rising high
 Such further deed in manhood's name forbade ;
 The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
 With bitter insult and revilings sad ;
 Asked him in scorn what business there he had ;
 What kind of plunder he was hunting now ;
 The gallows would one day of him be glad ;—
 Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow,
 Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

LV.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched
 With face to earth ; and, as the boy turned round
 His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetched

As if he saw—there and upon that ground—
 Strange repetition of the deadly wound
 He had himself inflicted. Through his brain
 At once the griding iron passage found ;
 Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed amain,
 Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain.

LVI.

Within himself he said—What hearts have we !
 The blessing this a father gives his child !
 Yet happy thou, poor boy ! compared with me,
 Suffering, not doing ill—fate far more mild.
 The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled
 The father, and relenting thoughts awoke :
 He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.
 Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke
 Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.

LVII.

“Bad is the world, and Lard is the world's law
 Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece ;
 Much need have ye that time more closely draw
 The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
 And that among so few there still be peace
 Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes
 Your pains shall ever with your years increase ?”—
 While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,
 A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes

LVIII.

Forthwith the pair passed on ; and down they look
 Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene ;
 Where wreaths of vapor tracked a winding brook,
 That babbled on through groves and meadows green ;
 A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between ;
 The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,
 And melancholy lowings intervene

Of scattered herds, that in the meadow
graze,
Some amid lingering shade, some touched
by the sun's rays.

LIX.

They saw and heard, and, winding with the
road
Down a thick wood, they dropt into the
vale;
Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon
regale.
Ere long they reached that cottage in the
dale:
It was a rustic inn;—the board was spread,
The milk-maid followed with her brimming
pail,
And lustily the master carved the bread,
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in
comfort fed.

LX.

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth,
must part;
Wanderers whose course no longer now
agrees.
She rose and bade farewell! and, while her
heart
Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow
ease,
She left him there; for, clustering round
his knees,
With his oak-staff the cottage children
played;
And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with
trees
And banks of ragged earth; beneath the
shade
Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed.

LXI.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood:
Checking the canvas roof the sunbeams
shone.
She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood
As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,
A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone.
The carman wet her lips as well behaved;
Bed under her lean body there was none,
Though even to die near one she most had
loved
She could not of herself those wasted limbs
have moved.

LXII.

The Sailor's Widow learned with honest
pain,
And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,

Why thus that worn-out wretch must there
sustain

The jolting road and morning air severe.
The wain pursued its way; and following
near

In pure compassion she her steps retrace
Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"
She cried aloud; and forth ran out in haste
The friends whom she had left but a few
minutes past.

LXIII.

While to the door with eager speed they ran,
From her bare straw the Woman half up-
raised

Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan;
No pity asking, on the group she gazed
With a dim eye, distracted and amazed;
Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.
Fervently cried the housewife—"God be
praised,

I have a house that I can call my own;
Nor shall she perish there, untended and
alone!"

LXIV.

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,
And busily, though yet with fear, untie
Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet
And chafe her temples, careful hands apply.
Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh
She strove, and not in vain, her head to
rear;

Then said—"I thank you all; if I must die,
The God in heaven my prayers for you will
hear;

Till now I did not think my end had been
so near.

LXV.

"Barred every comfort labor could procure,
Suffering what no endurance could assuage,
I was compelled to seek my father's door,
Though loth to be a burden on his age.
But sickness stopped me in an early stage
Of my sad journey; and within the wain
They placed me—there to end life's pil-
grimage,

Unless beneath your roof I may remain:
For I shall never see my father's door again.

LXVI.

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been
burthensome;

But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek
May my end be! Soon will this voice be
dumb:

Should child of mine e'er wander hither,
speak

Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek.—
Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea
Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome
creek,
My husband served in sad captivity
On shipboard, bound till peace or death
should set him free.

LXVII.

"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,
Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;
Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily
prayers
Our heavenly Father granted each day's
bread;
Till one was found by stroke of violence
dead,
Whose body near our cottage chanced to
lie;
A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;
In vain to find a friendly face we try,
Nor could we live together, those poor boys
and I;

LXVIII.

"For evil tongues made oath how on that
day
My husband lurked about the neighborhood;
Now he had fled, and whither none could
say,
And he had done the deed in the dark wood—
Near his own home!—but he was mild and
good;
Never on earth was gentler creature seen;
He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.
My husband's loving kindness stood be-
tween
Me and all worldly harms and wrongs how-
ever keen."

LXIX.

Alas! the thing she told with laboring
breath
The Sailor knew too well. That wicked-
ness
His hand had wrought; and when, in the
hour of death,
He saw his Wife's lip move his name to
bless
With her last words, unable to suppress
His anguish, with his heart he ceased to
strive;
And, weeping loud in this extreme distress,
He cried—"Do pity me! That thou shouldst
live
I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but for-
give!"

LXX.

To tell the change that Voice within her
wrought
Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
And every mortal pang dissolved away.
Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;
Yet still while over her the husband bent,
A look was in her face which seemed to say,
"Be blest; by sight of thee from heaven
was sent
Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of
content."

LXXI.

She slept in peace,—his pulses throbbed and
stopped,
Breathless he gazed upon her face,—then
took
Her hand in his, and raised it, but both
dropped,
When on his own he cast a rueful look.
His ears were never silent; sleep forsook
His burning eyelids, stretched and stiff as
lead;
All night from time to time under him shook
The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed;
And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that I
were dead!"

LXXII.

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot;
And, when he rose, he thanked her pious
care
Through which his Wife, to that kind
shelter brought,
Died in his arms; and with those thanks a
prayer
He breathed for her, and for that merciful
pair.
The corpse interred, not one hour he remained
Beneath their roof, but to the open air
A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,
He bore within a breast where dreadful
quiet reigned.

LXXIII.

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared
For act and suffering, to the city straight
He journeyed, and forthwith his crime de-
clared:
"And from your doom," he added, "now
I wait,
Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."
Not ineffectual was that piteous claim:
"O welcome sentence which will end,
though late,"

He said, "the pangs that to my conscience
came
Out of the deed. My trust, Saviour! is in
thy name!"

LXXIV.

His fate was pited. Him in iron case
(Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
They hung not: - no one on his form or face

Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;
No kindred sufferer, to his death-place
brought
By lawless curiosity or chance,
When into storm the evening sky is wrought,
Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance,
And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable
trance.
1793-4.

THE BORDERERS.

A TRAGEDY. (COMPOSED 1795-6.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.
OSWALD.
WALLACE.
LACY.
LENNOX.
HERBERT.
WILFRED, *Servant to MARMADUKE.*
Host.

Of the Band of Borderers

Forester,
ELDRED, *a Peasant.*
Peasant, Pilgrims, &c.

IDONEA.
Female Beggar.
ELEANOR, *Wife to ELDRED.*

SCENE—*Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME—*The Reign of Henry III.*

Readers already acquainted with my Poems will recognize, in the following composition, some eight or ten lines which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood. It is proper, however, to add, that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had overseen the time when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.
February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE and LACY.

Lacy. The troop will be impatient; let us
hie

Back to our post, and strip the Scottish Foray
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross the
Border.

--Pity that our young Chief will have no
part
In this good service.

Wal. Rather let us grieve
That, in the undertaking which has caused
His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his
aim,

Companionship with One of crooked ways,
From whose perverted soul can come no
good

To our confiding, open-hearted, Leader.

Lacy. True; and, remembering how the
Band have proved
That Oswald finds small favor in our sight,
Well may we wonder he has gained such
power
Over our much-loved Captain.

Wal. I have heard
Of some dark deed to which in early life
His passion drove him—then a Voyager
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his
bearing
In Palestine?

Lacy. Where he despised alike
Mohammedan and Christian. But enough,
Let us be gone—the Band may else be foiled.
[Exeunt.]

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

Wil. Be cautious, my dear Master!
Mar.

I perceive

That fear is like a cloak which old men
huddle

About their love, as if to keep it warm.

Wil. Nay, but I grieve that we should
part. This Stranger,
For such he is—

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred,
Might tempt me to a smile; but what of
him?

Wil. You know that you have saved his
life.

Mar. I know it.

Wil. And that he hates you!—Pardon
me, perhaps

That word was hasty.

Mar. Fie! no more of it.

Wil. Dear Master! gratitude's a heavy
burden

To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this Os-
wald—

Yourself, you do not love him.

Mar. I do more,
I honor him. Strong feelings to his heart
Are natural; and from no one can be learnt
More of man's thoughts and ways than his
experience

Has given him power to teach: and then
for courage

And enterprise—what perils hath he shun-
ned?

What obstacles hath he failed to overcome?
Answer these questions, from our common
knowledge,

And be at rest.

Wil. Oh, Sir!

Mar. Peace, my good Wilfred;
Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band
I shall be with them in two days, at far-
thest.

Wil. May He whose eye is over all pro-
tect you! [*Exit.*]

Entr. OSWALD (a bunch of plants in his
hand.)

Osw. This wood is rich in plants and
curious simples.

Mar. (looking at them.) The wild rose,
and the poppy, and the nightshade:
Which is your favorite, Oswald?

Osw. That which, while it is
Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—

[*Looking forward.*
Not yet in sight! — We'll saunter here
awhile;

They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen

Mar. (a letter in his hand.) It is no
common thing when one like you
Performs these delicate services, and there-
fore

I feel myself much bounden to you, Os-
wald:

'Tis a strange letter this!—You saw he
write it?

Osw. And saw the tears with which she
blotted it.

Mar. And nothing less would satisfy
him?

Osw. No less;

For that another in his Child's affection
Should hold a place, as if 'twere robbery,
He seemed to quarrel with the very
thought.

Besides, I know not what strange prejudice
Is rooted in his mind; this Band of ours,
Which you've collected for the noblest
ends,

Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed
To guard the Innocent—he calls us "Out-
laws;"

And, for yourself, in plain terms he asserts
This garb was taken up that indolence
Might want no cover, and rapacity
Be better fed.

Mar. Ne'er may I own the heart
That cannot feel for one helpless as he is.

Osw. Thou know'st me for a Man not
easily moved,

Yet was I grievously provoked to think
Of what I witnessed.

Mar. This day will suffice
To end her wrongs.

Osw. But if the blind Man's tale
Should yet be true?

Mar. Would it were possible!
Did not the Soldier tell thee that himself,
And others who survived the wreck, beheld
The Baron Herbert perish in the waves
Upon the coast of Cyprus?

Osw. Yes, even so,
And I had heard the like before: in sooth

The tale of this his quondam Barony
Is cunningly devised; and, on the back
Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail
To make the proud and vain his tributaries,
And stir the pulse of lazy charity.

The seignories of Herbert are in Devon;
We, neighbors of the Esk and Tweed: 'tis
much

The Arch-impostor—

Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald.
Though I have never seen his face, he
thinks,

There cannot come a day when I shall
cease

To love him. I remember, when a Boy
Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath
the Elm

That casts its shade over our village school,
'Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea
Repeat her Father's terrible adventures,
Till all the band of play-mates wept to-
gether ;

And that was the beginning of my love.
And, through all converse of our later
years,
An image of this old Man still was pres-
ent,

When I had been most happy. Pardon
me
If this be idly spoken.

Osw. See, they come,

Two Travellers !

Mar. (points) The woman is Idonea.

Osw. And leading Herbert.

Mar. We must let them pass—
This thicket will conceal us.

[*They step aside.*]

Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.

Idon. Dear Father, you sigh deeply ;
ever since

We left the willow shade by the brook-side,
Your natural breathing has been troubled.

Her. Nay,
You are too fearful ; yet must I confess,
Our march of yesterday had better suited
A firmer step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—
In spite of all the larks that cheered our
path,

I never can forgive it : but how steadily
You paced along, when the bewildering
moonlight

Mocked me with many a strange fantastic
shape !—

I thought the Convent never would appear ;
It seemed to move away from us : and yet,
That you are thus the fault is mine ; for the
air

Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the
grass,

And midway on the waste ere night had
fallen

I spied a Covert walled and roofed with
sods—

A miniature ; belike some Shepherd-boy,
Who might have found a nothing-doing
hour

Heavier than work, raised it : within that
hut

We might have made a kindly bed of
heath,

And thankfully there rested side by side
Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited
strength,

Have hailed the morning sun. But cheer-
ily, Father,—

That staff of yours, I could almost have
heart

To fling 't away from you : you make no
use

Of me, or of my strength ;—come, let me
feel

That you do press upon me. There—in-
deed

You are quite exhausted. Let us rest
awhile

On this green bank. [*He sits down.*]

Her. (after some time). Idonea, you are
silent,

And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me :

I pondered patiently your wish and will
When I gave way to your request ; and
now,

When I behold the ruins of that face,
Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope of
light,

And think that they were blasted for my
sake,

The name of Marmaduke is blown away :
Father, I would not change that sacred
feeling

For all this world can give.

Her. Nay, be composed
Few minutes gone a faintness overspread
My frame, and I bethought me of two
things

I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,
And thee, my Child !

Idon. Believe me, honored Sire !
'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy
fancies,

And you mistake the cause : you hear the
woods

Resound with music ; could you see the
sun,

And look upon the pleasant face of Na-
ture—

Her. I comprehend thee—I should be as
cheerful

As if we two were twins ; two songsters
bred

In the same nest, my spring-time one with
thine.

My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
As come, dear Child! from a far deeper
source

Than bodily weariness. While here we sit
I feel my strength returning.—The bequest
Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive
We have thus far adventured, will suffice
To save thee from the extreme of penury;
But when thy father must lie down and die,
How wilt thou stand alone?

Idon. Is he not strong?
Is he not valiant?

Her. Am I then so soon
Forgotten? have my warnings passed so
quickly
Out of thy mind? My dear, my only,
Child,

Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken reed—
This Marmaduke—

Idon. O could you hear his voice:
Alas! you do not know him. He is one
(I wot not what ill tongue has wronged him
with you)

All gentleness and love. His face be-
speaks

A deep and simple meekness: and that
Soul,

Which with the motion of a virtuous act
Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,
Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
By a miraculous finger, stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy woman!

Idon. Nay, It was my duty
Thus much to speak; but think not I for-
get—

Dear Father! how *could* I forget and live—
You and the story of that doleful night
When, Antioch blazing to her topmost
towers,

You rushed into the murderous flames, re-
turned

Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have
told me,

Clasping your infant Daughter to your
heart.

Her. Thy Mother too!—scarce had I
gained the door,

I caught her voice; she threw her arms up-
on me,

I felt thy infant brother in her arms;
She saw my blasted face—a tide of soldiers
That instant rushed between us, and I

heard

or last death-shriek, distinct among a
thousand.

Idon. Nay, Father, stop not; let me
hear it all.

Her. Dear Daughter! precious relic of
that time—

For my old age, it doth remain with thee
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast
been told,

That when on our return from Palestine,
I found how my domains had been usurped,
I took thee in my arms, and we began
Our wanderings together. Providence
At length conducted us to Rossland,—
there,

Our melancholy story moved a Stranger
To take thee to her home—and for myself,
Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuth-
bert's

Supplied my helplessness with food and rai-
ment,

And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble
Cot

Where now we dwell.—For many years I
bore

Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirm-
ities

Exacted thy return, and our reunion.

I did not think that, during that long ab-
sence,

My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,
Doth prey alike on two distracted Coun-
tries,

Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, Strangers! If you
want a Guide,
Let me have leave to serve you!

Idon. My Companion
Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or
Hostel

Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white hawthorn gained,
You will look down into a dell, and there
Will see an ash from which a sign-board
hangs;

The house is hidden by the shade. Old
Man,

You seem worn out with travel—shall I
support you?

Her. I thank you: but, a resting-place
so near,

'Twere wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both.
[Exit Peasant.]

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed—

'Tis but for a few days — a thought has struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this house, and thence

Proceed alone. It shall be so, for strength would fail you ere our journey's end be reached.

[*Exit HERBERT supported by IDONEA.*

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him—

Osw. Be not hasty,

For, sometimes, in despite of my conviction,

He tempted me to think the Story true;

'Tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he said

That savored of aversion to thy name

Appeared the genuine color of his soul—

Anxiety lest mischief should befall her

After his death.

Mar. I have been much deceived.

Osw. But sure he loves the Maiden, and never love

Could find delight to nurse itself so strangely,

Thus to torment her with *inventions!*— death—

There must be truth in this.

Mar. Truth in his story!

He must have felt it then, known what it was,

And in such wise to rack her gentle heart

Had been a tenfold cruelty.

Osw. Strange pleasures

Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves!

To see him thus provoke her tenderness

With tales of weakness and infirmity!

I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

Mar. We will not waste an hour in such a cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble! shake her off at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments.— A Man

Who has so practised on the world's cold sense

May well deceive his Child—what! leave her thus,

A prey to a deceiver?—no—no—no—

'Tis but a word and then—

Osw. Something is here

More than we see, or whence this strong aversion?

Marmaduke! I suspect unworthy tales

Have reached his ear—you have had enemies.

Mar. Enemies!—of his own coinage.

Osw. That may be.

But wherefore slight protection such as you have power to yield! perhaps he looks elsewhere.—

I am perplexed

Mar. What hast thou heard or seen?

Osw. No—no—the thing stands clear of mystery;

(As you have said) he coins himself the slander

With which he taints her ear;—for a plain reason;

He dreads the presence of a virtuous man

Like you; he knows your eye would search his heart,

Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds

The punishment they merit. All is plain: It cannot be—

Mar. What cannot be?

Osw. Yet that a Father

Should in his love admit no rivalry,

And torture thus the heart of his own Child—

Mar. Nay, you abuse my friendship!

Osw. Heaven forbid!—

There was a circumstance, trifling indeed—

It struck me at the time—yet I believe

I never should have thought of it again

But for the scene which we by chance have witnessed.

Mar. What is your meaning?

Osw. Two day's gone I saw,

Though at a distance and he was disguised, Hovering round Herbert's door, a man

whose figure

Resembled much that cold voluptuary.

The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and he knows

Where he can stab you deepest.

Mar. Clifford never

would stoop to skulk about a Cottage door—

It could not be.

Osw. And yet I now remember,

That, when your praise was warm upon my tongue,

And the blind Man was told how you had rescued

A maiden from the ruffian violence

Of this same Clifford, he became impatient And would not hear me.

Mar. No—it cannot be—

I dare not trust myself with such a thought—

Yet whence this strange aversion? You are
a man
Not used to rash conjectures—

Osw. If you deem it
A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exeunt MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*]

SCENE, *the door of the Hostel*

HERBERT, IDONEA, and HOST.

Her. (scated). As I am dear to you, re-
member, Child!
This last request.

Idon. You know me, Sire; farewell!
Her. And are you going then? Come,
come, Idonea,

We must not part,—I have measured many
a league
When these old limbs had need of rest,—and
now

I will not play the sluggard.

Idon. Nay, sit down.

[*Turning to Host.*]

Good Host, such tendance as you would expect

From your own Children, if yourself were
sick,

Let this old Man find at your hands; poor
Leader, [*Looking at the Dog.*]

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!—

Look,
The little fool is loth to stay behind.

Sir Host! by all the love you bear to
courtesy,

Take care of him, and feed the truant well.

Host. Fear not, I will obey you;—but

One so young,
And One so fair, it goes against my heart
That you should travel unattended, Lady!—

I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad
Shall squire you, (would it not be better,
Sir?)

And for less fee than I would let him run
For any lady I have seen this twelvemonth.

Idon. You know, Sir, I have been too
long your guard

Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.

Why, if a wolf should leap from out a
thicket,

A look of mine would send him scouring
back,

Unless I differ from the thing I am
When you are by my side.

Her. Idonea, wolves
Are not the enemies that move my fears.

Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three
days at farthest

Will bring me back—protect him, Saints—
farewell! [*Exit IDONEA.*]

Host. 'Tis never drought with us—St.
Cuthbert and his Pilgrims,

Thanks to them, are to us a stream of com-
fort:

Pity the Maiden did not wait a while;
She could not, Sir, have failed of company.

Her. Now she is gone, I fain would call
her back.

Host (calling). Holla!

Her. No, no, the business must be
done.—

What means this riotous noise?

Host. The villagers
Are flocking in—a wedding festival—

That's all—God save you, Sir.

[*Enter OSWALD.*]

Osw. Ha! as I live,
The Baron Herbert.

Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!

Osw. So far into your journey! on my
life,

You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare
you?

Her. Well as the wreck I am permits.
And you, Sir?

Osw. I do not see Idonea.

Her. Dutiful Girl,
She has gone before, to spare my weariness.

But what has brought you hither?

Osw. A slight affair,
That will be soon despatched.

Her. Did Marmaduke
Receive that letter?

Osw. Be at peace.—The tie
Is broken, you will hear no more of *him*.

Her. That is true comfort, thanks a
thousand times!—

That noise!—would I had gone with her as
far

As the Lord Clifford's Castle: I have heard
That, in his milder moods, he has expressed

Compassion for me. His influence is great
With Henry, our good King;—the Baron

might [*Court.*]

Have heard my suit, and urged my plea at
No matter—he's a dangerous Man.—That
noise!—

'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.

Idonea would have fears for me.—the Con-
vent

Will give me quiet lodging. You have a boy, good Host,
And he must lead me back.

Osw. You are most lucky;
I have been waiting in the wood hard by
For a companion—here he comes; our journey

Enter MARMADUKE.

Lies on your way; accept us as your Guides.
Her. Alas! I creep so slowly.

Osw. Never fear:
We'll not complain of that.

Her. My limbs are stiff
And need repose. Could you but wait an hour?

Osw. Most willingly!—Come, let me lead you in,

And, while you take your rest, think not of us;

We'll stroll into the wood; lean on my arm.
[*Conducts HERBERT into the house.*]

Exit MARMADUKE.

Enter Villagers.

Osw. (to himself coming out of the Hostel.)
I have prepared a most apt Instrument—

The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering somewhere

About this ground; she hath a tongue well skilled,

By mingling natural matter of her own
With all the daring fictions I have taught her,

To win belief, such as my plot requires.
[*Exit OSWALD.*]

Enter more Villagers, a Musician among them.

Host (to them). Into the court, my Friend, and perch yourself

Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids,
Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts,

Are here, to send the sun into the west
More speedily than you belike would wish.

SCENE changes to the Wood adjoining the Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD entering.

Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves:

When first I saw him sitting there, alone,
It struck upon my heart I know not how.

Osw. To-day will clear up all.—You marked a Cottage,

That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a rock
By the brook-side: it is the abode of one,
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,
Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!
What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.

Cast off by her Betrayer she dwells alone,
Nor moves her hands to any needful work.
She eats her food which every day the peasants

Bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has lived

Ten years; and no one ever heard her voice;

But every night at the first stroke of twelve
She quits her house, and, in the neighboring Churchyard

Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,
She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—

She paces round and round an Infant's grave,

And in the churchyard sod her feet have worn

A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep—
Ah? what is here?

A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep—a Child in her arms.

Beg. Oh! Gentlemen, I thank you;
I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled

The heart of living creature.—My poor
Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread
When I had none to give him; whereupon,
I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,
Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:

When, into one of those same spotted bells
A bee came darting, which the Child with joy

Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear,
And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

Mar. We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip;
Here's what will comfort you.

[*Gives her money.*]
Beg. The Saints reward you
For this good deed!—Well, Sirs, this passed away;

And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,
Trotting alone along the beaten road,
Came to my child as by my side he slept
And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden

Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:

But here he is [*kissing the Child*], it must have been a dream.

Osw. When next inclined to sleep, take my advice,
And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

Beg. Oh, sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew
What life is this of ours, how sleep will master

The weary-worn.—You gentlefolk have got Warm chambers to your wish.—I'd rather be A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,

The darkness overtook me—wind and rain Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw A glow-worm, through the covert of the furze,

Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky :
At which I half accused the God in Heaven—

You must forgive me.

Osw. Ay, and if you think
The Fairies are to blame, and you should chide

Your favorite saint—no matter—this good day
Has made amends.

Beg. Thanks to you both ; but, O sir !
How would you like to travel on whole hours

As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,
Expecting still, I knew not how, to find
A piece of money glittering through the dust.

Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray,
good Lady !
Do you tell fortunes ?

Beg. Oh Sir, you are like the rest.
This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—
Well ! they might turn a beggar from their doors,

But there are Mothers who can see the Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it :

This they can do, and look upon my face—
But you, Sir, should be kinder.

Mar. Come hither, Fathers,
And learn what nature is from this poor Wretch !

Beg. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us.

Why now—but yesterday I overtook
A blind old Graybeard and accosted him,
P'th' name of all the Saints, and by the
Mass

He should have used me better!—Charity!
If you can melt a rock, he is your man ;
But I'll be even with him—here again
Have I been waiting for him.

Osw. Well, but softly,
Who is it that hath wronged you ?

Beg. Mark you me
I'll point him out ;—a Maiden is his guide,
Lovely as Spring's first rose : a little dog,
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before
With look as sad as he were dumb ; the cur,
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth
He does his Master credit.

Mar. As I live,
'Tis Herbert and no other !

Beg. 'Tis a feast to see him,
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders bent,
And long beard white with age—yet ever-
more,

As if he were the only Saint on earth,
He turns his face to heaven.

Osw. But why so violent
Against this venerable Man ?

Beg. I'll tell you :
He has the very hardest heart on earth ;
I had as lief turn to the Friar's school
And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

Mar. But to your story.

Beg. I was saying, Sir—
Well!—he has often spurned me like a toad
But yesterday was worse than all ;—at last
I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,
And begged a little aid for charity :
But he was snappish as a cottage cur.
Well then, says I—I'll out with it ; at which
I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt
As if my heart would burst ; and so I left
him.

Osw. I think, good Woman, you are the
very person

Whom, but some few days past, I saw at
Eskdale,
At Herbert's door.

Beg. Ay ; and if truth were known
I have good business there.

Osw. I met you at the threshold,
And he seemed angry.

Beg. Angry ! well he might ;
And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—Yes-
terday,

To serve me so, and knowing that he owes
The best of all he has to me and mine.
But 'tis all over now.—That good old Lady
Has left a power of riches ; and I say it,
If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave
Shall give me half.

Osw. What's this?—I fear, good Woman,
You have been insolent.

Beg. And there's the Baron,
I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

Osw. How say you? in disguise?—

Mar. But what's your business
With Herbert or his Daughter?

Beg. Daughter! truly—
But how's the day?—I fear, my little Boy
We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you
seen him? [*Offers to go.*]

Mar. I must have more of this;—you
shall not stir

An inch, till I am answered. Know you
ought

That doth concern this Herbert?

Beg. You are provoked,
And will misuse me, Sir!

Mar. No trifling, Woman!—

Osw. You are safe as in a sanctuary;
Speak.

Mar. Speak!

Beg. He is a most hard-hearted Man.

Mar. Your life is at my mercy.

Beg. Do not harm me,
And I will tell you all!—You know not,
Sir,

What strong temptations press upon the
Poor.

Osw. Speak out.

Beg. Oh Sir, I've been a wicked Woman.

Osw. Nay, but speak out!

Beg. He flattered me, and said
What harvest it would bring us both; and so,
I parted with the Child.

Mar. Parted with whom?

Beg. Idonea, as he calls her; but the Girl
Is mine.

Mar. Yours, Woman! are you Herbert's
wife?

Beg. Wife, Sir! his wife—not I; my
husband, Sir,

Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter
We've weathered out together. My poor
Gilfred!

He has been two years in his grave.

Mar. Enough.

Osw. We've solved the riddle—Miscreant!

Mar. Do you,

Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and wait
For my return; be sure you shall have
justice.

Osw. A lucky woman! go, you have done
good service. [*Aside.*]

Mar. [*to himself*]. Eternal praises on
the power that saved her!—

Osw. [*gives her money*]. Here's for your
little boy—and when you christen him
I'll be his Godfather.

Beg. Oh Sir, you are merry with me.
In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely
owns

A dog that does not know me.—These good
Folks,

For love of God, I must not pass their doors;
But I'll be back with my best speed: for
you—

God bless and thank you both, my gentle
Masters. [*Exit BEGGAR.*]

Mar. [*to himself*]. The cruel Viper!—
Poor devoted Maid,

Now I do love thee.

Osw. I am thunderstruck.

Mar. Where is she—holla!

[*Calling to the BEGGAR, who returns,*
he looks at her stedfastly.]

You are Idonea's Mother?—
Nay, be not terrified—it does me good
To look upon you.

Osw. [*interrupting*]. In a peasant's
dress

You saw, who was it?

Beg. Nay, I dare not speak

He is a man, if it should come to his ears

I never shall be heard of more.

Osw. Lord Clifford?

Beg. What can I do? believe me, gentle
Sirs,

I love 'r, though I dare not call her
da ter.

Osw. Lord Clifford—did you see him
talk with Herbert?

Beg. Yes, to my sorrow—under the great
oak

At Herbert's door—and when he stood be-
side

The blind Man—at the silent Girl he looked
With such a look—it makes me tremble, Sir,

To think of it.

Osw. Enough! you may depart,

Mar. [*to himself*]. Father!—to God
himself we cannot give

A holier name; and, under such a mask,

To lead a Spirit, spotless as the blessed,

To that abhorred den of brutish vice!—

Oswald, the firm foundation of my life

Is going from under me; these strange dis-
coveries—

Looked at from every point of fear or hope
Duty, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Hostel*—OSWALD *alone, rising from a Table on which he had been writing.*

Osw. They chose *him* for their Chief!—
what covert part,
He, in the preference, modest Youth, might
take,
I neither know nor care. The insult bred
More of contempt than hatred; both are
flown;

That either e'er existed is my shame :
'Twas a dull spark—a most unnatural fire
That died the moment the air breathed upon
it.

—These fools of feeling are mere birds of
winter

That haunt some barren island of the north,
Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his
hand,

They think it is to feed them. I have left
him

To solitary meditation ;—now
For a few swelling phrases, and a flash
Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,
And he is mine forever—here he comes.

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. These ten years she has moved her
lips all day
And never speaks!

Osw. Who is it?

Mar. I have seen her.

Osw. Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged
homestead,
Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to
madness.

Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he
told me,

These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.

Osw. I too have seen her;
Chancing to pass this way some six months
gone,

At midnight, I betook me to the Church-
yard:

The moon shone clear, the air was still, so
still

The trees were silent as the graves beneath
them.

Long did I watch, and saw her pacing
Upon the self-same spot, still round and
round,

Her lips forever moving.

Mar. At her door

Rooted I stood: for, looking at the woman,
I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.

Osw. But the pretended Father—
Mar. Earthly law

Measures not crimes like his.
Osw. We rank not, happily;

With those who take the spirit of their rule
From that soft class of devotees who feel
Reverence for life so deeply that they spare
The verminous brood, and cherish what they
spare

While feeding on their bodies. Would that
Idonea

Were present, to the end that we might hear
What she can urge in his defence; she loves
him.

Mar. Yes, loves *him*; 'tis a truth that
multiplies

His guilt a thousand-fold.

Osw. 'Tis most perplexing:
What must be done?

Mar. We will conduct her hither;
These walls shall witness it—from first to
last

He shall reveal himself.

Osw. Happy are we,
Who live in these disputed tracts, that own
No law but what each man makes for him-
self:

Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

Mar. Let us begone and bring her
hither;—here

The truth shall be laid open, his guilt proved
Before her face. The rest be left to me.

Osw. You will be firm: but though we
well may trust

The issue to the justice of the cause,
Caution must not be flung aside; remember,
Yours is no common life. Self-stationed
here

Upon these savage confines, we have seen
you

Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy
seas

That oft have checked their fury at your
bidding.

'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy
waste,

Your single virtue has transformed a Band
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers

Of peace and order. Aged men with tears
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless re-
tire

For shelter to their banners. But it is,
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is

In darkness and in tempest that we seek
The majesty of Him who rules the world

Benevolence, that has not heart to use
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.

Your generous qualities have won due
praise,

But vigorous Spirits look for something
more

Than Youth's spontaneous products; and
to-day

You will not disappoint them; and here-
after—

Mar. You are wasting words; hear me
then, once for all:

You are a Man—and therefore, if compas-
sion,

Which to our kind is natural as life,
Be known unto you, you will love this

Woman,
Even as I do; but I should loathe the light,

If I could think one weak or partial feel-
ing—

Osw. You will forgive me—

Mar. If I ever knew

My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,
'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have loved

To be the friend and father of the oppressed,
A comforter of sorrow;—there is some-
thing

Which looks like a transition in my soul,
And yet it is not.—Let us lead him hither.

Osw. Stoop for a moment; 'tis an act of
justice:

And where's the triumph if the delegate
Must fall in the execution of his office?

The deed is done—if you will have it so—
Here where we stand—that tribe of vulgar
wretches

(You saw them gathering from the festival)
Rush in—the villains seize us—

Mar. Seize!

Osw. Yes, they—

Men who are little given to sift and weigh—
Would break on us the passion of the mo-
ment.

Mar. The cloud will soon disperse—fare-
well—but stay,

Thou wilt relate the story.

Osw. Am I neither

To bear a part in this Man's punishment,
Nor be its witness?

Mar. I had many hopes

That were most dear to me, and some will
bear

To be transferred to thee.

Osw. When I'm dishonored!

Mar. I would preserve thee. How may
this be done?

Osw. By showing that you look beyond
the instant.

A few leagues hence we shall have open
ground,

And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
To look upon the deed. Before we enter

The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling
rock

The shattered Castle in which Clifford oft
Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom,

And very superstition of the place,
Seasoning his wickedness. The Debauchee

Would there perhaps have gathered the
first fruits

Of this mock Father's guilt.

Enter Host conducting HERBERT.

Host. The Baron Herbert
Attends your pleasure.

Osw. (to Host). We are ready—

(*to HERBERT*) Sir!

I hope you are refreshed.—I have just
written

A notice for your Daughter, that she may
know

What is become of you.—You'll sit down
and sign it;

'Twill glad her heart to see her father's sig-
nature.

[*Gives the letter he had written.*

Her. Thanks for your care.

[*Sits down and writes. Exit Host.*

Osw. (aside to MARMADUKE). Perhaps
it would be useful

That you too should subscribe your name.

[*MARMADUKE overlooks HERBERT—then
writes—examines the letter eagerly.*

Mar. I cannot leave this paper.

[*He puts it up, agitated.*

Osw. (aside). Dastard! Come.

[*MARMADUKE goes towards HERBERT
and supports him—MARMADUKE
tremblingly beckons OSWALD to take
his place.*

Mar. (as he quits HERBERT). There is
a palsy in his limbs—he shakes.

[*Exit OSWALD and HERBERT—MAR-
MADUKE following.*

SCENE changes to a Wood—a Group of
Pilgrims, and IDONEA with them.

First Pil. A grove of darker and more
lofty shade

I never saw.

Sec. Pil. The music of the birds

Drops deadened from a roof so thick with leaves.

Old Pil. This news! It made my heart leap up with joy.

Idon. I scarcely can believe it.

Old Pil. Myself, I heard

The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter Which purported it was the royal pleasure The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed, Had taken refuge in this neighborhood, Should be forthwith restored. The hearing,

Lady,

Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When I returned

From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,

Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, comfort,

I met your Father, then a wandering out-cast.

He had a guide, a Shepherd's boy; but grieved

He was that One so young should pass his youth

In such sad service; and he parted with him.

We joined our tales of wretchedness together,

And begged our daily bread from door to door.

I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lady!

For once you loved me.

Idon. You shall back with me

And see your Friend again. The good old Man

Will be rejoiced to greet you.

Old Pil. It seems but yesterday

That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with travel,

In a deep wood remote from any town.

A cave that opened to the road presented

A friendly shelter, and we entered in.

Idon. And I was with you?

Old Pil. If indeed 'twas you—

But you were then a tottering Little-one—

We sate us down. The sky grew dark and darker:

I struck my flint, and built up a small fire

With rotten boughs and leaves, such as the winds

Of many autumns in the cave had piled.

Meanwhile the storm fell heavy on the woods:

Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth

And we were comforted, and talked of comfort;

But 'twas an angry night, and o'er our heads

The thunder rolled in peals that would have made

A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.

O Lady, you have need to love your Father.

His voice—methinks I hear it now, his voice

When, after a broad flash that filled the cave,

He said to me, that he had seen his Child,

A face (no cherub's face more beautiful) Revealed by lustre brought with it from Heaven;

And it was you, dear Lady

Idon. God be praised, That I have been his comforter till now;

And will be so through every change of fortune

And every sacrifice his peace requires.— Let us be gone, with speed, that he may hear

These joyful tidings from no lips but mine. *[Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*

SCENE, *the Area of a half-ruined Castle*

—on one side the entrance to a dungeon —OSWALD and MARMADUKE *pacing backwards and forwards.*

Mar. 'Tis a wild night.

Osw. I'd give my cloak and bonnet For sight of a warm fire.

Mar. The wind blows keen; My hands are numb.

Osw. Ha! ha! 'tis nipping cold. *[Blowing his fingers.*

I long for news of our brave Comrades;

Lacy Would drive those Scottish Rovers to their dens

If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed.

Mar. I think I see a second range of Towers;

This castle has another Area—come, Let us examine it.

Osw. 'Tis a bitter night; I hope Idonea is well housed. That horse man,

Who at full speed swept by us where the wood

Roared in the tempest, was within an ace

Of sending to his grave our precious Charge; That would have been a vile mischance.

Mar. It would. *Osw.* Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

Mar. Most cruelly.

Osw. As up the steep we climb

I saw a distant fire in the north-east ;
I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon :
With proper speed our quarters may be
gained
To-morrow evening.

*[Looks restlessly towards the mouth
of the dungeon.]*

Mar. When, upon the plank,
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice
blessed me :
You could not hear, for the foam beat the
rocks

With deafening noise,—the benediction fell
Back on himself ; but changed into a curse.

Osw. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem
The fittest place ?

Osw. (aside). He is growing pitiful.

Mar. (listening). What an odd moaning
that is !—

Osw. Mighty odd
The wind should pipe a little, while we
stand

Cooling our heels in this way !—I'll begin
And count the stars.

Mar. (still listening). That dog of his,
you are sure,
Could not come after us—he *must* have
perished ;

The torrent would have dashed an oak to
splinters.

You said you did not like his looks—that he
Would trouble us ; if he were here again,
I swear the sight of him would quail me
more

Than twenty armies.

Osw. How ?

Mar. The old blind Man,
When you had told him the mischance, was
troubled

Even to the shedding of some natural tears
Into the torrent over which he hung,
Listening in vain.

Osw. He has a tender heart !
*[OSWALD offers to go down into the
dungeon.]*

Mar. How now, what mean you ?

Osw. Truly, I was going
To waken our stray Baron. Were there
not
A farm or dwelling-house within five
leagues,

We should deserve to wear a cap and bells,
Three good round years, for playing the fool
here

In such a night as this.

Mar. Stop, stop.

Osw. Perhaps,
You'd better like we should descend to-
gether,
And lie down by his side—what say you to
it ?

Three of us—we should keep each other
warm :

I'll answer for it that our four-legged friend
Shall not disturb us ; further I'll not en-
gage ;

Come, come, for manhood's sake !

Mar. These drowsy shiverings,
This mortal stupor which is creeping over
me,

What do they mean ? were this my single
body

Opposed to armies, not a nerve would
tremble :

Why do I tremble now ?—Is not the depth
Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of
thought ?

And yet, in plumbing the abyss for judg-
ment,

Something I strike upon which turns my
mind

Back on herself, I think, again—my breast
Concentres all the terrors of the Universe ;
I look at him and tremble like a child.

Osw. Is it possible ?

Mar. One thing you noticed not :
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder
Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing
force.

This is a time, said he, when guilt may
shudder ;

But there's a Providence for them who walk
In helplessness, when innocence is with
them.

At this audacious blasphemy, I thought
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride the
air.

Osw. Why are you not the man you were
that moment ?

*[He draws MARMADUKE to the
dungeon.]*

Mar. You say he was asleep,—look at
this arm,

And tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald ! *[Leans upon OSWALD.]*

Osw. This is some sudden seizure !

Mar. A most strange faintness,—will you
hunt me out

A draught of water ?

Osw. Nav, to see you thus
Moves me beyond my bearing.—I will try
To gain the torrent's brink.

[Exit OSWALD.]

M^r. (*after a pause*). It seems an age
Since that Man left me—No, I am not lost.

Her. (*at the mouth of the dungeon*).

Give me your hand; where are you,
Friends? and tell me

How goes the night.

Mar. 'Tis hard to measure time,
In such a weary night, and such a place.

Her. I do not hear the voice of my friend
Oswald.

Mar. A minute past, he went to fetch a
draught
Of water from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll say,
A cheerless beverage.

Her. How good it was in you
To stay behind!—Hearing at first no
answer,
I was alarmed.

Mar. No wonder; this is a place
That well may put some fears into *your*
heart. [comfort,

Her. Why so? a roofless rock had been a
Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were;
And in a night like this, to lend your cloaks
To make a bed for me!—My Girl will weep
When she is told of it.

Mar. This Daughter of yours
Is very dear to you.

Her. Oh! but you are young;
Over your head twice twenty years must
roll, [pain,
With all their natural weight of sorrow and
Ere can be known to you how much a
Father

May love his Child.

Mar. Thank you, old Man, for this!

[*Aside.*

Her. Fallen am I, and worn out, a use-
less Man;

Kindly have you protected me to-night,
And no return have I to make but prayers;
May you in age be blest with such a daugh-
ter!

When from the Holy Land I had returned
Sightless, and from my heritage was driven,
A wretched Outcast—but this strain of
thought

Would lead me to talk fondly.

Mar. Do not fear;
Your words are precious to my ears; go on.

Her. You will forgive me, but my heart
runs over.

When my old Leader slipped into the flood
And perished, what a piercing outcry you
Sent after him. I have loved you ever
since.

You start—where are we?

Mar. Oh, there is no danger
The cold blast struck me.

Her. 'Twas a foolish question.

Mar. But when you were an Outcast?—
Heaven is just;

Your piety would not miss its due reward;
The little Orphan then would be your suc-
cor,

And do good service, though she knew it
not.

Her. I turned me from the dwellings of
my Fathers,
Where none but those who trampled on my
rights

Seemed to remember me. To the wide
world

I bore her, in my arms; her looks won
pity;

She was my Raven in the wilderness,
And brought me food. Have I not cause
to love her?

Mar. Yes.

Her. More than ever Parent loved a
Child?

Mar. Yes, yes.

Her. I will not murmur, merciful God!
I will not murmur; blasted as I have been,
Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daugh-
ter's voice,

And arms to fold her to my heart Sub-
missively

Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Herbert!—confusion! (*aside*).
Here it is, my friend,

[*Presents the Horn.*

A charming beverage for you to carouse,
This bitter night.

Her. Ha! Oswald, ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes
gone,

To have heard your voice.

Osw. Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless; and yet that
place

When the tempestuous wind first drove us
hither,

Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better
turn

And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.

(*To MARMADUKE aside.*) He has restored
you.

No doubt you have been nobly entertained?
But soft!—how came he forth? **The**
Nightmare Conscience

Has driven him out of harbor?

Mar. I believe

You have guessed right.

Her. The trees renew their murmur.
Come, let us house together.

[OSWALD conducts him to the dun-
geon.

Osw. (*returns*). Had I not
esteemed you worthy to conduct the affair
To its most fit conclusion, do you think
I would so long have struggled with my
Nature,
And smothered all that's man in me?—
away!—

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*

This man's the property of him who best
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a
privilege;

It now becomes my duty to resume it.

Mar. Touch not a finger—

Osw. What then must be done?

Mar. Which way soe'er I turn, I am per-
plexed.

Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you.
The misery

Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts
Did not admit of stronger evidence;
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set
us right;
Their verdict would abolish these weak
scruples.

Mar. Weak! I am weak—there does my
torment lie,
Feeding itself

Osw. Verily, when he said
How his old heart would leap to hear her
steps,

You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.
Mar. And never heard a sound so ter-
rible

Osw. Perchance you think so now?

Mar. I cannot do it:
Twice did I spring to grasp his wither'd
throat,

When such a sudden weakness fell upon
me,
I could have dropped asleep upon his
breast.

Osw. Justice—is there not thunder in
the word?

Shall it be law to stab the petty robber
Who aims but at our purse; and shall this
Parricide—

Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dishonor
Be worse than death) to that confiding Crea-
ture

Whom he to more than filial love and duty

Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil his
purpose?

But you are fallen.

Mar. Fallen should I be indeed—
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the
blow—

Away! away!

[*Flings away his sword.*

Osw. Nay, I have done with you:
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall
live,

And she shall love him. With unquestioned
title

He shall be seated in his Barony,
And we too chant the praise of his good
deeds.

I now perceive we do mistake our masters,
And most despise the men who best can
teach us:

Henceforth it shall be said that bad men
only

Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old
Man

Is brave.

[*Taking MARMADUKE'S sword
and giving it to him.*

To Clifford's arms he would have led
His Victim—haply to this desolate house.

Mar. (*advancing to the dungeon*). It
must be ended!—

Osw. Softly; do not rouse him;
He will deny it to the last. He lies
Within the Vault, a spear's length to the
left.

[*MARMADUKE descends to the dun-
geon.*

(*Alone.*) The Villains rose in mutiny to
destroy me:

I could have quelled the Cowards, but this
Stripling

Must needs step in, and save my life. The
look

With which he gave the boon—I see it
now!

The same that tempted me to loathe the
gift.—

For this old venerable Gray-beard—faith
'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face

Which doth play tricks with them that look
on it;

'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—that
countenance—

His staff—his figure—Murder!—what, of
whom?

We kill a worn-out horse, and who but
women

Sigh at the deed? Hew down a wither'd
tree,
And none look grave but dotards. He may
live
To thank me for this service. Rainbow
arches,
Highways of dreaming passion, have too
long,
Young as he is, diverted wish and hope
From the unpretending ground we mortals
tread;—

Then shatter the delusion, break it up
And set him free. What follows? I have
learned

That things will work to ends the slaves o'
the world

Do never dream of. I have been what he—
This Boy—when he comes forth with bloody
hands—

Might envy, and am now,—but he shall
know

What I am now—

[Goes and listens at the dungeon.

Praying or parleying?—tut!

Is he not eyeless? He has been half dead
These fifteen years—

Enter female Beggar with two or three of
her Companions.

(Turning abruptly.) Ha! speak—what
Thing art thou?

(Recognizes her.) Heavens! my good
friend!

[To her.

Beg. Forgive me, gracious Sir!—

Osw. (to her companions.) Begone, ye
Slaves, or I will raise a whirlwind

And send ye dancing to the clouds, like
leaves.

[They retire affrighted.
Beg. Indeed, we meant no harm; we
lodge sometimes

In this deserted Castle—I repent me.

[OSWALD goes to the dungeon—lis-
tens—returns to the Beggar.

Osw. Woman, thou hast a helpless In-
fant—keep

Thy secret for its sake, or verily
That wretched life of thine shall be the
forfeit.

Beg. I do repent me, Sir: I fear the
curse

Of that blind Man. 'Twas not your money,
sir—

Osw. Begone!

Beg. (going.) There is some wicked deed
in hand:

[Aside.

Would I could find the old Man and his
Daughter.

Exit Beggar.

MARMADUKE re-enters from the dungeon.

Osw. It is all over then:—your foolish
fears

Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and
deed,

Made quiet as he is.

Mar. Why came you down?

And when I felt your hand upon my arm
And spake to you, why did you give no
answer?

Fear'd you to waken him? he must have
been

In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice.
There are the strangest echoes in that
place!

Osw. Tut! let them gabble till the day
of doom.

Mar. Scarcely, by groping, had I reached
the Spot,

When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn
tight,

As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at
it.

Osw. But after that?

Mar. The features of Idonea
Lurked in his face—

Osw. Pshaw! Never to these eyes
Will retribution show itself again

With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me
To share your triumph?

Mar. Yes, her very look.
Smiling in sleep—

Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!

Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me
to my prayers.

Osw. Is he alive?

Mar. What mean you? who alive?

Osw. Herbert! since you will have it,
Baron Herbert;

He who will gain his Seignory when
Idonea

Hath become Clifford's harlot—is he living?

Mar. The old Man in that dungeon is
alive.

Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in
camp or field

Obeys you more. Your weakness, to the
Band,

Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all
shall hear it.

You a protector of humanity!
Avenger you of outraged innocence!

Mar. 'Twas dark—dark as the grave
yet did I see,

Saw him—his face turned towards me; and
I tell thee

Idonea's filial countenance was there
To baffle me—it put me to my prayers.
Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a
crevice,
Beheld a star twinkling above my head,
And, by the living God, I could not do it.

[Sinks exhausted.]

Osw. (to himself). Now may I perish if
this turn do more
Than make me change my course.
(To MARMADUKE.) Dear Marmaduke,
My words were rashly spoken; I recall
them:

I feel my error; shedding human blood
Is a most serious thing.

Mar. Not I alone,
Thou too art deep in guilt.

Osw. We have indeed
Been most presumptuous. There is guilt
in this,
Else could so strong a mind have ever
known [Heaven
These trepidations? Plain it is that
Has marked out this foul Wretch as one
whose crimes

Must never come before a mortal judgment-
seat,
Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

Mar. A thought that's worth a thousand
worlds! [Goes towards the dungeon.]

Osw. I grieve
That, in my zeal, I have caused you so
much pain.

Mar. Think not of that! 'tis over—we
are safe.

Osw. (as if to himself, yet speaking
aloud).

The truth is hideous, but how stifle it!
[Turning to MARMADUKE.]

Give me your sword—nay, here are stones
and fragments,

The least of which would beat out a man's
brains;

Or you might drive your head against that
wall.

No! this is not the place to hear the tale:
It should be told you pinioned in your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blown to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus?
Whate'er the monster brooding in your breast
I care not: fear I have none, and cannot
fear—

[The sound of a horn is heard.]
That horn again—'Tis some one of our
Troop;

What do they here? Listen!

Osw. What! dogged like thieves!

Enter WALLACE and LACY, &c.

Lacy. You are found at last, thanks to
the vagrant Troop
For not misleading us.

Osw. (looking at WALLACE). That suit-
tle Graybeard—
I'd rather see my father's ghost.

Lacy (to MARMADUKE). My Captain,
We come by order of the Band. Belike
You have not heard that Henry has at last
Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent
abroad

His Sheriffs with fit force to restate
The genuine owners of such Lands and
Baronies [seized.

As, in these long commotions, have been
His Power is this way tending. It befits us
To stand upon our guard, and with our
swords

Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy! we look
Put at the surfaces of things; we hear
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young
and old

Driven out in troops to want and nakedness.
Then grasp our swords and rush upon a curd
That flatters us, because it asks not thought
The deeper malady is better hid;
The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you?
Wal. (whose eye has been fixed suspicious-
ly upon OSWALD). Ay, what is it you
mean?

Mar. Harkee, my friends;—
[Appearing gay

Were there a Man who, being weak and
helpless

And most forlorn, should bribe a Mother,
pressed

By penury, to yield him up her Daughter,
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,
Prattling upon his knee, to call him
Father—

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that
offence
I could forgive him.

Mar. (going on). And should he make
the Child

An instrument of falsehood, should he teach
her

To stretch her arms, and dim the gladsome
light

Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
Of misery that was not—

Lacy. Troth, 'tis hard—
But in a world like ours—

Mar. (*changing his tone*). This self-same Man—

Even while he printed kisses on the cheek
Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent
tongue

To lisp the name of father—could he look
To the unnatural harvest of that time
When he should give her up, a Woman
grown,

To him who bid the highest in the market
Of foul pollution—

Lacy. The whole visible world
Contains not such a Monster!

Mar. For this purpose
Should he resolve to taint her Soul by means
Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think of
them:

Should he, by tales which would draw tears
from iron,

Work on her nature, and so turn compassion
And gratitude to ministers of vice,
And make the spotless spirit of filial love
Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim
Both soul and body—

Wal. 'Tis too horrible;
Oswald, what say you to it?

Lacy. Hew him down,
And fling him to the ravens.

Mar. But his aspect
It is so meek, his countenance so venerable.

Wal. (*with an appearance of mistrust*).
But how, what say you, Oswald?

Lacy. (*at the same moment*). Stab him,
were it

Before the Altar.

Mar. What, if he were sick,
Tottering upon the very verge of life,
And old, and blind—

Lacy. Blind, say you?

Osw. (*coming forward*). Are we men,
Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine courage
Is not an accidental quality,
A thing dependent for its casual birth
On opposition and impediment.

Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats
down

The giant's strength; and, at the voice of
Justice,

Sparcs not the worm. The giant and the
worm—

She weighs them in one scale. The wiles
of woman,

And craft of age, seducing reason, first
Made weakness a protection, and obscured
The moral shapes of things. His tender
cries

And helpless innocence—do they protect

The infant lamb? and shall the infirmities,
Which have enabled this enormous Culprit
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanctuary
To cover him from punishment? Shame!—
Justice,

Admitting no resistance, bends alike
The feeble and the strong. She needs not
here

Her bonds and chains, which make the
mighty feeble.

—We recognize in this old Man a victim
Prepared already for the sacrifice.

Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason!
Osw. Yes, my Friends,

His countenance is meek and venerable;
And, by the Mass, to see him at his prayers!—
I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish
When my heart does not ache to think
of it!—

Poor Victim! not a virtue under heaven
But what was made an engine to ensnare
thee;

But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

Lacy. Idonea!

Wal. How! what? you Idonea?
[*To MARMADUKE.*

Mar. *Mine.*
But now no longer mine. You know Lord
Clifford;

He is the Man to whom the Maiden—pure
As beautiful, and gentle and benign,
And in her ample heart loving even me—
Was to be yielded up.

Lacy. Now, by the head
Of my own child, this Man must die; my
hand,

A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine
In his gray hairs!—

Mar. (*to LACY*). I love the Father in thee
You know me, Friends; I have a heart to
feel,

And I have felt, more than perhaps becomes
me

Or duty sanctions.

Lacy. We will have ample justice.
Who are we, Friends? Do we not live on
ground

Where souls are self-defended, free to grow
Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy
wind?

Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which de-
creed

This monstrous crime to be laid open—*here*,
Where Reason has an eye that she can use,
And Men alone are Umpires. To the Camp
He shall be led, and there, the Country
round

All gathered to the spot, in open day
Shall Nature be avenged.

Osw. 'Tis nobly thought ;
His death will be a monument for ages.

Mar. (to LACY). I thank you for that
hint. He shall be brought
Before the Camp, and would that best and
wisest

Of every country might be present. There,
His crime shall be proclaimed ; and for the
rest

It shall be done as Wisdom shall decide :
Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and see
That all is well prepared.

Wal. We will obey you.
(*Aside*). But softly ! we must look a little
nearer.

Mar. Tell where you found us. At some
future time
I will explain the cause. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the door of the Hostel, a group of*
Pilgrims as before ; IDONEA and the
Host among them.

Host. Lady, you'll find your Father at the
Convent

As I have told you ! He left us yesterday
With two Companions ; one of them, as
seemed,

His most familiar friend. (*Going*). There
was a letter
Of which I heard them speak, but that I
fancy

Has been forgotten

Idon. (to *Host*). Farewell !

Host. Gentle pilgrims,
St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy errand.
[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*

SCENE, *a desolate Moor.*

OSWALD (*alone*).

Osw. Carry him to the Camp ! Yes, to
the Camp.

Oh, Wisdom ! a most wise resolve ! and then,
That half a word should blow it to the
winds !

This last device must end my work.—
Methinks

It were a pleasant pastime to construct
A scale and table of belief—as thus—
Two columns, one for passion, one for proof ;
Each rises as the other falls : and first,

Passion a unit and *against* us—proof—
Nay, we must travel in another path,
Or we're stuck fast forever ;—passion, then,
Shall be a unit *for* us ; proof—no, passion !
We'll not insult thy majesty by time,
Person, and place—the where, the when, the
how,

And all particulars that dull brains require
To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.
A whipping to the Moralists who preach
That misery is a sacred thing : for me,
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,
Nor any half so sure. This Stripling's
mind

Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface.
And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,
He talks of a transition in his Soul,
And dreams that he is happy. We dissect
The senseless body, and why not the mind ?—
These are strange sights—the mind of man,
upturned,

Is in all natures a strange spectacle ;
In some a hideous one—hem ! shall I stop ?
No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink deep,
but then

They have no substance. Pass but a few
minutes,

And something shall be done which Memory
May touch, when'er her Vassals are at
work.

Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.

Osw. (*turning to meet him*). But listen,
for my peace—

Mar. Why, I believe you.

Osw. But hear the proofs—

Mar. Ay, prove that when two peas
Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then
Be larger than the peas—prove this—'twere
matter

Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream
It even could be otherwise !

Osw. Last night

When I returned with water from the brook,
I overheard the Villains—every word
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart
Said one, " It is agreed on. The blind Mar
Shall feign a sudden illness, and the Girl,
Who on her journey must proceed alone,
Under pretence of violence, be seized.
She is," continued the detested Slave,
" She is right willing—strange if she were
not !—

They say, Lord Clifford is a savage man ;
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's harp,
There's witchery in't. I never knew a maid

That could withstand it. True," continued he,

"When we arranged the affair, she wept a little

(Not the less welcome to my Lord for that) And said, 'My Father he will have it so.'"

Mar. I am your hearer.

Osw. This I caught, and more That may not be retold to any ear.

The obstinate bolt of a small iron door Detained them near the gateway of the Castle.

By a dim lantern's light I saw that wreaths Of flowers were in their hands, as if designed

For festive decoration; and they said, With brutal laughter and most foul allusion, That they should share the banquet with their Lord

And his new Favorite.

Mar. Misery!—

Osw. I knew How you would be disturbed by this dire news,

And therefore chose this solitary Moor, Here to impart the tale, of which, last night, I strove to ease my mind, when our two Comrades,

Commissioned by the Band, burst in upon us.

Mar. Last night, when moved to lift the avenging steel,

I did believe all things were shadows—yea, Living or dead all things were bodiless, Or but the mutual mockeries of body, 'Till that same star summoned me back again.

Now I could laugh till my ribs ached. Oh Fool!

To let a creed, built in the heart of things, Dissolve before a twinkling atom!—Oswald, I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools Than you have entered, were it worth the pains

Young as I am, I might go forth a teacher, And you should see how deeply I could reason

Of love in all its shapes, beginnings, ends; Of moral qualities in their diverse aspects; Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.

Osw. You take it as it merits—

Mar. One a King, General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor, Strews twenty acres of good meadow-ground With carcasses, in lineament and shape And substance, nothing differing from his own,

But that they cannot stand up of themselves;

Another sits i' th' sun, and by the hour Floats kingcups in the brook—a Hero one We call, and scorn the other as Time's spendthrift; [ground

But have they not a world of common To occupy—both fools, or wise alike, Each in his way?

Osw. Troth, I begin to think so.

Mar. Now for the corner-stone of my philosophy:

I would not give a denier for the man Who, on such provocation as this earth Yields, could not chuck his babe beneath the chin,

And send it with a fillip to his grave.

Osw. Nay, you leave me behind!

Mar. That such a One, So pious in demeanor! in his look So saintly and so pure!—Hark'ee, my Friend,

I'll plant myself before Lord Clifford's Castle,

A surly mastiff kennels at the gate, And he shall howl and I will laugh, a medley Most tunable.

Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme; But take your sword along with you, for that Might in such neighborhood find seemly use.

But first, how wash our hands of this old Man?

Mar. Oh yes, that mole, that viper in the path;

Plague on my memory, him I had forgotten.

Osw. You know we left him sitting—see him yonder.

Mar. Ha! ha!—

Osw. As 'twill be but a moment's work, I will stroll on; you follow when 'tis done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Moor at a short distance—HERBERT is discovered seated on a stone.

Her. A sound of laughter, too!—'tis well—I feared,

The Stranger had some pitiable sorrow Pressing upon his solitary heart.

Hush!—'tis the feeble and earth-loving wind That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather.

Alas! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sunshine— What can this mean? There is a psalm that speaks

Of God's parental mercies—with Idonea
I used to sing it—Listen!—what toot is there?

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. (aside — looking at HERBERT.)

And I have loved this Man! and *she*
hath loved him!

And I loved her, and she loves the Lord Clif-
ford!

And there it ends:—if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,
Then plain it is as day, that eyes were made
For a wise purpose—verily to weep with!

[Looking round.]

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece
Of Nature, finished with most curious skill!
(*To HERBERT.*) Good Baron, have you
ever practised tillage?

Pray tell me what this land is worth by the
acre?

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice!
I know not

Wherein I have offended you;—last night
I found in you the kindest of Protectors;
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,
You from my shoulder took my scrip and
threw it

About your own; but for these two hours
past

Once only have you spoken, when the lark
Whirred from among the fern beneath our
feet,

And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent!—

See you be thoughtful you or the many ways
which a man may come to his end, whose
crimes

Have roused all Nature up against him—
pshaw!—

Her. For mercy's sake, is nobody in
sight?

No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar. Not a soul:

Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,
That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-
green moss

From the stern breathing of the rough sea-
wind;

This have we, but no other company:
Commen'd me to the place. If a man should

And leave his body here, it were all one
as he were twenty fathoms underground.

Her. Where is our common Friend?

Mar. A ghost, methinks—

The spirit of a murdered man, for instance—

Might have fine room to ramble about here,
A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

Her. Lost Man! if thou have any close-
pent guilt

Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour
Of visitation—

Mar. A bold word from you!

Her. Restore him, Heaven!

Mar. The desperate Wretch!—A Flower,
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but now
They have snapped her from the stem—
Poh! let her lie

Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless
snail

Feed on her leaves. You knew her well—
- ay, there,

Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you knew
The worm was in her—

Her. Mercy! Sir, what mean you?

Mar. You have a Daughter!

Her. Oh that she were here!

She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,
And if I have in aught offended you,
Soon would her gentle voice make peace
between us.

Mar. (aside.) I do believe he weeps—I
could weep too—

There is a vein of her voice that runs
through his:

Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth
From the first moment that I loved the
Maid;

And for his sake I loved her more: these
tears—

I did not think that aught was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee,
Heaven!

One happy thought has passed across my
mind.

—It may not be—I am cut off from man;
No more shall I be man—no more shall I
Have human feelings!—(*To HERBERT.*)—

Now, for a little more
About your daughter!

Her. Troops of armed men,
Met in the roads, would bless us; little
children,

Rushing along in the full tide of play,
Stood silent as we passed them! I have

heard
The boisterous carman, in the miry road,
Check his loud whip and hail us with mild

voice,
And speak with milder voice to his poor
beasts.

Mar. And whither were you going?

Her. Learn, young Man,

To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery,
Whether too much for patience, or, like
mine,

Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy.

Mar. Now, this is as it should be!

Her. I am weak!—

My Daughter does not know how weak I
am;

And, as thou see'st, under the arch of heaven
Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,
By the good God, our common Father,
doomed!—

But I had once a spirit and an arm—

Mar. Now, for a word about your Barony:
I fancy when you left the Holy Land,
And came to—what's your title—eh? your
claims

'Were undisputed!

Her. Like a mendicant,

Whom no one comes to meet, I stood
alone;—

I murmured—but, remembering Him who
feeds

The pelican and ostrich of the desert,
From my own threshold I looked up to
Heaven

And did not want glimmerings of quiet hope.
So, from the court I passed, and down the
brook,

Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak
I came; and when I felt its cooling shade,
I sat me down, and cannot but believe—

While in my lap I held my little Babe
And clasped her to my heart, my heart that
ached

More with delight than grief—I heard a
voice

Such as by Cherith on Elijah called:

It said, "I will be with thee." A little boy,
A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone,
Hailed us as if he had been sent from
heaven,

And said, with tears, that he would be our
guide:

I had a better guide—that innocent Babe—
Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from
harm,

From cold, from hunger, penury, and death;
To whom I owe the best of all the good
I have, or wish for, upon earth—and more
And higher far than lies within earth's
bounds:

Therefore I bless her: when I think of Man,
I bless her with sad spirit,—when of God,
I bless her in the fulness of my joy!

Mar. The name of daughter in his mouth,
he prays!

With nerves so steady, that the very flies
Sit unmolested on his staff.—Innocent!—
If he were innocent—then he would tremble
And be disturbed, as I am. (*Turning
aside.*) I have read

In Story, what men now alive have wit-
nessed,

How, when the People's mind was racked
with doubt,

Appeal was made to the great Judge: the
Accused

With naked feet walked over burning plough-
shares.

Here is a Man by Nature's hand prepared
For a like trial, but more merciful.

Why else have I been led to this bleak
Waste?

Bare is it, without house or track, and des-
titute

Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea.
Here will I leave him—here—All-seeing

God!

Such as *he* is, and sore perplexed as I am,
I will commit him to this final *Ordeal*!—

He heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came to
him

And was his guide; if once, why not again,
And in this desert? If never—then the
whole

Of what he says, and looks, and does, and is,
Makes up one damning falsehood Leave
him here

To cold and hunger!—Pain is of the heart
And what are a few throes of bodily suffer-
ing

If they can waken one pang of remorse?

[*Goes up to HERBERT.*

Old Man! my wrath is as a flame burnt out,
It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here

Led by my hand to save thee from perdition,
Thou wilt have time to breathe and think—

Her. Oh, Mercy!
Mar. I know the need that all men have
of mercy,

And therefore leave thee to a righteous judg-
ment.

Her. My Child, my blessed Child!

Mar. No more of that:
Thou wilt have many guides if thou art in-
nocent;

Yea, from the utmost corners of the earth,
That Woman will come o'er this Waste to,
save thee

[*He pauses and looks at HERBERT'S
staff.*

Ha! what is here? and carved by her own
hand!

[*Reads upon the staff*

"I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord.
He that puts his trust in me shall not fail!"
Yes, be it so:—repent and be forgiven—
God and that staff are now thy only guides.
[*He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.*]

SCENE, *an eminence, a Beacon on the summit.*

LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, &C., &C.

Several of the Band (confusedly). But patience!

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor, Oswald!—

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—
Len. (to Wal.) His tool, the wandering Beggar, made last night

A plain confession, such as leaves no doubt,
Knowing what otherwise we know too well,
That she revealed the truth Stand by me now;

For rather would I have a nest of vipers
Between my breast-plate and my skin, than make

Oswald my special enemy, if you Deny me your support.

Lacy. W. have been fooled—
But for the motive?

Wal. Natures such as his
Spin motives out of their own bowels,
Lacy!

I learn'd this when I was a Confessor.
I know him well; there needs no other motive

Than that most strange incontinence in crime

Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him

And breath and being, where he cannot govern,
He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like moles!—

Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for motives:

There is no crime from which this man would shrink;

He reck's not human law; and I have noticed

That often when the name of God is uttered,
A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride has built

Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed
A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;

And when the King of Denmark summoned him

To the oath of fealty, I well remember,
'Twas a strange answer that he made; he said,

"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven."
Lacy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor
Were that man, who could draw the line that parts

Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from Madness,

That should be scourged, not pitied. Restless Minds,

Such Minds as find amid their fellow-men
No heart that loves them, none that they can love,

Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings.

One of the Band. What if he mean to offer up our Captain

An expiation and a sacrifice
To those infernal fiends!

Wal. Now, if the event
Should be as Lennox has foretold, then swear,

My Friends, his heart shall have as many wounds

As there are daggers here

Lacy. What need of swearing!
One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!
A third. Hark! how the horns

Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.

Lacy Stay you behind; and when the sun is down,

Light up this beacon

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.
[*They go out together.*]

SCENE, *the Wood on the edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE (*alone*).

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human thought,

Yet calm.—I could believe, that there was here

The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald,
Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see:

You have done your duty I had hopes,
which now

I feel that you will justify.

Mar. I had fears,
From which I have freed myself—but 'tis
my wish

To be alone, and therefore we must part
Osw. Nay, then—I am mistaken. There's
a weakness

About you still; you talk of solitude—
I am your friend.

Mar. What need of this assurance
At any time? and why given now?

Osw. Because
You are now in truth my Master; you have
taught me

What there is not another living man
Had strength to teach;—and therefore
gratitude

Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

Mar. Wherefore press this on me?

Osw. Because I feel
That you have shown, and by a signal in-
stance,

How they who would be just must seek the
rule

By diving for it into their own bosoms.
To-day you have thrown off a tyranny
That lives but in the torpid acquiescence
Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny
Of the world's masters, with the musty
rules

By which they uphold their craft from age
to age

You have obeyed the only law that sense
Submits to recognize; the immediate law,
From the clear light of circumstances,
flashed

Upon an independent Intellect.

Henceforth new prospects open on your
path;

Your faculties should grow with the de-
mand,

I still will be your friend, will cleave to you
Through good and evil, obloquy and scorn,
Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

Mar. I would be left alone.

Osw. (exultingly.) I know your motives!
I am not of the world's presumptuous
judges,

Who damn where they can neither see nor
feel,

With a hard-hearted ignorance; your strug-
gles

I witnessed, and now hail your victory.

Mar. Spare me awhile that greeting.

Osw. It may be,

That some there are, squeamish half-think-
ing cowards,

Who will turn pale upon you, call you
murderer,

And you will walk in solitude among them.
A mighty evil for a strong-built mind!—

Join twenty tapers of unequal height
And light them joined, and you will see the
less

How 'twill burn down the taller; and they
shall

Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude!—
The Eagle lives in Solitude!

Mar. Even so.
The Sparrow so on the house-top, and I,
The weakest of God's creatures, stand re-
solved

To abide the issue of my act, alone.

Osw. Now would you? and forever?—
My young Friend,

As time advances either we become
The prey or masters of our own past deeds.
Fellowship we *must* have, willing or no;
And if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,
Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,
Are still forthcoming; some which, though
they bear

Ill names, can render no ill services,
In recompense for what themselves re-
quired.

So meet extremes in this mysterious world,
And opposites thus melt into each other.

Mar. Time, since Man first drew breath,
has never moved

With such a weight upon his wings as now;
But they will soon be lightened.

Osw. Ay, look up—
Cast round you your mind's eye, and you
will learn

Fortitude is the child of Enterprise:
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an earnest
That we can suffer greatly

Mar. Very true.

Osw. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy

We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

Osw. What if you had bid
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
And the light dancing of the thoughtless
heart:

It is the toy of fools, and little fit
For such a world as this. The wise abjure

All thoughts whose idle composition lives
In the entire forgetfulness of pain.

—I see I have disturbed you.

Mar. By no means.

Osw. Compassion!—pity!—pride can do
without them;

And what if you should never know them
more!—

He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,
Finds ease because another feels it too

If e'er I open out this heart of mine

It shall be for a nobler end—to teach

And not to purchase pining sympathy.

—Nay, you are pale.

Mar. It may be so.

Osw. Remorse—

It cannot live with thought: think on,
think on,

And it will die. What! in this universe,

Where the least things control the greatest,
where

The faintest breath that breathes can move
a world.

What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had
sneezed,

A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow graws us to the vitals

Mar. Now, whither are you wandering?

That a man,

So used to suit his language to the time,
Should thus so widely differ from himself—

It is most strange.

Osw. Murder!—what's in the word!—

I have no cases by me ready made
To fit all deeds Carry him to the

Camp!—

A shallow project;—you of late have seen

More deeply, taught us that the institutes

Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation

Banished from human intercourse, exist

Only in our relations to the brutes

That make the fields their dwelling. If a
snake

Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
A license to destroy him: our good gov-

ernors

Hedge in the life of every pest and plague

That bears the shape of man; and for what
purpose, [tion?—

But to protect themselves from extirpa-
This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

Mar. My Office is fulfilled—the Man is
now

Delivered to the Judge of all things.

Osw. Dead!

Mar. I have borne my burthen to its des-
tined end.

Osw. This instant we'll return to our
Companions—

Oh how I long to see their faces again!

Enter IDONEA, with Pilgrims who continue
their journey.

Idon. (after some time.) What, Marma-
duke! now thou art mine forever

And Oswald, too! (To MARMADUKE.) On
will we to my Father

With the glad tidings which this day hath
brought:

We'll go together, and, such proof received
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude

To God above will make him feel for ours.

Osw. I interrupt you?

Idon. Think not so.

Mar. Idonea,

That I should ever live to see this moment!

Idon. Forgive me.—Oswald knows it
all—he knows,

Each word of that unhappy letter fell

As a blood drop from my heart.

Osw. 'Twas even so.

Mar. I have much to say, but for whose
ear?—not thine.

Idon. Ill can I bear that look—I plead for
me, Oswald!

You are my Father's Friend.

(To MARMADUKE.) Alas, you know not,
And never can you know, how much he
loved me

Twice had he been to me a father, twice

Had given me breath, and was I not to be

His daughter, once his daughter? could I
withstand

His pleading face, and feel his claspings
arms,

And hear his prayer that I would not forsake
him

In his old age— [Hides her face.

Mar. Patience—Heaven grant me pa-
tience!—

She weeps, she weeps—my brain shall burn
for hours

Ere I can shed a tear.

Idon. I was a woman;

And, balancing the hopes that are the
dearest

To womankind with duty to my Father,

I yielded up those precious hopes, which
naught

On earth could else have wrested from
me,—if erring,

Oh let me be forgiven!

Mar. I do forgive thee.

Idon. But take me to your arms—this breast, alas!

It throbs, and you have a heart that does not feel it.

Mar. (exultingly.) She is innocent.
[*He embraces her.*]

Osw. (aside.) Were I a Moralist, I should make wondrous revolution here; It were a quaint experiment to show The beauty of truth— [Addressing them.]

I see I interrupt you: I shall have business with you, Marmaduke; Follow me to the Hostel. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

Idon. Marmaduke, This is a happy day. My Father soon Shall sun himself before his native doors; The lame, the hungry, will be welcome there.

No more shall he complain of wasted strength,

Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying heart; His good works will be balm and life to him.

Mar. This is most strange!—I know not what it was, [said,] But there was something which most plainly That thou wert innocent.

Idon. How innocent!— Oh heavens! you've been deceived.

Mar. Thou art a Woman To bring perdition on the universe.

Idon. Already I've been punished to the height

Of my offence. [*Smiling affectionately.* I see you love me still,

The labors of my hand are still your joy; Bethink you of the hour when on your shoulder

I hung this belt.

[*Pointing to the belt on which was suspended HERBERT'S scrip.*]

Mar. Mercy of Heaven. [*Sinks.*]

Idon. What ails you! [*Distractedly.*]

Mar. The scrip that held his food, and I forgot

To give it back again!

Idon. What mean your words?

Mar. I know not what I said—al! may be well,

Idon. That smile hath life in it!

Mar. This road is perilous;

I will attend you to a Hut that stands Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night, I pray you:

For me, I have business, as you hear, with Oswald,

But will return to you by break of day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A desolate prospect—a ridge of rocks—a Chapel on the summit of one—Moon behind the rocks—night stormy—irregular sound of a bell—HERBERT enters exhausted.*

Her. That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed to guide me,

But now it mocks my steps; its fitful stroke Can scarcely be the work of human hands.

Hear me, ye Men, upon the cliffs, if such There be who pray nightly before the Altar. Oh that I had but strength to reach the place!

My Child—my child—dark—dark—I faint—this wind—

These stifling blasts—God help me!

Enter ELDEDRED.

Eld. Better this bare rock, Though it was tottering over a man's head, Than a tight case of duncen walls for shelter

From such rough dealing.

[*A moaning voice is heard.*]

Ha! what sound is that?

Trees creaking in the wind (but none are here)

Send forth such noises—and that weary bell!

Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night Is ringing it—'twould step a Saint in prayer, And that—what is it? never was sound so like

A human groan. Ha! what is here? For Man—

Murdered! alas! speak—speak, I am your friend:

No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts his hand

And lays it to his heart—(*Kneels to him*)

I pray you speak!

What has befallen you?

Her. (feebly.) A stranger has done this, And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

Eld. Nay, think not so; come, let me raise you up: [*Raises him*]

This is a dismal place—well—that is well—I was too fearful—take me for your guide

And your support—my hut is not far off.

[*Draws him gently off the stage.*]

SCENE, *a room in the Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*

Mar. But for Idonea!—I have cause to think

That she is innocent.

Osw. Leave that thought awhile,
As one of those beliefs which in their hearts
Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no
better

Than feathers clinging to their points of
passion.

This day's event has laid on me the duty
Of opening out my story; you must hear it,
And without further preface.—In my youth,
Except for that abatement which is paid
By envy as a tribute to desert,
I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling
Of every tongue—as you are now. You've
heard

That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage
Was hatched among the crew a foul Con-
spiracy

Against my honor, in the which our Captain
Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind
fell;

We lay becalmed week after week, until
The water of the vessel was exhausted;
I felt a double fever in my veins,
Yet rage suppressed itself:—to a deep still-
ness

Did my pride tame my pride;—for many
days,

On a dead sea under a burning sky,
I brooded o'er my injuries, deserted
By man and nature;—if a breeze had blown,
It might have found its way into my heart,
And I had been—no matter—do you mark
me?

Mar. Quick—to the point—if any untold
crime

Doth haunt your memory.

Osw. Patience, hear me further!—
One day in silence did we drift at noon
By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare;
No food was there, no drink, no grass, no
shade,

No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form
Inanimate large as the body of man.
Nor any living thing whose lot of life
Might stretch beyond the measure of one
moon.

To dig for water on the spot, the Captain
Landed with a small troop, myself being
one:

There I reproached him with his treachery.
Imperious at all times, his temper rose;
He struck me; and that instant had I
killed him,
And put an end to his insolence, but my
Comrades

Rushed in between us: then did I insist

(All hated him, and I was stung to mad-
ness)

That we should leave him there, alive!—we
did so.

Mar. And he was famished?

Osw. Naked was the spot;
Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
Its stony surface glittered like a shield;
And in that miserable place we left him,
Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures
Not one of which could help him while alive,
Or mourn him dead.

Mar. A man by men cast off,
Left without burial! nay, not dead nor dy-
ing,

But standing, walking, stretching forth his
arms,

In all things like ourselves, but in the agony
With which he called for mercy; and—even
so—

He was forsaken?

Osw. There is a power in sounds:
The cries he uttered might have stopp'd
the boat

That bore us through the water—

Mar. You returned
Upon that dismal hearing—did you not?

Osw. Some scoffed at him with hellish
mockery,
And laughed so loud it seemed that the
smooth sea

Did from some distant region echo us.

Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins
are filled

At the same poisonous fountain!

Osw. 'Twas an island
Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,
Which with their foam could cover it at will.
I know not how he perished: but the calm,
The same dead calm, continued many days.

Mar. But his own crime had brought on
him this doom,
His wickedness prepared it; these expedi-
ents

Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.

Osw. The man was famished, and was
innocent!

Mar. Impossible!

Osw. The man had never wronged me.
Mar. Banish the thought, crush it, and
be at peace.

His guilt was marked—these things could
never be

Were there not eyes that see, and for good
ends,

Where ours are baffled.

Osw. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour the miserable man
No more was heard of?

Osw. I had been betrayed.

Mar. And he found no deliverance!

Osw. The Crew
Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid
The plot to rid themselves, at any cost,
Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed.
So we pursued our voyage: when we
landed,

The tale was spread abroad: my power at
once
Shrunk from me; plans and schemes, and
lofty hopes—

All vanished. I gave way—do you attend?

Mar. The Crew deceived you?

Osw. Nay, command yourself.

Mar. It is a dismal night—how the wind
howls!

Osw. I hid my head within a Convent,
there

Lay passive as a dormouse in mid winter.
That was no life for me—I was o'erthrown
But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought to have
seen
The guilt—have touched it—felt it at your
heart—

As I have done.

Osw. A fresh tide of Crusaders
Drove by the place of my retreat: three
nights

Did constant meditation dry my blood;
Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding
on,
Through words and things, a dim and peril-
ous way:

And, wheresoe'er I turned me, I beheld
A slavery compared to which the dungeon
And clanking chains are perfect liberty.
You understand me—I was comforted;
I saw that every possible shape of action
Might lead to good—I saw it and burst
forth,

Thirsting for some of those exploits that fill
The earth for sure redemption of lost peace.

[*Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.*
Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity
Subsided in a moment, like a wind
That drops down dead out of a sky it vexed.
And yet I had within me evermore
A salient spring of energy; I mounted
From action up to action with a mind
That never rested—without meat or drink
Have I lived many days—my sleep was
bound

To purposes of reason—not a dream
But had a continuity and substance
That waking life had never power to give.

Mar. O wretched Human-kind!—Until
the mystery

Of all this world is solved, well may we envy
The worm, that, underneath a stone whose
weight

Would crush the lion's paw with mortal
anguish,

Doth lodge, and feel, and coil, and sleep, in
safety.

Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those
traitors?

Osw. Give not to them a thought. From
Palestine

We marched to Syria: oft I left the Camp,
When all that multitude of hearts was still,
And followed on, through woods of gloomy
cedar,

Into deep chasms troubled by roaring
streams;

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight
sea:

In these my lonely wanderings I perceived
What mighty objects do impress their forms
To elevate our intellectual being;
And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,
'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms
A thing so great to perish self-consumed,
—So much for my remorse!

Mar. Unhappy Man!

Osw. When from these forms I turned to
contemplate

The World's opinions and her usages,
I seemed a Being who had passed alone
Into a region of futurity,

Whose natural element was freedom—

Mar. Stop

I may not, cannot, follow thee.

Osw. You must

I had been nourished by the sickly food
Of popular applause. I now perceived
That we are praised, only as men in us
Do recognize some image of themselves,
An abject counterpart of what they are,
Or the empty thing that they would wish to
be.

I felt that merit has no surer test
Than obloquy: that, if we wish to serve
The world in substance, not deceive by show,
We must become obnoxious to its hate,
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.

Mar. I pity, can forgive, you; but those
wretches—

That monstrous perfidy!

Osw. Keep down your wrath.
False Shame discarded, spurious Fame de-
spised,

Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found
Life stretched before me smooth as some
broad way

Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests
might spin

Their veil, but not for me—'twas in fit place
Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,
And in that dream had left my native lands,
One of Love's simple bondsmen—the soft
chain

Was off forever; and the men, from whom
This liberation came, you would destroy;
Join me in thanks for their blind services.

Mar. 'Tis a strange aching that, when
we would curse

And cannot.—You have betrayed me—I
have done—

I am content—I know that he is guiltless—
That both are guiltless, without spot or
stain,

Mutually consecrated. Poor old Man!
And I had heart for this, because thou
lovedst

Her who from very infancy had been
Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood!—
Together [Turning to OSWALD.

We propped his steps, he leaned upon us
both.

Osw. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of
adamant;

Let us be fellow-laborers, then, to enlarge
Man's intellectual empire. We subsist
In slavery; all is slavery; we receive
Laws, but we ask not whence those laws
have come;

We need an inward sting to goad us on.

Mar. Have you betrayed me? Speak to
that.

Osw. The mask,
Which for a season I have stooped to wear,
Must be cast off.—Know then that I was
urged,

(For other impulse let it pass) was driven,
To seek for sympathy, because I saw
In you a mirror of my youthful self;
I would have made us equal once again,
But that was a vain hope. You have struck
home,

With a few drops of blood cut short the
business;

Therein forever you must yield to me.
But what is done will save you from the
blank

Of living without knowledge that you live:

Now you are suffering—for the future day,
'Tis his who will command it.—Think of
my story—

Herbert is *innocent*.

Mar. (in a faint voice, and doubling).
You do but echo

My own wild words!

Osw. Young Man, the seed must lie
Hid in the earth, or there can be no harvest:
'Tis Nature's law. What I have done in
darkness

I will avow before the face of day.

Herbert is *innocent*.

Mar. What fiend could prompt
This action? Innocent!—oh, breaking
heart!—

Alive or dead, I'll find him. [Exit.
Osw. Alive—perdition! [Exit.

SCENE, the inside of a poor Cottage.

ELEANOR and IDONEA seated.

Idon. The storm beats hard—Mercy for
poor or rich,
Whose heads are shelterless in such a night!
A Voice without. Holla! to bed, good
Folks, within!

Elea. O save us!

Idon. What can this mean?

Elea. Alas, for my poor husband!—
We'll have a counting of our flocks to-mor-
row;

The wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:
Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers

[The voices die away in the distance.
Returning from their Feast—my heart beats
so—

A noise at midnight does so frighten me.

Idon. Hush! [Listening

Elea. They are gone. On such a
night, my husband,
Dragged from his bed, was cast into a dun-
geon,

Where, hid from me, he counted many
years,

A criminal in no one's eyes but theirs—
Not even in theirs—whose brutal violence
So dealt with him.

Idon. I have a noble Friend
First among youths of knightly breeding
One

Who lives but to protect the weak or in-
jured.

There again! [Listening.

Elea. 'Tis my husband's foot. Good
Eldred

Has a kind heart: but his imprisonment

Has made him fearful, and he'll never be
The man he was.

Idon. I will retire :—good night !
[*She goes within*

Enter ELDRED (*hides a bundle*).

Eld. Not yet in bed, Eleanor !—there are
stains in that frock which must be washed
out.

Elea. What has befallen you ?

Eld. I am belated, and you must know
the cause—(*speaking low*) that is the blood
of an unhappy Man.

Elea. Oh ! we are undone forever.

Eld. Heaven forbid that I should lift my
hand against any man. Eleanor, I have
shed tears to-night, and it comforts me to
think of it.

Elea. Where, where is he ?

Eld. I have done him no harm, but——it
will be forgiven me ; it would not have been
so once.

Elea. You have not *buried* anything ?
You are no richer than when you left me ?

Eld. Be at peace ; I am innocent.

Elea. Then God be thanked—

[*A short pause ; she falls upon his neck.*

Eld. To-night I met with an old Man ly-
ing stretched upon the ground—a sad spec-
tacle : I raised him up with a hope that we
might shelter and restore him.

Elea. (*as if ready to run*). Where is he ?
You were not able to bring him *all* the way
with you ; let us return, I can help you.

[*ELDRED shakes his head.*

Eld. He did not seem to wish for life : as
I was struggling on, by the light of the moon
I saw the stains of blood upon my clothes—
he waved his hand, as if it were all useless ;
and I let him sink again to the ground.

Elea. Oh that I had been by your side !

Eld. I tell you his hands and his body
were cold—how could I disturb his last mo-
ments ? he strove to turn from me as if he
wished to settle into sleep.

Elea. But, for the stains of blood—

Eld. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his
head was cut ; but I think his malady was
cold and hunger.

Elea. Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able
to look up at this roof in storm or fair but
I shall tremble.

Eld. Is it not enough that my ill stars
have kept me abroad to-night till this hour ?
(*come home, and this is my comfort !*)

Elea. But did he say nothing which
might have set you at ease ?

Eld. I thought he grasped my hand while
he was muttering something about his Child
—his Daughter—(*starting as if he heard a
noise*). What is that ?

Elea. Eldred, you are a father.

Eld. God knows what was in my heart,
and will not curse my son for my sake.

Elea. But you prayed by him ? you waited
the hour of his release ?

Eld. The night was wasting fast ; I have
no friend ; I am spited by the world—his
wound terrified me—if I had brought him
along with me, and he had died in my arms !
—I am sure I heard something breathing
—and this chair !

Elea. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone.
You will have nobody to close your eyes—
no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall
be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

Eld. Have you forgot your own troubles
when I was in the dungeon ?

Elea. And you left him alive ?

Eld. Alive !—the damps of death were
upon him—he could not have survived an
hour.

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Eld. (*in a savage tone*). Ay, and his
head was bare ; I suppose you would have
had me lend my bonnet to cover it.—You
will never rest till I am brought to a felon's
end.

Elea. Is there nothing to be done ? can-
not we go to the Convent ?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered
him !

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the
only house upon the Waste ; let us take
heart ; this Man may be rich ; and could he
be saved by our means, his gratitude may
reward us

Eld. 'Tis all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt. This
old Man may have a wife, and he may have
children—let us return to the spot ; we may
restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon
those that love him.

Eld. He will never open them more ;
even when he spoke to me, he kept them
firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

Idon (*rushing out*) It is, it is, my
Father—

Eld. We are betrayed (*looking at
IDONEA*).

Elea. His Daughter !—God have mercy !
(*turning to IDONEA*).

Idon. (*sinking down*). Oh ! lift me up
and carry me to the place.

You are safe ; the whole world shall not harm you.

Elea. This Lady is his Daughter.

Eld. (*moved*). I'll lead you to the spot.

Idon. (*springing up*). Alive !— you heard him breathe ? quick, quick—
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *A wood on the edge of the Waste.*

Enter OSWALD and a Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen,
And down into the bottom cast his eye,
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too ; did you not say he listened ?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood

As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing ?

For. See him there !

MARMADUKE *appearing.*

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters ;

That is no substance which ye settle on !

For. His senses play him false ; and see, his arms

Outspread, as if to save himself from falling !—

Some terrible phantom I believe is now Passing before him, such as God will not Permit to visit any but a man

Who has been guilty of some horrid crime.

[MARMADUKE *disappears.*

Osw. The game is up !—

For. If it be needful, Sir, I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

Osw. No, no, my Friend, you may pursue your business—

'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind,
Who has a trick of straying from his keepers ;

We must be gentle. Leave him to my care. [Exit Forester.

If his own eyes play false with him, these freaks

Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mine ;

The goal is reached. My Master shall become

A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE, *the edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE and ELDRED *enter from opposite sides.*

Mar. (*raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED*). In any corner of this savage Waste,

Have you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man ?

Eld. I heard—

Mar. You heard him, where ? when heard him ?

Eld. As you know,
The first hours of last night were rough with storm :

I had been out in search of a stray heifer ;
Returning late, I heard a moaning sound ;
Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me,

I hurried on, when straight a second moan,
A human voice distinct, struck on my ear.

So guided, distant a few steps, I found
An aged Man, and such as you describe.

Mar. You heard !—he called you to him ?
Of all men

The best and kindest ! but where is he ?
guide me,

That I may see him.

Eld. On a ridge of rocks
A lonesome Chapel stands, deserted now :

The bell is left, which no one dares remove ;

And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak,

It rings, as if a human hand were there
To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it ;

And it had led him towards the precipice,
To climb up to the spot whence the sound came ;

But he had failed through weakness. From his hand

His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink

Of a small pool of water he was laid,
As if he had stooped to drink, and so remained

Without the strength to rise.

Mar. Well, well, he lives,
And all is safe : what said he ?

Eld. But few words :
He only spake to me of a dear Daughter,

Who, so he feared, would never see him more ;

And of a Stranger to him, One by whom
He had been sore misused ; but he forgave

The wrong and the wrong-doer You are troubled—

Perhaps you are his son

Mar. The All-seeing knows, I did not think he had a living Child — But whither did you carry him?

Eld. He was torn, His head was bruised, and there was blood about him—

Mar. That was no work of mine.

Eld. Nor was it mine.

Mar. But had he strength to walk? I could have borne him

A thousand miles

Eld. I am in poverty, And know how busy are the tongues of men;

My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one Whose good deeds will not stand by their own light;

And, though it smote me more than words can tell,

I left him.

Mar. I believe that there are phantoms, That in the shape of man do cross our path On evil instigation, to make sport Of our distress—and thou art one of them! But things substantial have so pressed on me—

Eld. My wife and children came into my mind.

Mar. Oh Monster! Monster! there are three of us, And we shall howl together.

[*After a pause and in a feeble voice.*

I am deserted At my worst need, my crimes have in a net (*Pointing to ELDRED*) Entangled this poor man.—

Where was it? where?

[*Dragging him along.*

Eld. 'Tis needless; spare your violence.

His Daughter—

Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scorpions lodge:

This old man had a Daughter.

Eld. To the spot I hurried back with her.—O save me, Sir, From such a journey!—there was a black tree, A single tree; she thought it was her Father.—

Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again For twenty lives. The daylight dawned, and now—

Nay; hear my tale, 'tis fit that you should hear it—

As we approached, a solitary crow Rose from the spot;—the Daughter clapped her hands,

And then I heard a shriek so terrible

[*MARMADUKE shrinks back.*

The startled bird quivered upon the wing.

Mar. Dead, dead!—

Eld. (*after a pause*). A dismal matter,

Sir, for me,

And seems the like for you; if 'tis your wish,

I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 'twere best

That she should be prepared; I'll go before.

Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[*ELDRED goes off.*

Elea. (*enters*).

Master!

Your limbs sink under you, shall I support

you?

Mar. (*taking her arm*). Woman, I've lent my body to the service

Which now thou tak'st upon thee. God forbid

That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion

With such a purpose in thine heart as mine was.

Elea. Oh, why have I to do with things like these? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the door of ELDRED'S cottage—IDONEA seated—enter ELDRED.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful hand

Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me, And you remember such was my report:

From what has just befallen me I have cause

To fear the very worst.

Idon. My Father is dead;

Why dost thou come to me with words like these?

Eld. A wicked Man should answer for his crimes.

Idon. Thou seest me what I am.

Eld. It was most heinous, And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon. Do not add, I prithee, to the harm thou'st done already.

Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for this service.

Hard by, a Man I met, who, from plain proofs

Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,
Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it
were

You should prepare to meet him.

Idon. I have nothing
To do with others; help me to my Father—
[*She turns and sees MARMADUKE
leaning on ELEANOR—throws her-
self upon his neck, and after some
time,*

In joy I met thee, but a few hours past;
And thus we meet again; one human stay
Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.

Mar. In such a wilderness—to see no
thing,

No, not the pitying moon!

Idon. And perish so.

Mar. Without a dog to moan for him.

Idon. Think not of it,
But enter there and see him how he sleeps,
Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

Mar. Tranquil—why not?

Idon. Oh, peace!

Mar. He is at peace;

His body is at rest: there was a plot,
A hideous plot, against the soul of man:
It took effect—and yet I baffled it,
In some degree.

Idon. Between us stood, I thought,
A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven
For both our needs; must I, and in thy
presence,

Alone partake of it?—Beloved Marmaduke!

Mar. Give me a reason why the wisest
thing

That the earth owns shall never choose to
die,

But some one must be near to count his
groans.

The wounded deer retires to solitude,
And dies in solitude: all things but man,
All die in solitude.

[*Moving towards the cottage-door.*

Mysterious God,

If she had never lived I had not done it!—
Idon. Alas! the thought of such a cruel
death

Has overwhelmed him.—I must follow.

Eld. Lady!
You will do well; (*she goes*) unjust suspi-
cion may

Cleave to this Stranger: if, upon his en-
tering,

The dead Man heave a groan, or from his
side

Uplift his hand—that would be evidence.

Elea. Shame! Eldred, shame!

Mar. (*both returning*). The dead have
but one face (*to himself*).

And such a Man—so meek and unoffend-
ing—

Helpless and harmless as a babe: a Man,
By obvious signal to the world's protec-
tion,

Solemnly dedicated—to decoy him!—

Idon. Oh, had you seen him living!—

Mar. I (so filled
With horror is this world) am unto thee
The thing most precious that it now con-
tains:

Therefore through me alone must be re-
vealed

By whom thy Parent was destroyed,
Idonea!

I have the proofs!—

Idon. O miserable Father!
Thou didst command me to bless all man-
kind;

Nor, to this moment, have I ever wished
Evil to: any living thing; but hear me,
Hear me, ye Heavens!—(*kneeling*)—may
vengeance haunt the fiend

For this most cruel murder: let him live
And move in terror of the elements;

The thunder send him on his knees to
prayer

In the open streets, and let him think he
sees,

If e'er he entereth the house of God,
The roof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his
head;

And let him, when he would lie down at
night,

Point to his wife the blood-drops on his
pillow!

Mar. My voice was silent, but my heart
hath joined thee.

Idon. (*leaning on MARMADUKE*). Left
to the mercy of that savage Man!

How could he call upon his Child!—O
Friend! [*Turns to MARMADUKE.*

My faithful, true and only Comforter.

Mar. Ay, come to me and weep. (*He
kisses her.*) (*To ELDRED.*) Yes,
varlet, look,

The devils at such sights do clap their
hands. [*ELDRED retires alarmed.*

Idon. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is
deadly pale;

Hast thou pursued the monster?

Mar. I have found him.—
Oh! would that thou hadst perished in the
flames!

Idon. Here art thou, then can I be desolate?—

Mar. There was a time when this protecting hand
Availed against the mighty; never more
Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

Idon. Wild words for me to hear, for me,
an orphan,
Committed to thy guardianship by Heaven;
And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope
In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine
For closer care;—here is no malady.

[*Taking his arm.*

Mar. There, is a malady—
(*Striking his heart and forehead.*) And
here, and here,
A mortal malady.—I am accurst:
All nature curses me, and in my heart
Thy curse is fixed; the truth must be laid
bare.

It must be told and borne. I am the man,
(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not)
Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,
Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person
Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did
become

An instrument of Fiends. Through me,
through me
Thy Father perished.

Idon. Perished—by what mischance?

Mar. Belovèd!—if I dared, so would I
call thee—
Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen
heart,

The extremes of suffering meet in absolute
peace.

[*He gives her a letter.*

Idon. (*reads.*) “Be not surprised if you
hear that some signal judgment has befallen
the man who calls himself your father; he
is now with me, as his signature will show:
abstain from conjecture till you see me.

“HERBERT,
“MARMADUKE.”

The writing Oswald's; the signature my
Father's:

(*Looks steadily at the paper.*) And here is
yours,—or do my eyes deceive me?

You have then seen my Father?

Mar. He has leaned
Upon this arm.

Idon. You led him towards the Convent?

Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur
Castle Thither

We were his guides. I on that night re-
solved

That he should wait thy coming till the day
Of resurrection.

Idon. Miserable Woman,
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,
I put denial on thy suit, and hence,
With the disastrous issue of last night,
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words
Be calm, I pray thee!

Mar. Oswald —

Idon. Name h.m. not

Enter female Beggar.

Beg. And he is dead!—that Moor—how
shall I cross it?

By night, by day, never shall I be able
To travel half a mile alone.— Good Lady!
Forgive me!—Saints forgive me. Had I
thought

It would have come to this!—

Idon. What brings you hither? speak!

Beg. (*pointing to MARMADUKE.*) This
innocent Gentleman. Sweet heavens!

I told him

Such tales of your dead Father!—God is
my judge,

I thought there was no harm: but that bad
Man,

He bribed me with his gold, and looked so
fierce.

Mercy! I said I know not what—oh pity
me—

I said, sweet Lady, you were not his
Daughter—

Pity me, I am haunted;—thrice this day
My conscience made me wish to be struck
blind;

And then I would have prayed, and had no
voice.

Idon. (*to MARMADUKE.*) Was it my
Father?—no, no, no, for he

Was meek and patient, feeble, old and
blind,

Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.
—But hear me. For *one* question, I have

a heart

That will sustain me. Did you murder
him?

Mar. No, not by stroke of arm. But
learn the process:

Proof after proof was pressed upon me;
guilt

Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt,
Whose impious folds enwrapped even thee;
and truth

And innocence, embodied in his looks,
His words and tones and gestures, did but
serve

With me to aggravate his crimes, and heaped
Ruin upon the cause for which they pleaded.

Then pity crossed the path of my resolve :
Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, and
cast,

Idonea ! thy blind Father, on the Ordeal
Of the bleak Waste—left him—and so he
died !—

[IDONEA *sinks senseless*: Beggar,
ELEANOR, &c., *crowd round and
bear her off*.

Why may we speak these things, and do no
more ;

Why should a thrust of the arm have such
a power,
And words that tell these things be heard
in vain ?

Sic is not dead. Why !—if I loved this
Woman,

I would take care she never woke again ;
But she WILL wake, and she will weep for
me,

And say, no blame was mine—and so, poor
fool,

Will waste her curses on another name.

[*He walks about distractedly*.

Enter OSWALD.

Oswald (to himself). Strong to o'erturn,
strong also to build up.

[*To MARMADUKE*.

The starts and sallies of our last encounter
Were natural enough ; but that, I trust,
Is all gone by. You have cast off the chains
That fettered your nobility of mind—
Delivered heart and head !

Let us to Palestine ;

This is a paltry field for enterprise.

Mar. Ay, what shall we encounter next ?

This issue—

'Twas nothing more than darkness, deepening
darkness.

And weakness crowned with the impotence
of death !

Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficient
(*ironically*).

Start not !—here is another face hard by ;

Come, let us take a peep at both together,
And, with a voice at which the dead will
quake,

Resound the praise of your morality—
Of this too much.

[*Drawing OSWALD towards the Cot-
tage—stops short at the door*.

Men are there, millions, Oswald,
Who with bare hands would have plucked
out thy heart

And flung it to the dogs ; but I am raised

Above, or sunk below, all further sense
Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight
Of that old Man's forgiveness on thy heart,
Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine.

Coward I have been ; know, there lies not
now

Within the compass of a mortal thought,
A deed that I would shrink from ;—but to
endure,

That is my destiny. May it be thine :

Thy office, thy ambition, be henceforth
To feed remorse, to welcome every sting
Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.

When seas and continents shall lie between
us—

The wider space the better—we may find

In such a course fit links of sympathy,

An incommunicable rivalship

Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our
view.

[*Confused voices—several of the band
enter—rush upon OSWALD and seize
him*.

One of them. I would have dogged him
to the jaws of hell—

Osw. Ha ! is it so !—That vagrant Hag !
—this comes

Of having left a thing like her alive ! [*Aside*.
Several voices. Despatch him !

Osw. If I pass beneath a rock

And shout, and with the echo of my voice,
Bring down a heap of rubbish and it crush
me,

I die without dishonor. Famished, starved &
A Fool and Coward blended to my wish !

[*Smiles scornfully and exultingly at
MARMADUKE*.

Wal. 'Tis done ! (*stabs him*).

Another of the band. The ruthless traitor !

Mar. A rash deed !—

With that reproof I do resign a station

Of which I have been proud.

Wil. (*approaching MARMADUKE*). O
my poor Master !

Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful
Wilfred,

Why art thou here ?

[*Turning to WALLACE*

Wallace, upon these Borders.

Many there be whose eyes will not want
cause

To weep that I am gone. Brothers in
arms !

Raise on that dreary Waste a monument
That may record my story ; nor let words—
Few must they be, and delicate in their
touch

As light itself—be there withheld from Her
Who, through most wicked arts, was made
an orphan

By One who would have died a thousand
times,

To shield her from a moment's harm. To
you,

Wallace and Wilfred, I comm. and the Lady,
By lowly nature reared, as if to make her
In all things worthier of that noble birth,
Whose long suspended rights are now on
the eve

Of restoration : with your tenderest care

Watch over her, I pray —sustain her—

Several of the band (eagerly). Captain!
Mar. No more of that ; in silence here

my doom :

A hermitage has furnished fit relief
To some offenders ; other penitents,

Less patient in their wretchedness, have
fallen,

Like the old Roman, on their own sword's
point.

They had their choice : a wanderer *must I*
go,

The Spectre of that innocent Man, my
guide.

No human ear shall ever hear me speak ;

No human dwelling ever give me food,

Or sleep, or rest : but, over waste and wild,

In search of nothing that this earth can
give,

But expiation, will I wander on—

A Man by pain and thought compelled to
live,

Yet loathing life—till anger is appeased

In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to
die.

1795-6.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

I.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky ;
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

1804.

II.

TO A BUTTERFLY

STAY near me—do not take thy flight !
A little longer stay in sight !
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy !
Float near me : do not yet depart !
Dead times revive in thee :
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art !
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family !

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly !
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey :—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush :
But she, God love her ! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

1801.

III.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid !
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,

The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My Father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it ;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it :
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy :
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears :
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love, and thought, and joy.

1801.

IV.

FORESIGHT.

THAT is work of waste and ruin—
Do as Charles and I are doing !
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them—here are many :
Look at it—the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any
Do not touch it ! summers two
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne !
Pull as many as you can.
—Here are daisies, take your fill ;
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower :
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower ;
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;
Only spare the strawberry-blossom !

Primroses, the Spring may love them,—
Summer knows but little of them :
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie ;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die ;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.

(79)

God has given a kindlier power
 To the favored strawberry-flower.
 Hither soon as spring is fled
 You and Charles and I will walk ;
 Lurking berries, ripe and red,
 Then will hang on every stalk,
 Each within its leafy bower :
 And for that promise spare the flower !

1802.

v.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild ;
 And Innocence hath privilege in her
 To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ;
 And feats of cunning ; and the pretty round
 Of trespasses, affected to provoke
 Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.
 And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
 Not less if unattended and alone
 Than when both young and old sit gathered
 round

And take delight in its activity :
 Even so this happy Creature of herself
 Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her
 Is blithe society, who fills the air
 With gladness and involuntary songs.
 Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's
 Forth-startled from the fern where she lay
 couched :

Unthought-of, unexpected, as the dir
 Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-
 flowers,

Or from before it chasing wantonly
 The many-colored images imprest
 Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

1811.

vi.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD,

DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY MY SISTER.

WHAT way does the Wind come ? What
 way does he go ?

He rides over the water, and over the snow,
 Through wood, and through vale ; and, o'er
 rocky height

Which the goat cannot climb, takes his
 sounding flight :

He tosses about in every bare tree,
 As, if you look up, you plainly may see ;

But how he will come, and whither he goes,
 There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
 And ring a sharp 'larum ;—but, if you should
 look,

There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
 Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
 And softer than if it were covered with silk.
 Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
 Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ;
 —Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in
 place ?

Nothing but silence and empty space ;
 Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
 That he's left, for a bed, to beggars of
 thieves !

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me
 You shall go to the orchard, and then you
 will see

That he has been there, and made a great
 rout,
 And cracked the branches, and strewn them
 about :

Heaven grant that he spare but that one up-
 right twig

That looked up at the sky so proud and big
 All last summer, as well you know,
 Studded with apples, a beautiful show !

Hark ! over the roof he makes a pause,
 And growls as if he would fix his claws
 Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
 Drive them down, like men in a battle
 —But let him range round ; he does us no
 harm,

We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;
 Untouched by his breath, see the candle
 shines bright,

And burns with a clear and steady light
 Books have we to read,—but that half-stifled
 knell,

Alas ! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.
 —Come, now we'll to bed ! and when we are
 there

He may work his own will, and what shall
 we care ?

He may knock at the door,—we'll not let
 him in ;

May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at
 his din ;

Let him seek his own home wherever it be ;
 Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and
 me.

1806.

VII.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY THE SAME.

A MONTH, sweet little-ones, is past
Since your dear Mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return ;
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings! thought of joy !
The eldest heard with steady glee ;
Silent he stood : then laughed amain,—
And shouted, " Mother, come to me ! "

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near ;
" Nay, patience ! patience, little boy
Your tender mother cannot hear. "

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through ;—
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits : what can he do ?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast :
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day ;
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct joy
Of kitten, bird or summer fly ;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee ;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower ;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
Of birds that build their nests and sing,
And all " since Mother went away ! "

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

— But, see, the evening star comes forth !
To bed the children must depart ;

A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart :

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They ran up stairs in gamesome race ;
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, O the change !
Asleep upon their beds they lie ;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.
1807.

VIII.

ALICE FELL ;

OR, POVERTY.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had
drowned ;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound,—and more and more ;
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out ;
He stopped his horses at the word,
But, neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain ;
But, hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
" Whence comes," said I, " this piteous
moan ? "

And there a little Girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

" My cloak ! " no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break ;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

" What ails you, child ? "—she sobbed
" Look here ! "

I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed ;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed !

" And whither are you going, child,
To-night, along these lonesome ways ? "
" To Durham," answered she, half wild—
" Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

" My child, in Durham do you dwell ? "
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, " My name is Alice Fell ;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

And I to Durham, Sir, belong."'
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong ;
And all was for her tattered cloak !

The chaise drove on ; our journey's end
Was nigh ; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post ;
Of Alice and her grief I told ;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

" And let it be of duffil gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell ! "
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell !
1801.

IX.

LUCY GRAY ;
OR, SOLITUDE.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
(—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !)

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
(Will never more be seen.)

" To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

" That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon ! "

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried
" In heaven we all shall meet ; "
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

1799.

x.

WE ARE SEVEN.

— A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage Girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
— Her beauty made me glad.

" Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be ?"
" How many ? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

" And where are they ? I pray you tell."
She answered, " Seven are we :
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

" You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !— I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
" Seven boys and girls are we :
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

" You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,

" Twelve steps or more from my mother's
door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane :
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

" How many are you, then ?" said I,
" If they two are in heaven ?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
" O Master ! we are seven."

" But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, " Nay, we are seven !"

1798.

x

THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS ;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.*

A PASTORAL.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy ;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight ;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest ;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food ;

* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

Or through the glittering vapors dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun ;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind—or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim :
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song ;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born ! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal ;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry ! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
" Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race."
—Away the shepherds flew ;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
" Stop ! " to his comrade Walter cries—
James stopped with no good will :
Said Walter then, exulting ; " Here
You'll find a task for half a year.

Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
Come on, and tread where I shall tread."
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go ;
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock :
The gulf is deep below ;
And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march ;
And now, all hands and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list ! he hears a piteous moan—
Again !—his heart within him dies—
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,

He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne ;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn,
The lamb, still swimming round and round
Made answer to that plaintive sound

When he had learnt what thing it was,
That sent this rueful cry ; I ween
The Boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task ;
Nor was there wanting other aid—
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had thither strayed ;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light :
The Shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight !
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side ;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.
1800.

XII.

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

" Retine vimistam, falsa enim dicam, sic coges."
EUSEBIUS

I have a boy of five years old ;
His face is fair and fresh to see ;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran ;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain ;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each trace
Of inward sadness had its charm ;
Kilve, thought I, was a favored place,
And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slin
And graceful in his rustic dress !
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.

" Now tell me, had you rather be,"
I said, and took him by the arm,
" On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm ?"

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, " At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm."

" Now, little Edward, say why so :
My little Edward, tell me why."—
" I cannot tell, I do not know."—
" Why, this is strange," said I ;

" For, here are woods, hills smooth and
warm :
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm
For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made reply ,
And three times to the child I said,
" Why, Edward, tell me why ?"

His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply :
" At Kilve there was no weather-cock ;
And that's the reason why."

O dearest, dearest boy ! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.
1798.

XIII.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Fleming,
and Reginald Shore,
Three rosy-checked school-boys, the highest
not more

Than the height of a counsellor's bag ;
To the top of GREAT HOW * did it please
them to climb :

And there they built up, without mortar or
lime,

A Man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as
they lay :

They built him and christened him all in
one day,

An urchin both vigorous and hale ;
And so without scruple they called him
Ralph Jones.

Now Ralph is renowned for the length of
his bones ;

The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied
forth,

And, in anger or merriment, out of the
north,

Coming on with a terrible pother,
From the peak of the crag blew the giant
away.

And what did these school-boys?—The very
next day

They went and they built up another.

—Some little I've seen of blind boisterous
works

By Christian disturbers more savage than
Turks,

Spirits busy to do and undo :

At remembrance whereof my blood some-
times will flag ;

Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of the
crag ;

And I'll build up a giant with you.

1801.

* GREAT HOW is a single and conspicuous
hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmore,
on the western side of the beautiful dale of
Legberthwaite.

XIV.

THE PET-LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;

I heard a voice ; it said, " Drink, pretty creature, drink ! "

And, locking o'er the hedge, before me I espied

A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was all alone,

And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;

With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,

While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,

Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his tail with pleasure shook.

" Drink, pretty creature, drink, " she said in such a tone

That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare !

I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the maiden turned away :

But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked ; and from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face :

If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing :

" What ails thee, young One ? what ? Why pull so at thy cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and board ?

Thy plot of grass is soft, as green as grass can be ;

Rest, little young One rest ; what is't that aileth thee ?

What is it thou wouldst seek ? what wanting to thy heart ?

Thy limbs are they not strong ? and beautiful thou art :

This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they have no peers ;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears !

If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain ;

For rain and mountain-storms ! the like thou need'st not fear,

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

Rest, little young One, rest ; thou hast forgot the day

When my father found thee first in places far away ;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,

And thy mother from thy side forevermore was gone

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home :

A blessed day for thee ! then whither wouldst thou roam ?

A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee rear

Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;

And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough ;

My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind is cold

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

It will not, will not rest !—Poor creature, can it be

That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee ?

Things that I know not of belike to thee
are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst
neither see nor hear.

Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green
and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness
that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and
all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for
their prey

Here thou need'st not dread the raven in
the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage
is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at
thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to
thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went
with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes re-
peat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line
by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half
of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the
song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the dam-
sel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she
spoke with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my
own."
1800

xv.

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are
brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock ap-
parel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born
carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat

May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one im-
agery;

O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many tears
For what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy
guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!

O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown
flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings
forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

1802.

xvi.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OB- JECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHEN-
ING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD
AND EARLY YOUTH.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

[This extract is reprinted from "THE
FRIEND."]

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of
thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or starlight, thus from my first
dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul,
Not with the mean and vulgar works of
Man;

But with high objects, with enduring things,

With life and nature : purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me

With stinted kindness. In November days,

When vapors rolling down the valleys made

A lonely scene more lonesome ; among woods

At noon ; and mid the calm of summer nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine ;

Mine was it in the fields both day and night,

And by the waters, all the summer long,
And in the frosty season, when the sun

Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight

blazed,
I heeded not the summons : happy time

It was indeed for all of us ; for me
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud

The village clock tolled six—I wheeled about,

Proud and exulting like an untired horse,
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel

We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase

And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,

The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.

So through the darkness and the cold we flew,

And not a voice was idle ; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;

The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far-distant hills

Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,

Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west

The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively

Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star ;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed

Upon the glassy plain. and oftentimes.
When we had given our bodies to the wind,

And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,

Stopped short, yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had

rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round !

Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and

watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

1799.

XVII.

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER.

LET us quit the leafy arbor,
And the torrent murmuring by ;
For the sun is in his harbor,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light ;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career :
For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest of the year.

Dora ! sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free ;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee !

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnets' song ?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong ?

Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason
Might exalt the loveliest cheek ;

And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of "Good-night!"

SUMMER ebbs;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In his providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space and number;
Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breast are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Chains superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen!

And ensures those palms of honor
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!
1817.

XVIII

THE NORMAN BOY.

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-
skirted Down,
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made
by man his own,
From home and company remote and every
playful joy,
Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a
ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot: but from
an English Dame,
Stranger to me, and yet my friend, a simple
notice came,
With suit that I would speak in verse of
that sequestered child
Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met
upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, among the woodland's edge with
relics sprinkled o'er
Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threaten-
ing the fall of more,
Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were
busy at their feed,
And the poor Boy was busier still, with
work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and
withered and decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, his
hands a hut had made
A tiny tenement, forsooth and frail, as needs
must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a
builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, no
seemingly lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, but the
architect had wrought
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped
with fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small edi-
fice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as
the surest power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of
the rude nest

In which, from burning heat, or tempest
driving far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely
head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as a stand-
ard for the true
And faithful service of his heart in the worst
that might ensue
Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the
houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Prov-
idence was placed.

— Here, Lady ! might I cease ; but nay,
let us before we part
With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a
prayer of earnest heart,
That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's
appointed way,
The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an
all-sufficing stay.

XIX.

THE POET'S DREAM.

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

Just as those final words were penned, the
sun broke out in power,
And gladdened all things ; but, as chanced,
within that very hour,
Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed
from clouds that hid the sky,
And for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved
a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from
heaviness be cleared,
For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-
crowned hut appeared ;
And, while around it storm as fierce seemed
troubling earth and air,
I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling
alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake
with articulate call,
Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the
Lord of All ;
His lips were moving ; and his eyes, up-
raised to sue for grace,
With soft illumination cheered the dimness
of that place.

How beautiful is holiness !—what wonder if
the sight,
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a
dream at night ?

It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no
cherub, not transformed,
But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my
human heart had warned.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so
I took him in my arms,
And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his
faint alarms,
And bore him high through yielding air my
debt of love to pay,
By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour
of holiday.

I whispered, " Yet a little while, dear Child !
thou art my own,
To show thee some delightful thing, in coun-
try or in town.
What shall it be ? a mirthful throng ? or
that holy place and calm
St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the
Church of Notre Dame ?

" St. Owen's golden Shrine ? Or choose
what else would please thee most
Of any wonder, Normandy, or all proud
France, can boast ! "

" My Mother," said the Boy, " was born
near to a blessèd Tree,
The Chapel Oak of Allonville ; good Angel,
show it me ! "

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise
let loose by this reply,
For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away
then did we fly ;
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in
May's fresh verdure drest ;
The wings they did not flag ; the Child,
though grave, was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the
gleam of light that broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy
looked down on that huge oak,
For length of days so much revered, so
famous where it stands
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and
work of human hands ?

Strong as an eagle with my charge I glided
round and round
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door,
window, and stair that wound
Gracefully up the gnarled trunk ; nor left
we unsurveyed
The pointed steep peering forth from the
centre of the shade.

I lighted — opened with soft touch the
 chapel's iron door,
 Past softly, leading in the Boy; and, while
 from roof to floor,
 From floor to roof all round his eyes the
 Child with wonder cast,
 Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier
 than the last.

Far, deftly framed within the trunk, the
 sanctuary showed,
 By light of lamp and precious stones, that
 glimmered here, there glowed,
 Shrine, Altar, image, Offerings hung in sign
 of gratitude;
 Light that inspired accordant thoughts; and
 speech I thus renewed:

"Whether the Afflicted come, as thou hast
 heard thy Mother say,
 And, kneeling, supplication make to our
 Lady de la Paix;
 What mournful sighs have here been heard,
 and, when the voice was stopt
 By sudden pangs, what bitter tears have on
 this pavement dropt!

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a
 favored lot is thine,
 Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full
 many to this shrine;
 From body pains and pains of soul thou
 needest no release,
 Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if no
 in joy, in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in thank-
 fulness and praise,
 Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts,
 in thy most busy days;
 And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy
 small hut, will be
 Holy as that which long hath crowned the
 Chapel of this Tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns the
 sumptuous Church of Rome
 Where thousands meet to worship God
 under a mighty Dome;
 He sees the bending multitude, he hears the
 choral rites,
 Yet not the less, in children's hymns and
 lonely prayer, delights.

"God for his service needeth not proud
 work of human skill;
 They please him best who labor most to do
 in peace his will:

So let us strive to live, and to our spirits will
 be given
 Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall
 bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so
 earnest was his look,
 Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—re-
 corded in this book,
 Lest all that passed should melt away in
 silence from my mind,
 As visions still more bright have done, and
 left no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose
 eye, loved Child, can see
 A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early
 piety,
 in verse, which to thy ear might come,
 would treat this simple theme,
 Nor leave untold our happy flight in that
 adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to thee
 from whom it flowed,
 Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet
 'twas bounteously bestowed,
 If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle
 eyes will read
 Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-
 touched, their fancies feed.

XX.

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

PART I.

SEEK who will delight in fable,
 I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
 Leapt from this steep bank to follow
 'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley
 Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
 And the bleating mother's Young-ones
 Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
 (Ten years scarcely had she told)
 Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
 Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
 Sinking, rising, on they go,
 Peace and rest, as seems, before them
 Only in the lake below.

Oh ! it was a frightful current,
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved ;
Clap your hands with joy, my Hearers,
Shout in triumph, both are saved ;

Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love,
And belike a guardian angel
Came with succor from above.

—
PART II.

Now, to a maturer Audience,
Let me speak of this brave Child
Left among her native mountains
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
Mother's care no more her guide,
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame,—remembrance makes
him

Loth to rule by strict command ;
Still upon his cheek are living
Touches of her infant hand.

Dear caresses given in pity,
Sympathy that soothed his grief,
As the dying mother witnessed
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on ; the Child was happy,
Like a spirit of air she moved,
Wayward, yet by all who knew her
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,
Bred in house, in grove, and field,
Link her with the inferior creatures,
Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
Learn how she can feel alike
Both for tiny harmless minnow
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling
Into anger or disdain ;
Many a captive hath she rescued,
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile ;—with patience
Hear the homely truths I tell,
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
To their echoes gave the sound,
Notice punctual as the minute,
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,
Rang alone the far-heard knell,
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed
On that service she went forth ;
Nor will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the Child to temper,
In her breast, unruly fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire ?

Easily a pious training
And a steadfast outward power
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
Constant as a soaring lark,
Should the country need a heroine,
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought ; and here be uttered
Prayer that Grace divine may raise
Her humane courageous spirit
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

THE BROTHERS.

* THESE Tourists, heaven preserve us!
needs must live

A profitable life : some glance along,
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted : some, as wise,
Perched on the forehead of a jutting crag,
Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,
Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbor's corn.
But, for that moping Son of Idleness,
Why can he tarry *yonder* ?—In our church-
yard

Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name—only the turf we
tread
And a few natural graves.”

To Jane, his wife,

Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.
It was a July evening ; and he sat
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the eaves
Of his old cottage,—as it chanced, that day,
Employed in winter's work. Upon the
stone

His wife sate near him, teasing matted
wool,

While, from the twin cards toothed with
glittering wire,

He fed the spindle of his youngest child,
Who, in the open air, with due accord
Of busy hands and back-and-forward steps,
Her large round wheel was turning. To-
wards the field

In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,
While half an hour went by, the Priest had
sent

Many a long look of wonder : and at last,
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white
ridge

Of carded wool which the old man had
piled

He laid his implements with gentle care,
Each in the other locked ; and, down the
path

That from his cottage to the church-yard
led,

He took his way, impatient to accost
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering
there.

'Twas one well known to him in former
days,
A Shepherd-lad ; who ere his sixteenth
year

Had left that calling, tempted to intrust
His expectations to the fickle winds
And perilous waters ; with the mariners
A fellow-mariner ;—and so had fared
Through twenty seasons ; but he had been
reared

Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard
heard

The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees :—and, when the regular
wind

Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
And blew with the same breath through
days and weeks,

Lengthening invisibly its weary lin
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those
hours

Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze ;
And, while the broad blue wave and spark
ling foam

Flashed round him images and hues that
wrought

In union with the employment of his heart,
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains ; saw the forms of sheep
that grazed

On verdant hills—with dwellings among
trees,

And shepherds clad in the same country
gray

Which he himself had worn.

And now, at last,
From perils manifold, with some small
wealth

Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,
To his paternal home he is returned,
With a determined purpose to resume
The life he had lived there; both for the
sake

Of many darling pleasures, and the love
Which to an only brother he has borne
In all his hardships, since that happy time
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two
Were brother-shepherds on their native
hills.

—They were the last of all their race: and
now,

When Leonard had approached his home,
his heart

Failed in him; and, not venturing to en-
quire

Tidings of one so long and dearly loved,
He to the solitary church-yard turned;
That, as he knew in what particular spot
His family were laid, he thence might learn
If still his Brother lived, or to the file
Another grave was added.—He had found
Another grave,—near which a full half-hour
He had remained; but, as he gazed, there
grew

Such a confusion in his memory,
That he began to doubt; and even to hope
That he had seen this heap of turf before,—
That it was not another grave; but one
He had forgotten. He had lost his path,
As up the vale, that afternoon, he walked
Through fields which once had been well
known to him:

And oh what joy this recollection now
Sent to his heart! he lifted up his eyes,
And, looking round, imagined that he saw
Strange alteration wrought on every side
Among the woods and fields, and that the
rocks

And everlasting hills themselves were
changed.

By this the Priest, who down the field had
come,

Unseen by Leonard, at the church-yard gate
Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure, limb
by limb

Perused him with a gay complacency.
Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,
'Tis one of those who needs must leave the
path

Of the world's business to go wild alone:
His arms have a perpetual holiday;

The happy man will creep about the fields
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles
Into his face, until the setting sun
Write fool upon his forehead.—Planted thus
Beneath a shed that over-arched the gate
Of this rude church-yard, till the stars ap-
peared

The good Man might have communed with
himself,

But that the Stranger, who had left the
grave,

Approached; he recognized the Priest at
once,

And, after greetings interchanged, and given
By Leonard to the Vicar as to one

Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

Leonard. You live, Sir, in these dales, a
quiet life:

Your years make up one peaceful family;
And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome
come

And welcome gone, they are so like each
other,

They cannot be remembered? Scarce a
funeral

Comes to this church-yard once in eighteen
months;

And yet, some charges must take place
among you:

Am! you, who dwell here, even among these
rocks,

Can trace the finger of mortality,
And see, that with our threescore years and
ten

We are not all that perish.—I remember,
(For many years ago I passed this road)
There was a foot-way all along the fields
By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that dark
cleft!

How me it does not seem to wear the face
Which then it had!

Priest. Nay, Sir, for aught I know,
That chasm is much the same—

Leonard. But, surely, yonder—

Priest. Ay, there, indeed, your memory
is a friend

That does not play you false.—On that tall
pike

(It is the loneliest place of all these hills)
There were two springs which bubbled side
by side,

As if they had been made that they might be
Companions for each other: the huge crag
Was rent with lightning—one hath disap-
peared;

The other, left behind, is flowing still.

For accidents and changes such as these
We want not store of them ;—a water-spout
Will bring down half a mountain ; what a
feast

For folks that wander up and down like you,
To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff
One roaring cataract ! a sharp May-storm
Will come with loads of January snow,
And in one night send twenty score of
sheep

To feed the ravens ; or a shepherd dies
By some untoward death among the rocks :
The ice breaks up and sweeps away a
bridge ;

A wood is felled :—and then for our own
homes !

A child is born or christened, a field
ploughed,

A daughter sent to service, a web spun,
The old house-clock is decked with a new
face ;

And hence, so far from wanting facts or
dates

To chronicle the time, we all have here
A pair of diaries,—one serving, Sir,
For the whole dale, and one for each fire-
side—

Yours was a stranger's judgment : for his-
torians,

Commend me to these valleys !

Leonard. Yet your Church-yard
Seems, if such freedom may be used with
you,

To say that you are heedless of the past :
An orphan could not find his mother's
grave :

Here's neither head nor foot-stone, plate of
brass, [state

Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our earthly
Nor emblem of our hopes : the dead man's
home

Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

Priest. Why, there, Sir, is a thought
that's new to me !

The stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg their
bread

If every English church-yard were like ours ;
Yet your conclusion wanders from the truth ;
We have no need of names and epitaphs ;
We talk about the dead by our fire-sides.

And then, for our immortal part ! we want
No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale :
The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the
mountains.

Leonard. Your Dalesmen. Then, do in
each other's thoughts

Possess a kind of second life : no doubt
You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves ?

Priest. For eight-score winters past,
With what I've witnessed, and with what
I've heard,

Perhaps I might : and, on a winter-evening,
If you were seated at my chimney's nook,
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange
round ;

Yet all in the broad highway of the world.
Now there's a grave—your foot is half upon
it,—

It looks just like the rest ; and yet that man
Died broken-hearted.

Leonard. 'Tis a common case.
We'll take another : who is he that lies
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those three
graves ?

It touches on that piece of native rock
Left in the church-yard wall.

Priest. That's Walter Ewbank.

He had as white a head and fresh a cheek
As ever were produced by youth and age
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.
Through five long generations had the heart
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the
bounds

Of their inheritance, that single cottage—
You see it yonder ! and those few green
fields. [to son,

They toiled and wrought, and still, from sire
Each struggled, and each yielded as before
A little—yet a little,—and old Walter,
They left to him the family heart, and land
With other burthens than the crop it bore.

Year after year the old man still kept up
A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with bond,
Interest, and mortgages ; at last he sank,
And went into his grave before his time
Poor Walter ! whether it was care that
stirred him

God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale :
His pace was never that of an old man :
I almost see him tripping down the path
With his two grandsons after him :—but
you,

Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,
Have far to travel,—and on these rough
paths

Even in the longest day of midsummer—

Leonard. But those two Orphans !

Priest. Orphans !—Such they were—
Yet not while Walter lived :—for, though
their parents

Lay buried side by side as now they lie,
The old man was a father to the boys,
Two fathers in one father: and if tears,
Shed when he talked of them where they
were not,
And hauntings from the infirmity of love,
Ar. aught of what makes up a mother's
heart,

This old Man, in the day of his old age,
Was half a mother to them.—If you weep,
Sir,

To hear a stranger talking about strangers,
Heaven bless you when you are among your
kindred!

Ay—you may turn that way—it is a grave
Which will bear looking at.

Leonard. These boys—I hope
They loved this good old Man?—

Priest. They did—and truly:
But that was what we almost overlooked,
They were such darlings of each other.

Yes,
Though from the cradle they had lived with
Walter,

The only kinsman near them, and though he
Inclined to both by reason of his age
With a more fond, familiar tenderness;
They, notwithstanding, had much love to
spare,

And it all went into each other's hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,
Was two years taller: 'twas a joy to see,
To hear, to meet them!—From their house
the school

Is distant three short miles, and in the time
Of storm and thaw, when every water-course
And unbridged stream, such as you may
have noticed

Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,
Would Leonard then, when elder boys re-
mained

At home, go staggering through the slippery
fords,

Bearing his brother on his back. I have seen
him,

On windy days, in one of those stray
brooks,

Ay, more than once I have seen him, mid-
leg deep,

Their two books lying both on a dry stone,
Upon the hither side. and once I said,

As I remember, looking round these rocks
And hills on which we all of us were born,
That God who made the great book of the
world

Would bless such piety—

Leonard. It may be then—
Priest. Never did worthier lads break
English bread;

The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw,
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep those boys away from
church,

Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner
Among these rocks, and every hollow place
That venturous foot could reach, to one or
both

Was known as well as to the flowers that
grow there.

Like roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the
hills;

They played like two young ravens on the
crags: [well

Then they could write, ay, and speak too, as
As many of their betters—and for Leonard!
The very night before he went away,
In my own house I put into his hand
A bible, and I'd wager house and field
That, if he be alive, he has it yet.

Leonard. It seems, these Brothers have
not lived to be

A comfort to each other—
Priest. That they might

Live to such end is what both old and young
In this our valley all of us have wished,
And what, for my part, I have often prayed:
But Leonard—

Leonard. Then James still is left among
you!

Priest. 'Tis of the elder brother I am
speaking:

They had an uncle;—he was at that time
A thriving man, and trafficked on the seas:
And, but for that same uncle, to this hour
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud
For the boy loved the life which we lead
here;

And though of unripe years, a stripling
only,

His soul was knit to this his native soil.
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak
To strive with such a torrent; when he died,
The estate and house were sold; and all
their sheep,

A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,
Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thousand
years:—

Well—all was gone, and they were destitute
And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake
Resolved to try his fortune on the seas.
Twelve years are past since we had tidings
from him.

If there were one among us who had heard
That Leonard Ewbank was come home
again,

From the Great Gavel,* down by Leeza's
banks,

And down the Enna, far as Egremont,
The day would be a joyous festival ;
And those two bells of ours, which there you
see—

Hanging in the open air—but, O good Sir !
This is sad talk—they'll never sound for
him—

Living or dead.—When last we heard of
him,

He was in slavery among the Moors
Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a
little

That would bring down his spirit ; and no
doubt,

Before it ended in his death, the Youth
Was sadly crossed.—Poor Leonard! when
we parted,

He took me by the hand, and said to me,
If e'er he should grow rich, he would re-
turn,

To live in peace upon his father's land,
And lay his bones among us.

Leonard. If that day
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day
for him ;

He would himself, no doubt, be happy then
As any that should meet him—

Priest. Happy! Sir—

Leonard. You said his kindred all were
in their graves,

And that he had one Brother—

Priest. That is but
A fellow-tale of sorrow. From his youth
James, though not sickly, yet was delicate ;
And Leonard being always by his side
Had done so many offices about him,
That, though he was not of a timid nature,
Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy
In him was somewhat checked ; and, when
his Brother

Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,
The little color that he had was soon
Stolen from his cheek ; he drooped, and
pined, and pined—

Leonard. But these are all the graves of
full-grown men!

* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from
its resemblance to the gable end of a house. is
one of the highest of the Cumberland moun-
tains.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the
Lake of Ennerdale.

Priest. Ay, Sir, that passed away : we
took him to us ;

He was the child of all the dale—he lived
Three months with one, and six months
with another ;

And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor
love :

And many, many happy days were his.
But, whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief
His absent Brother still was at his heart.

And, when he dwelt beneath our roof, we
found

(A practice till this time unknown to him)
That often, rising from his bed at night,
He in his sleep would walk about, and
sleeping

He sought his brother Leonard.—You are
moved!

Forgive me, Sir : before I spoke to you,
I judged you most unkindly.

Leonard. But this Youth,
How did he die at last ?

Priest. One sweet May morning,
(It will be twelve years since when Spring
returns)

He had gone forth among the new-dropped
lambs,

With two or three companions, whom their
course

Of occupation led from height to height
Under a cloudless sun—till he, at length,
Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge
The humor of the moment, lagged behind.

You see yon precipice ;—it wears the shape
Of a vast building made of many crags ;

And in the midst is one particular rock
That rises like a column from the vale,

Whence by our shepherds it is called **THE
PILLAR.**

Upon its æry summit crowned with heath,
The loiterer, not unnoticed by his comrades,
Lay stretched at ease ; but, passing by the
place [gone.

On their return, they found that he was
No ill was feared ; till one of them by
chance

Entering, when evening was far spent, the
house

Which at that time was James's home, there
learned

That nobody had seen him all that day :
The morning came, and still he was un-
heard of :

The neighbors were alarmed, and to the
brook

Some hastened : some ran to the lake : ere
noon

They found him at the foot of that same
rock

Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third
day after

buried him, poor Youth, and there he lies!

Leonard. And that then is his grave!—
Before his death

You say that he saw many happy years?

Priest. Ay, that he did—

Leonard. And all went well with him?—

Priest. If he had one, the youth had
twenty homes.

Leonard. And you believe, then, that his
mind was easy?—

Priest. Yes, long before he died, he found
that time

Is a true friend to sorrow; and unless
His thoughts were turned on Leonard's
luckless fortune,

He talked about him with a cheerful love.

Leonard. He could not come to an un-
hallowed end!

Priest. Nay, God forbid!—You recollect
I mentioned

A habit which disquietude and grief
Had brought upon him; and we all con-
jectured

That, as the day was warm, he had lain
down

On the soft heath,—and, waiting for his
comrades,

He there had fallen asleep; that in his
sleep

He to the margin of the precipice
Had walked, and from the summit had
fallen headlong:

And so no doubt he perished. When the
Youth [think,

Fell, in his hand he must have grasp'd, we
His shepherd's staff; for on that Pillar of
rock

It had been caught midway; and there for
years

It hung;—and mouldered there.

The Priest here ended—

The Stranger would have thanked him, but
he felt

A gushing from his heart, that took away
The power of speech. Both left the spot in
silence;

And Leonard, when they reached the
church-yard gate,

As the Priest lifted up the latch, turned
round,—

And, looking at the grave, he said, "My
Brother!"

The Vicar did not hear the words: and now
He pointed towards his dwelling-place, en-
treating

That Leonard would partake his homely
fare:

The other thanked him with an earnest
voice;

But added, that, the evening being calm,
He would pursue his journey. So they
parted.

It was not long ere Leonard reached a
grove

That overhung the road: he there stopped
short,

And, sitting down beneath the trees, re-
viewed

All that the Priest had said: his early years
Were with him:—his long absence, cherished
hopes,

And thoughts which had been his an hour
before,

All pressed on him with such a weight that
now

This vale, where he had been so happy,
seemed

A place in which he could not bear to live;
So he relinquished all his purposes.

He travelled back to Egremont: and thence,
That night, he wrote a letter to the Priest,

Reminding him of what had passed between
them;

And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,
That it was from the weakness of his heart

He had not dared to tell him who he was.
This done, he went on shipboard, and is now

A Seaman, a gray-headed Mariner.

 II.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF
MONMOUTH AND MILTON'S HISTORY OF
ENGLAND.)

WHERE be the temples which, in Britain's
Isle,

For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?

Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile

Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!

Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,

They sank, delivered o'er

To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,

No vestige then was left that such had
ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten things ;
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
And Albion's giants quelled
A brood whom no civility could melt,
" Who never tasted grace, and goodness
ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
And rooted out the intolerable kind ;
And this too-long-polluted land imbr
With goodly arts and usages refined ;
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike
towers,

And pleasure's sumptuous bowers ;
Whence all the fixed delights of house and
home,
Friendships that will not break, and love
that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain ! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit there,
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure !
But, intermingled with the generous seed,
Grew many a poisonous weed ;
Thus fares it still with all that takes its
birth
From human care, or grows upon the breast
of earth.

Hence, and how soon ! that war of venge-
ance waged

By Guendolen against her faithless lord ;
Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged
Had slain his paramour with ruthless sword :
Then, into Severn hideously defiled,
She flung her blameless child,
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream should
bear

That name through every age, her hatred to
declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.
Ye lightnings, hear his voice!—they cannot
hear,

Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
Who comes her Sire to seek,
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect
rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,
And those that Milton loved in youthful
years ;

The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes :

The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers ;
Of Arthur,—who to upper light restored,
With that terrific sword
Which yet he brandishes for future war,
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar
star !

What wonder, then, in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour ?
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with Poesy ;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply
some weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all
mischief free !

A KING more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbionian ruled not in his day ;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighboring countries through his
righteous sway ;
He poured rewards and honors on the good ;
The oppressor he withstood ;
And while he served the Gods with rever-
ence due
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns
and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegael succeeds—his son
But how unworthy of that sire was he !
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
From crime to crime he mounted, till at
length

The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased ;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier
brother placed.

From realm to realm the humble Exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain ;
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,
He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition
failed,

Dire poverty assailed ;
And, tired with slights his pride no more
could brook,
He towards his native country cast a long-
ing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage
sped ;
He landed ; and, by many dangers scared,
" Poorly provided, poorly followed,"
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.

How changed from him who, born to highest
place,
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's
side!

From that wild region where the crownless
King
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
A messenger he sends ;
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of his
desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to
hear
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
From which the tusky wild boar flies in fear ;
And, scouring toward him o'er the grassy
plain,
Behold the hunter train!
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady coun-
tenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,
Hath checked his foaming courser :—can it
be!
Methinks that I should recognize that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity!
He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded and amazed—
"It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon
the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he
gave,
Feebly returned by daunted Artegal ;
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.
Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew ;
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his strug-
gling heart.

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have
met ;
—O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
Nor to my wishes lost ;—forgive the wrong,

(Such it may seem) if I thy crown have
borne,
Thy royal mantle worn :
I was their natural guardian ; and 'tis just
That now I should restore what hath been
held in trust."

Awhile the astonished Artegal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed: "To me, of titles
shorn,
And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn :
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right ;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy
despite."

"I do not blame thee," Elidure replied ;
"But, if my looks did with my words agree,
I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all disquietude be free.
May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,
Who to this blessed place
At this blest moment led me, if I speak
With insincere intent, on me her vengeance
wreak!

Were this same spear, which in my hand I
grasp,
The British sceptre, here would I to thee
The symbol yield, and would undo this
clasp,
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,
And joyless sylvan sport,
While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the
forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake: "I only sought
Within this realm a place of safe retreat ;
Beware of rousing an ambitious thought ;
Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet !
Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind
Art pitifully blind :
Full soon this generous purpose thou may'st
rue,
When that which has been done no wishes
can undo.

Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
Would balance claim with claim, and right
with right ?
But thou—I know not how inspired, how
led—
Wouldst change the course of things in all
men's sight!

And this for one who cannot imitate
Thy virtue, who may hate :
For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
He reign, thou still must be his king and
sovereign lord ;

Lifted in magnanimity above
Aught that thy feeble nature could perform,
Or even conceive ; surpassing me in love
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm :
I, Brother ! only should be king in name,
And govern to my shame ;
A shadow in a hated land, while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share would
fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure ; "respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire's boast,
This can thy own experience testify :
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe
again.

And what if o'er that bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past !
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast ?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's
shield,

The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished ; gladness ceases in the groves,
And trepidation strikes the blackened moun-
tain coves.

But is that gloom dissolved, how passing
clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than
before !

Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
Gladdening the people's heart from shore to
shore ;

For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone ;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune,
pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right
to reign.

But, not to overlook what thou may'st know,
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few ;
And circumspect must be our course, and
slow,

Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dismiss thy followers ;—let them calmly
wait

Such changes in thy estate

As I already have in thought devised ;
And which, with caution due, may soon be
realized."

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
Until king Elidure, with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude,
Rose,—and, to consummate this just intent,
Did place upon his brother's head the crown,
Relinquished by his own ;
Then to his people cried, "Receive your
lord,
Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful
king restored !"

The people answered with a loud acclaim :
Yet more ;—heart-smitten by the heroic
deed,

The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent ; from bondage
freed

Of vice—thenceforth unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert.

Long did he reign ; and, when he died, the
tear

Of universal grief bedewed his honored bier.

This was a Brother by a Brother saved ;
With whom a crown (temptation that hath
set

Discord in hearts of men till they have
braved

Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did
seem

A thing of no esteem ;
And from this triumph of affection pure,
He bore the lasting name of "Pious Eli-
dure !"

1815.

III.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watch'd you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
And, little Butterfly ! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless !—not frozen seas
More motionless ! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard-ground is ours ;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when they are weary ;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !

Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

1801.

IV.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare;
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found,
Farewell!—we leave thee to Heaven's peaceful care,
Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And there will safely ride when we are gone;
The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door

Will prosper, though untended and alone:
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none:

These narrow bounds contain our private store
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;

Here are they in our sight—we have no more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!

For two months now in vain we shall be sought;

We leave you here in solitude to dwell
With these our latest gifts of tender thought:
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, farewell!

Whom from the borders of the Lake we brought,
And placed together near our rocky Well.

We go for One to whom ye will be dear;
And she will prize this Bower, this Indian shed,

Our own contrivance, Building without peer!

—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,
Will come to you; to you herself will wed;
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

Dear Spot! which we have watched with tender heed,
Bringing the chosen plants and blossoms blown

Among the distant mountains; flower and weed,

Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,
Making all kindness registered and known,
Thou for our sakes, though Nature's child indeed,

Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.

And O most constant, yet most fickle Place,
That hast thy wayward moods, as thou dost show

To them who look not daily on thy face;
Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost know,
And say'st, when we forsake thee, "Let them go!"

Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild race
Of weeds and flowers, till we return be slow,
And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell Her tales of years gone by,
And this sweet spring, the best beloved and best;

Joy will be flown in its mortality;
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.
Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's breast

Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die.

O happy Garden! whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours,
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of flowers,

And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers,
Two burning months let summer overleap,
And, coming back with Her who will be ours,
Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

1802.

v.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

WITHIN our happy Castle there dwelt One
Whom without blame I may not overlook ;
For never sun on living creature shone
Who more devout enjoyment with us took ;
Here on his hours he hung as on a book,
On his own time here would he float away,
As doth a fly upon a summer brook ;
But go to-morrow, or belike to-day,
Seek for him,—he is fled ; and whither
none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful
home,
And find elsewhere his business or delight ;
Out of our Valley's limits did he roam :
Full many a time, upon a stormy night,
His voice came to us from the neighboring
height :
Oft could we see him driving full in view
At mid-day when the sun was shining
bright ;
What ill was on him, what he had to do,
A mighty wonder bred among our quiet
crew.

Ah ! piteous sight it was to see this Man
When he came back to us, a withered
flower,—
Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan.
Down would he sit ; and without strength
or power
Look at the common grass from hour to
hour :
And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,
Where apple-trees in blossom made a
bower,
Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay ;
And, like a naked Indian, slept himself
away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew ;
For happier soul no living creature has
Than he had, being here the long day
through.
Some thought he was a lover, and did woo :
Some thought far worse of him, and judged
him wrong ;
But verse was what he had been wedded
to ;

And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary
Wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly
guise,
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
A noticeable Man, with large gray eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be ;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy ;
Profound his forehead was, though not se-
vere ;
Yet some did think that he had little busi-
ness here :

Sweet heaven forefend ! his was a lawful
right ;
Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy ;
His limbs would toss about him with de-
light,
Like branches when strong winds the trees
annoy.
Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy
To banish listlessness and irksome care,
He would have taught you how you might
employ
Yourself ; and many did to him repair,—
And certes not in vain ; he had inventions
rare.

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried :
Long blades of grass plucked round him as
he lay,
Made, to his ear attentively applied,
A pipe on which the wind would deftly
play ;
Glasses he had, that little things display,
The beetle panoplied in gems of gold,
A mailed angel on a battle-day ;
The mysteries that cups of flowers enfold,
And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do
behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery :
And, sooth, these two were each to the
other dear ;
No livelier love in such a place could be :
There did they dwell—from earthly labor
free,
As happy spirits as were ever seen ;
If but a bird, to keep them company,
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a
Maiden-queen.

VI.

LOUISA.

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

I MET Louisa in the shade,
And, having seen that lovely Maid,
Why should I fear to say
That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May?

She loves her fire, her cottage home;
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
In weather rough and bleak;
And, when against the wind she strains,
Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains
That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"
If I with her but half a noon
May sit beneath the walls
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
When up she winds along the brook
To hunt the waterfalls.

1805.

VII.

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone
What once to me befel.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage-roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head!

"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

1799.

VIII.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

1790.

IX.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
(And she I cherished turned her wheel)
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
(And thine too is the last green field)
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

1799.

X.

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew
Had mingled tears of thine,
I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst
sue
To haughty Geraldine.

Immovable by generous sighs,
She glories in a train
Who drag, beneath our native skies,
An oriental chain.

Pine not like them with arms across,
 Forgetting in thy care
 How the fast-rooted trees can toss
 Their branches in mid air.

The humblest rivulet will take
 Its own wild liberties ;
 And, every day, the imprisoned lake
 Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,
 But scorn with scorn outbrave ;
 A Briton, even in love, should be
 A subject, not a slave !
 1826.

XI.

TO _____.

LOOK at the fate of summer flowers,
 Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-
 song :

And, grieved for their brief date, confess
 that ours,
 Measured by what we are and ought to be,
 Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,
 Is not so long !

If human Life do pass away,
 Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
 if we are creatures of a *winter's* day ;
 What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing
 rose ?

Not even an hour !

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
 The happiest lovers Arcady might boast
 Could not the entrance of this thought
 forbid :

O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid !
 Nor rate too high what must so quickly
 fade,

So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth
 " To draw, out of the object of his eyes,"
 The while on thee they gaze in simple
 truth,
 Hues more exalted, " a refinèd Form,"
 That dreads not age, nor suffers from the
 worm,

And never dies.

1824.

XII.

THE FORSAKEN.

THE peace which others seek they find ;
 The heaviest storms not longest last ;
 Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind
 An amnesty for what is past ;
 When will my sentence be reversed ?
 I only pray to know the worst ;
 And wish as if my heart would burst.

O weary struggle ! silent years
 Tell seemingly no doubtful tale ;
 And yet they leave it short, and fears
 And hopes are strong and will prevail
 My calmest faith escapes not pain :
 And, feeling that the hope is vain,
 I think that he will come again. }

XIII

'Tis said, that some have died for love :
 And here and there a church-yard grave is
 found

In the cold north's unhallowed ground,
 Because the wretched man himself had
 slain

His love was such a grievous pain.
 And there is one whom I five years have
 known ;

He dwells alone
 Upon Helvellyn's side :
 He loved—the pretty Barbara-died ;
 And thus he makes his moan :

Three years had Barbara in her grave been
 laid

When thus his moan he made :

* Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind that
 oak !

Or let the aged tree uprooted lie.
 That in some other way you smoke
 May mount into the sky !
 The clouds pass on ; they from the heavens
 depart :

I look—the sky is empty space ;
 I know not what I trace ;
 But when I cease to look, my hand is on my
 heart.

O ! what a weight is in these shades ! Ye
 leaves,

That murmur once so dear, when will it
 cease ?

Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,
 It robs my heart of peace.

Thou Thrush, that singest loud—and loud
and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit ;
Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

Roll back, sweet Rill ! back to thy moun-
tain-bounds,
And there forever be thy waters chained !
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained ;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough
Hea-lon'g yon waterfall must come,
Oh let it then be dumb !
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which
thou art now.

Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny
showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale,
Thou one fair shrub, oh ! shed thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,—
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I
can bear."

The Man who makes this feverish complaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah gentle Love ! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love ! nor let me
walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor
know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.
1800.

XIV.

A COMPLAINT.

THERE is a change—and I am poor :
Your Love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow ;
And flow it did : not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count !
Blest was I then all bliss above !
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I ? shall I dare to tell ?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—
I trust it is,—and never dry :
What matter ? if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
—Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.
1806.

XV.

TO ———.

LET other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot ;
But thou art not such perfect thing :
Rejoice that thou art not !

Heed not tho' none should call thee fair
So, Mary, let it be
If naught in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.
1824.

XVI.

YES ! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir :
Dear Maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confes
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To fed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

XVII.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse !
How bright that heaven-directed glance !
—Waft her to glory, winged Powers,
Ere sorrow be renewed,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood !
So looked Cecilia when she drew
An Angel from his station ;
So looked ; not ceasing to pursue
Her tuneful adoration !

But hand and voice alike are still ;
 No sound *here* sweeps away the will
 That gave it birth : in service meek
 One upright arm sustains the cheek,
 And one across the bosom lies—
 That rose, and now forgets to rise,
 Subdued by breathless harmonies
 Of meditative feeling ;
 Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,
 Through the pure light of female eyes,
 Their sanctity revealing !

1824.

XVIII.

WHAT heavenly smiles ! O Lady mine :
 Through my very heart they shine ;
 And, if my brow gives back their light,
 Do thou look gladly on the sight ;
 As the clear Moon with modest pride
 Beholds her own bright beams.
 Reflected from the mountain's side
 And from the headlong streams.

XIX.

TO ———.

O DEARER far than light and life are dear,
 Full oft our human foresight I deplore ;
 Trembling, through my unworthiness, with
 fear
 That friends, by death disjoined, may meet
 no more !

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest ;
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,
 With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear
 Tells that these words thy humbleness of
 fend ;

Yet bear me up—else faltering in the rear
 Of a steep march : support me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
 And Love is dutiful in thought and deed ;
 Through Thee communion with that Love
 I seek :

The faith Heaven strengthens where *he*
 moulds the Creed.

1824.

XX.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF
SCOTS.

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

I.

SMILE of the Moon!—for so I name
 That silent greeting from above ;
 A gentle flash of light that came
 From her whom drooping captives love,
 Or art thou of still higher birth ?
 Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
 My torpor to revive !

II.

Bright boon of pitying Heaven!—alas,
 I may not trust thy placid cheer !
 Pondering that Time to-night will pass
 The threshold of another year,
 For years to me are sad and dull ;
 My very moments are too full
 Of hopelessness and fear.

III.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
 That struck perchance the farthest one
 Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
 To visit me, and me alone ;
 Me, unapproached by any friend,
 Save those who to my sorrows lend
 Tears due unto their own.

IV.

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
 Through these wide realms a festive peal ;
 To the new year a welcoming ;
 A tuneful offering for the weal
 Of happy millions lulled in sleep ;
 While I am forced to watch and weep,
 By wounds that may not heal.

V.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
 Still higher—to be cast thus low !
 Would that mine eyes had never gazed
 On aught of more ambitious show
 Than the sweet flowerets of the fields !
 —It is my royal state that yields
 This bitterness of woe.

VI.

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
 In the world's voice, was passing fair ;
 And beauty, for confiding youth,
 Those shocks of passion can prepare
 That kill the bloom before its time ;
 And blanch, without the owner's crime,
 The most resplendent hair.

VII.

Unblest distinction ! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains :
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
Is gone ;—but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit ; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

VIII.

A Woman rules my prison's key
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event ;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent !

IX.

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court :
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport ;
Naught but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.—

X.

Hark ! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock !
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock ;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block !

1817

XXI.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, "Hearne's

Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean." In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

I.

BEFORE I see another day,
Oh let my body die away !
In sleep I heard the northern gleams ;
The stars, they were among my dreams ;
In rustling conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive ;
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away !

II.

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;
Yet is it dead, and I remain :
All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;
But they to me no joy can give,
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie !
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

III.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one !
Too soon I yielded to despair ;
Why did ye listen to my prayer ?
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger
And oh, how grievously I rue
That, afterwards, a little longer
My friends, I did not follow you !
For strong and without pain I lay,
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

IV.

My Child ! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my Babe they took,
On me how strangely did he look !
Through his whole body something ran,
A most strange working did I see ;
—As if he strove to be a man,
That he might pull the sledge for me :
And then he stretched his arms, how wild !
Oh mercy ! like a helpless child.

v.

My little joy ! my little pride !
 In two days more I must have died.
 Then do not weep and grieve for me ;
 I feel ! I must have died with thee.
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying
 The way my friends their course did bend,
 I should not feel the pain of dying,
 Could I with thee a message send ;
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;
 For I had many things to say.

vi.

I'll follow you across the snow ;
 Ye travel heavily and slow ;
 In spite of all my weary pain
 I'll look upon your tents again.
 —My fire is dead, and snowy white
 The water which beside it stood :
 The wolf has come to me to-night,
 And he has stolen away my food.
 Forever left alone am I ;
 Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

vii.

Young as I am, my course is run,
 I shall not see another sun ;
 I cannot lift my limbs to know
 If they have any life or no.
 My poor forsaken Child, if I
 For once could have thee close to me,
 With happy heart I then would die,
 And my last thought would happy be ;
 But thou, dear Babe, art far away,
 Nor shall I see another day.
 1798.

xxii.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

I.

IN distant countries have I been,
 And yet I have not often seen
 A healthy man, a man full grown,
 Weep in the public roads, alone.
 But such a one, on English ground,
 And in the broad highway, I met ;
 Along the broad highway he came,
 His cheeks with tears were wet :
 Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad ;
 And in his arms a Lamb he had.

II.

He saw me, and he turned aside,
 As if he wished himself to hide :

And with his coat did then essay
 To wipe those briny tears away.
 I followed him, and said, " My friend,
 What ails you ? Wherefore weep you so ? "
 — " Shame on me, Sir ! this lusty Lamb,
 He makes my tears to flow.
 To-day I fetched him from the rock ;
 He is the last of all my flock.

iii.

When I was young, a single man,
 And after youthful follies ran,
 Though little given to care and thought,
 Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought ;
 And other sheep from her I raised,
 As healthy sheep as you might see ;
 And then I married, and was rich
 As I could wish to be ;
 Of sheep I numbered a full score,
 And every year increased my store.

iv.

Year after year my stock it grew ;
 And from this one, this single ewe,
 Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
 As fine a flock as ever grazed !
 Upon the Quantock hills they fed ;
 They throve, and we at home did thrive
 — This lusty Lamb of all my store
 Is all that is alive ;
 And now I care not if we die,
 And perish all of poverty.

v.

Six Children, Sir ! had I to feed ;
 Hard labor in a time of need !
 My pride was tamed, and in our grief
 I of the Parish asked relief.
 They said, I was a wealthy man ;
 My sheep upon the uplands fed,
 And it was fit that thence I took
 Whereof to buy us bread.
 ' Do this : how can we give to you,'
 They cried, ' what to the poor is due ?'

vi.

I sold a sheep, as they had said,
 And bought my little children bread,
 And they were healthy with their food :
 For me — it never did me good.
 A woeful time it was for me,
 To see the end of all my gains,
 The pretty flock which I had reared
 With all my care and pains,
 To see it melt like snow away —
 For me it was a woeful day.

VII.

Another still! and still another!
 A little lamb, and then its mother!
 It was a vein that never stopped—
 Like blood-drops from my heart they
 dropped.
 Till thirty were not left alive,
 They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
 And I may say, that many a time
 I wished they all were gone—
 Reckless of what might come at last
 Were but the bitter struggle past.

VIII.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,
 And wicked fancies crossed my mind,
 And every man I chanced to see,
 I thought he knew some ill of me;
 No peace, no comfort could I find,
 No ease, within doors or without;
 And, crazily and wearily
 I went my work about;
 And oft was moved to flee from home,
 And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

IX.

Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,
 As dear as my own children be;
 For daily with my growing store
 I loved my children more and more.
 Alas! it was an evil time;
 God cursed me in my sore distress;
 I prayed, yet every day I thought
 I loved my children less;
 And every week, and every day,
 My flock it seemed to melt away.

X.

They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!
 From ten to five, from five to three,
 A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;—
 And then at last from three to two;
 And, of my fifty, yesterday
 I had but only one:
 And here it lies upon my arm,
 Alas! and I have none;—
 To-day I fetched it from the rock;
 It is the last of all my flock."
 1798.

XXIII.

REPENTANCE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

THE fields which with covetous spirit we
 sold,
 Those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,

Would have brought us more good than a
 burthen of gold,
 Could we but have been as contented as
 they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset us,
 said I,
 "Let him come, with his purse proudly
 grasped in his hand;
 But, Allan, be true to me, Allan,—we'll die
 Before he shall go with an inch of the land!"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their
 bowers;
 Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;
 We could do what we liked with the land, it
 was ours;
 And for us the brook murmured that ran by
 its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late;
 And often, like one overburthened with sin,
 With my hand on the latch of the half-
 opened gate,
 I look at the fields, but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright
 summer's day,
 Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,
 A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,
 "What ails you, that you must come creep-
 ing to me!"

With our pastures about us, we could not be
 sad;
 Our comfort was near if we ever were crost
 But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth
 that we had,
 We slighted them all,—and our birth-right
 was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son
 Who must now be a wanderer! but peace
 to that stran!
 Think of evening's repose when our labor
 was done,
 The Sabbath's return, and its leisure's soft
 chain!

And in sickness, if night had been sparing
 of sleep,
 How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I
 stood,
 Looking down on the kine, and our treasure
 of sheep
 That besprinkled the field; 'twas like youth
 in my blood!

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a
 snail ;
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a
 sigh,
 That follows the thought—We've no land in
 the vale,
 Save six feet of earth where our forefathers
 lie !
 1804.

XXIV.

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET ———.

I.

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
 Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same
 That I may rest ; and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

II.

Seven years, alas ! to have received
 No tidings of an only child ;
 To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
 And been for evermore beguiled ;
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

III.

He was among the prime in worth,
 An object beautiful to behold ;
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :
 If things ensued that wanted grace,
 As hath been said, they were not base ;
 And never blush was on my face.

IV.

Ah ! little doth the young-one dream,
 When full of play and childish cares,
 What power is in his wildest scream,
 Heard by his mother unawares !
 He knows it not, he cannot guess :
 Years to a mother bring distress ;
 But do not make her love the less.

V.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long
 From that ill thought ; and, being blind,
 Said, " Pride shall help me in my wrong,
 Kind mother have I been, as kind
 As ever breathed : " and that is true ;

I've wet my path with tears like dew,
 Weeping for him when no one knew.

VI.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
 Hopeless of honor and of gain,
 Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
 Think not of me with grief and pain :
 I now can see with better eyes
 And worldly grandeur I despise,
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

VII.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,
 And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;
 They mount—how short a voyage brings
 The wanderers back to their delight !
 Chains tie us down, by land and sea ;
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be
 All that is left to comfort thee.

VIII.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
 Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;
 Or thou upon a desert thrown
 Inheritest the lion's den ;
 Or hast been summoned to the deep,
 Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
 An incommunicable sleep.

IX.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
 Their way to me : 'tis falsely said
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead ;
 For, surely, then I should have sight
 Of him I wait for day and night,
 With love and longings infinite.

X.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
 I dread the rustling of the grass ;
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass :
 I question things and do not find
 One that will answer to my mind ;
 And all the world appears unkind.

XI.

Beyond participation lie
 My troubles, and beyond relief :
 If any chance to heave a sigh,
 They pity me, and not my grief.
 Then come to me, my Son, or send
 Some tidings, that my woes may end ;
 I have no other earthly friend !

1804.

XXV.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song ;
Then hush again upon my breast ;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one *wec*, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with rain :
Then, little Darling ! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

1805.

XXVI.

MATERNAL GRIEF.

DEPARTED Child ! I could forget thee once
Though at my bosom nursed ; this woeful
gain

Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul
Is present and perpetually abides
A shadow, never, never to be displaced
By the returning substance, seen or touched,
Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my em-
brace.

Absence and death how differ they ! and
how

Shall I admit that nothing can restore
What one short sigh so easily removed ?—
Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought
Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,
O teach me calm submission to thy Will !

The Child she mourned had overstepped
the pale

Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air
That sanctifies its confines, and partook
Reflected beams of that celestial light
To all the Little-ones on sinful earth
Not unouchsafed—a light that warmed and
cheered

Those several qualities of heart and mind
Which, in her own best nature, rooted
deep,
Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,

And not hers only, their peculiar charms
Unfolded,—beauty, for its present self,
And for its promises to future years,
With not infrequent rapture fondly hailed

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn
A pair of Leverets each provoking each
To a continuance of their fearless sport,
Two separate Creatures in their several gifts
Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all
That Nature prompts them to display, their
looks,
Their starts of motion and their fits of rest,
An undistinguishable style appears
And character of gladness, as if Spring
Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and the
spirit
Of the rejoicing morning were their own ?

Such union, in the lovely Girl maintained
And her twin Brother, had the parent seen
Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of prey,
Death in a moment parted them, and left
The Mother, in her turns of anguish, worse
Than desolate ; for oft-times from the sound
Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear child,
He knew it not) and from his happiest looks
Did she extract the food of self-reproach,
As one that lived ungrateful for the stay
By Heaven afforded to uphold her maimed
And tottering spirit. And full oft the Boy,
Now first acquainted with distress and grief,
Shrunk from his Mother's presence, shunned
with fear

Her sad approach, and stole away to mind,
In his known haunts of joy where'er he
might,

A more congenial object. But, as time
Softened her pangs and reconciled the child
To what he saw, he gradually returned,
Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew
A broken intercourse ; and, while his eyes
Were yet with pensive fear and gentle awe
Turned upon her who bore him, she would
stoop

To imprint a kiss that lacked not power to
spread

Faint color over both their pallid cheeks,
And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus they
were calmed

And cheered ; and now together breathe
fresh air

In open fields ; and when the glare of day
Is gone, and twilight to the Mother's wish
Befriends the observance, readily they join
In walks whose boundary is the lost One's
grave,

Which he with flowers hath planted, finding
there
Amusement, where the Mother does not
miss
Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf
In prayer, yet blending with that solemn
rite
Of pious faith the vanities of grief ;
For such, by pitying Angels and by Spirits
Transferred to regions upon which the
clouds
Of our weak nature rest not, must be
deemed
Those willing tears, and unforbidden sighs,
And all those tokens of a cherished sorrow,
Which, soothed and sweetened by the grace
of Heaven
As now it is, seems to her own fond heart,
Immortal as the love that gave it being.

XXVII.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet—
A foggy day in winter time)
A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her
prime :
Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien
and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead ;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair :
She begged an alms, like one in poor es-
tate ;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride
abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
"What is it," said I, "that you bear,
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
Protected from this cold damp air ?"
She answered, soon as she the question
heard,

* A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-
bird.

And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a Son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead ;
In Denmark he was cast away :
And I have travelled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still re-
main for me.

The bird and cage they both were his :
'Twas my Son's bird ; and neat and trim
He kept it . many voyages
The singing-bird had gone with him ;
When last he sailed, he left the bird be-
hind,
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon
his mind,

He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety ;—there
I found it when my Son was dead ;
And now, God help me for my little wit !
I bear it with me, Sir ;—he took so much
delight in it."
1800.

XXVIII.

THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

"U, Timothy, up with your staff and
away !

Not a soul in the village this morning will
stay ;

The hare has just started from Hamilton's
grounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the
hounds."

—Of coats and of jackets gray, scarlet, and
green,

On the slopes of the pastures all colors were
seen ;

With their comely blue aprons, and caps
white as snow,

The girls on the hills made a holiday show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six
months before,

Filled the funeral basin* at Timothy's
door ;

A coffin through Timothy's threshold had
past ;

One Child did it bear, and that Child was
his last.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and the
fray,

The horse and the horn, and the hark ! hark
away !

* In several parts of the North of England,
when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs
of box-wood is placed at the door of the house
from which the coffin is taken up, and each
person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes
a sprig of this box-wood, and throws it into the
grave of the deceased.

Old Timothy took up his staff, and he shut
With a leisurely motion the door of his hut,

Perhaps to himself at that moment he said ;
" The key I must take, for my Ellen is
dead."

But of this in my ears not a word did he
speak ;

And he went to the chase with a tear on his
cheek.

1800.

XXIX.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned
In which a Lady driven from France did
dwell ;

The big and lesser griefs with which she
mourned,

In friendship she to me would often tell.

This Lady, dwelling upon British ground,
Where she was childless, daily would repair
To a poor neighboring cottage ; as I found,
For sake of a young Child whose home was
there.

Once having seen her clasp with fond em-
brace

This Child, I chanted to myself a lay,
Endeavoring, in our English tongue, to
trace

Such things as she unto the Babe might
say :

And thus, from what I heard and knew, or
guessed,

My song the workings of her heart ex-
pressed.

I.

" Dear Babe, thou daughter of another,
One moment let me be thy mother !

An infant's face and looks are thine,

And sure a mother's heart is mine :

Thy own dear mother's far away,

At labor in the harvest field :

Thy little sister is at play ;—

What warmth, what comfort would it
yield

To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be

One little hour a child to me !

II.

Across the waters I am come,
And I have left a babe at home :

A long, long way of land and sea !

Come to me—I'm no enemy :

I am the same who at thy side

Sate yesterday, and made a nest

For thee, sweet Baby !—thou hast tried,

Thou know'st the pillow of my breast ;

Good, good art thou ;—alas ! to me

Far more than I can be to thee.

III.

Here, little Darling, dost thou lie ;

An infant thou, a mother I !

Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears ;

Mine art thou—spite of these my tears.

Alas ! before I left the spot,

My baby, and its dwelling-place,

The nurse said to me, ' Tears should not

Be shed upon an infant's face,

It was unlucky '—no, no, no ;

No truth is in them who say so !

IV.

My own dear Little-one will sigh,
Sweet Babe ! and they will let him die.

' He pines,' they'll say, ' it is his doom

And you may see his hour is come,'

Oh ! had he but thy cheerful smiles,

Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,

Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,

And countenance like a summer's day,

They would have hopes of him ;—and
then

I should behold his face again !

V.

'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget •

There was a smile or two—yet—yet

I can remember them, I see

The smiles worth all the world to me.

Dear Baby ! I must lay thee down ;

Thou troublest me with strange alarms ;

Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own ;

I cannot keep thee in my arms ;

For they confound me ;—where—where is

That last, that sweetest smile of his ?

VI.

Oh ! how I love thee !—we will stay

Together here this one half day.

My sister's child, who bears my name,

From France to sheltering England
came ;

She with her mother crossed the sea ;

The babe and mother near me dwell :

Yet does my yearning heart to thee

Turn rather, though I love her well :

Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here !

Never was any child more dear !

VII.

—I cannot help it; ill intent
I've none, my pretty Innocent!
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,
These tears—and my poor idle tongue.
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek
How cold it is! but thou art good;
Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,
I think, to help me if they could.
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,
My heart again is in its place!

VIII.

While thou art mine, my little Love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee:
Here's grass to play with, here are
flowers,
I'll call thee by my darling's name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,
Thy features seem to me the same;
His little sister thou shalt be;
And, when once more my home I see,
I'll tell him many tales of Thee."
1802.

xxx.

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

The following tale was written as an Episode,
in a work from which its length may per-
haps exclude it. The facts are true; no in-
vention as to these has been exercised, as
none was needed.

O HAPPY time of youthful lovers (thus
My story may begin) O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!
To such inheritance of blessed fancy
(Fancy that sports more desperately with
minds
That ever fortune hath been known to do)
The high-born Vaudracour was brought, by
years
Whose progress had a little overstepped
His stripling prime. A town of small
repute,
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,
Was the Youth's birth-place. There he
wooed a Maid
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit
With answering vows. Plebeian was the
stock,

Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,
From which her graces and her honours
sprung:
And hence the father of the enamoured
Youth,
With haughty indignation, spurned the
thought
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several
homes,
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;
Each other's advocate, each other's stav;
And, in their happiest moments, not con-
tent
If more divided than a sportive pair
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are
hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighbouring billows from each other's
sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid truth
But whatso'er of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination;—he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought
for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the
spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him:—pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit
sank,
Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!

So passed the time, till whether through
effect
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it,
not!

Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who
 saw
 So many bars between his present state
 And the dear haven where he wished to be
 In honorable wedlock with his Love,
 Was in his judgment tempted to decline
 To perilous weakness, and entrust his cause
 To nature for a happy end of all ;
 Deem that by such fond hope the Youth
 was swayed,
 And bear with their transgression, when I
 add
 That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,
 Carried about her for a secret grief
 The promise of a mother.

To conceal

The threatened shame, the parents of the
 Maid

Found means to hurry her away by night,
 And unforwarned, that in some distant
 spot

She might remain shrouded in privacy,
 Until the babe was born. When morning
 came,

The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,
 And all uncertain whither he should turn,
 Chafed like a wild beast in the toils ; but
 soon

Discovering traces of the fugitives,
 Their steps he followed to the Maid's re-
 treat.

Easily may the sequel be divined—
 Walks to and fro—watchings at every hour ;
 And the fair Captive, who, whene'er she
 may,

Is busy at her casement as the swallow
 Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,
 About the pendent nest, did thus espy
 Her Lover !—thence a stolen interview,
 Accomplished under friendly shade of night.

I pass the raptures of the pair ;—such
 theme

Is, by innumerable poets, touched
 In more delightful verse than skill of mine
 Could fashion ; chiefly by that darling bard
 Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,
 And of the lark's note heard before its time,
 And of the streaks that laced the severing
 clouds

In the unrelenting east.—Through all her
 courts

The vacant city slept ; the busy winds,
 That keep no certain intervals of rest,
 Moved not ; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
 Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
 Aloft ;—momentous but uneasy bliss !

To their full hearts the universe seemed
 hung
 On that brief meeting's slender filament !

They parted ; and the generous Vaudra-
 cour

Reached speedily the native threshold, bent
 On making (so the Lovers had agreed)
 A sacrifice of birthright to attain
 A final portion from his father's hand ;
 Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then
 would flee

To some remote and solitary place,
 Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,
 Where they may live, with no one to be-
 hold

Their happiness, or to disturb their love.
 But *now* of this no whisper ; not the less,
 If ever an obtrusive word were dropped
 Touching the matter of his passion, still,
 In his stern father's hearing, Vaudracour
 Persisted openly that death alone
 Should abrogate his human privilege
 Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,
 Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved.

“ You shall be baffled in your mad intents
 If there be justice in the court of France,”
 Muttered the Father.—From these words
 the Youth

Conceived a terror ; and, by night or day,
 Stirred nowhere without weapons, that tull
 soon

Found dreadful provocation ; for at night
 When to his chamber he retired, attempt
 Was made to seize him by three armed men,
 Acting, in furtherance of the father's will,
 Under a private signet of the State.

One the rash Youth's ungovernable hand
 Slew, and as quickly to a second gave
 A perilous wound—he shuddered to behold
 The breathless corse ; then peacefully re-
 signed

His person to the law, was lodged in prison,
 And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you observed a tuft of winged seed
 That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,
 Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use
 Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,
 Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro
 Through the wide element ? or have you
 marked

The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,
 Within the vortex of a foaming flood,
 Tormented ? by such aid you may conceive
 The perturbation that ensued :—ah, no !

Desperate the Maid—the Youth is stained
with blood;

Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet!
Yet as the troubled seed and tortured bough
Is Man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with the
Court,

Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;
But not without exaction of a pledge,
Which liberty and love dispersed in air.

He flew to her from whom they would di-
vide him—

He clove to her who could not give him
peace—

Yea, his first word of greeting was,—“All
right

Is gone from me; my lately-towering hopes,
To the least fibre of their lowest root,

Are withered; thou no longer canst be
mine,

I thine—the conscience-stricken must not
woo

The unruffled Innocent,—I see thy face,
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!”

“One, are we not?” exclaimed the Maiden
—“One,

For innocence and youth, for weal and
woe?”

Then with the father's name she coupled
words

Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
Checked her with filial meekness; for no
thought

Uncharitable crossed his mind, no sense
Of hasty anger, rising in the eclipse

Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er
Find place within his bosom.—Once again

The persevering wedge of tyranny
Achieved their separation: and once more

Were they united,—to be yet again
Disparted, pitiable lot! But here

A portion of the tale may well be left
In silence, though my memory could add

Much how the Youth, in scanty space of
time,

Was traversed from without; much, too, of
thoughts

That occupied his days in solitude
Under privation and restraint; and what,

Through dark and shapeless fear of things
to come,

And what, through strong compunction for
the past,

He suffered—breaking down in heart and
mind!

Doomed to a third and last captivity,
His freedom he recovered on the eve
Of Julia's travail. When the babe was
born,

Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes
Of future happiness. “You shall return,
Julia,” said he, “and to your father's house
Go with the child.—You have been wretch-
ed; yet

The silver shower, whose reckless burthen
weighs

Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.

Malice, beholding you, will melt away.

Go! 'tis a town where both of us were
born;

None will reproach you, for our truth is
known; [lat:

And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our
Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.

With ornaments—the prettiest, nature yields
Or art can fashion, shall you deck our boy.

And feed his countenance with your own
sweet looks

Till no 'one can resist him—Now, even
now,

I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;

My father from the window sees him too;

Startled, as if some new-created thing

Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods

Bounded before him;—but the unweeting
Child

Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's
heart

So that it shall be softened, and our loves

End happily, as they began!”

These gleams

Appeared but seldom; oftener was he seen
Propping a pale and melancholy face

Upon the Mother's bosom; resting thus

His head upon one breast, while from the
other

The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.

—That pillow is no longer to be thine,

Fond Youth! that mournful solace now
must pass

Into the list of things that cannot be!

Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears

The sentence, by her mother's lips pro-
nounced.

That dooms her to a convent.—Who shall
tell,

Who dares report, the tidings to the lord

Of her affections? so they blindly asked

Who knew not to what quiet depths a
weight

Of agony had pressed the Sufferer down :
The word, by others dreaded, he can hear
Composed and silent, without visible sign
Of even the least emotion. Noting this,

When the impatient object of his love
Upbraided him with slackness, he returned
No answer, only took the mother's hand
And kissed it ; seemingly devoid of pain,
Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed
Was a dependent on the obdurate heart
Of one who came to disunite their lives
Forever—sad alternative ! preferred,
By the unbending Parents of the Maid,
To secret 'sposals meanly disavowed.
—So be it !

In the city he remained
A season after Julia had withdrawn
To those religious walls. He, too, de-
parts—

Who with him ?—even the senseless Little-
one.

With that sole charge he passed the city-
gates,

For the last time, attendant by the side
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,
In which the Babe was carried. To a hill,
That rose a brief league distant from the
town,

The dwellers in that house where he had
lodged

Accompanied his steps, by anxious love
Impelled ;—they parted from him there, and
stood

Watching below till he had disappeared
On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle
(Slow-moving ark of all his hopes !) that
eiled

The tender infant : and at every inn,
An.. under every hospitable tree
At which the bearers halted or reposed,
Laid him with timid care upon his knees,
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known
to look,

Upon the nursling which his arms em-
braced.

This was the manner in which Vaudra-
cour

Departed with his infant ; and thus reached
His father's house, where to the innocent
child

Admittance was denied. The young man
spake

No word of indignation or reproof,

But of his father begged, a last request,
That a retreat might be assigned to him
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,
With such allowance as his wants required ;
For wishes he had none. To a lodge that
stood

Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the
age

Of four-and-twenty summers he withdrew ;
And thither took with him his motherless
Babe,

And one domestic for their common needs,
An aged woman. It consoled him here
To attend upon the orphan, and perform
Obsequious service to the precious child,
Which, after a short time, by some mistake
Or indiscretion of the Father, died.—

The Tale I follow to its last recess
Of suffering or of peace, I know not which :
Theirs be the blame who caused the woe,
not mine !

From this time forth he never shared a
smile

With mortal creature. An Inhabitant
Of that same town, in which the pair had
left

So lively a remembrance of their griefs,
By chance of business, coming within reach
Of his retirement, to the forest lodge
Repaired, but only found the matron there,
Who told him that his pains were thrown
away,

For that her Master never uttered word
To living thing—not even to her.—Behold !
While they were speaking, Vaudracour ap-
proached ;

But, seeing some one near, as on the latch
Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he
shrunk—

And, like a shadow, glided out of view.
Shocked at his savage aspect, from the
place

The visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth
Cut off from all intelligence with man,
And shunning even the light of common
day ;

Nor could the voice of Freedom, which
through France

Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own deep
wrongs,

Rouse him : but in those solitary shades
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind !

THE IDIOT BOY.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,
The moon is up,—the sky is blue,
The owlet, in the moonlight air,
Shouts from nobody knows where;
He lengthens out his lonely shout,
Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

—Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, Betty Foy?
Why are you in this mighty fret?
And why on horseback have you set
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?

Scarcely a soul is out of bed;
Good Betty, put him down again;
His lips with joy they burr at you;
But, Betty! what has he to do
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

But Betty's bent on her intent;
For her good neighbor, Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress;
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
And sorely puzzled are the twain,
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale;
There's none to help poor Susan Gale;
What must be done? what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her Pony, that is mild and good;
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—
And by the moonlight, Betty Foy
Has on the well-girt saddle set,
(The like was never heard of yet)
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
Across the bridge and through the dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
There is no need of whip or wand;
For Johnny has his holly bough,

And with a *hurly-burly* now
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
The Boy, who is her best delight,
Both what to follow, what to shun,
What to do, and what to leave undone,
How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
Was, "Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all,—
Come home again, whate'er befall,
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,
Both with his head and with his hand,
And proudly shook the bridle too,
And then! his words were not a few,
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,
Though Betty's in a mighty hurry,
She gently pats the Pony's side,
On which her Idiot Boy must ride,
And seems no longer in a hurry

But when the Pony moved his legs,
Oh! then for the poor Idiot Boy!
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,
In Johnny's left hand you may see
The green bough motionless and dead—
The Moon that shines above his head
Is not more still and mute than he

His heart it was so full of glee,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip,
And all his skill in horsemanship:
Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself, and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim,
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!
He's at the guide-post—he turns right;
She watches till he's out of sight,
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr
As loud as any mill, or near it:
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale :
Her Messenger's in merry tune ;
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree ;
For of this Pony there's a rumor,
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humor.

But then he is a horse that thinks !
And when he thinks, his pace is slack ;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What speedy help her Boy will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
By this time is not quite so flurried
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good Woman ! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well ;
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans,
" As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"
Cries Betty, " he'll be back again ;
They'll both be here—'tis almost ten—
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
The clock gives warning for eleven ;
'Tis on the stroke—" He must be near,"
Quoth Betty, " and will soon be here,
And sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
And Johnny is not yet in sight :
—The Moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,
But Betty is not quite at ease ;
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
On Johnny vile reflections cast :
" A little idle sauntering Thing !"
With other names, an endless string ;
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,
That happy time all past and gone,
" How can it be he is so late ?
The Doctor, he has made him wait ;
Susan ! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*,
And then there's nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay !
—She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one ;
But neither Doctor nor his Guide
Appears along the moonlight road ;
'There's neither horse nor man abroad,
And Betty still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear
Of sad mischances not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned ;
Or lost, perhaps, and never found ;
Which they must both forever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
With, " God forbid it should be true !"
At the first word that Susan said
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
" Susan, I'd gladly stay with you

I must be gone, I must away :
Consider, Johnny's but half-wise ;
Susan, we must take care of him,
If he is hurt in life or limb"—
" Oh God forbid !" poor Susan cries.

" What can I do ?" says Betty, going,
" What can I do to ease your pain ?
Good Susan, tell me, and I'll stay ;
I fear you're in a dreadful way,
But I shall soon be back again."

" Nay, Betty, go ! good Betty, go !
There's nothing that can ease my pain."
Then off she hies ; but with a prayer
That God poor Susan's life would spare,
Till she comes back again,

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,
And far into the moonlight dale;
And how she ran, and how she walked,
And all that to herself she talked,
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and square,
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In bush and brake, in black and green;
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

And while she crossed the bridge, there
came
A thought with which her heart is sore—
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon within the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide;
There's neither Johnny nor his Horse
Among the fern or in the gorse;
There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

"Oh saints! what is become of him?
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,
Where he will stay till he is dead;
Or, sadly he has been misled,
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

Or him that wicked Pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall,
Or in the castle he's pursuing
Among the ghosts his own undoing;
Or playing with the waterfali."

At poor old Susan then she railed,
While to the town she posts away;
"If Susan had not been so ill,
Alas! I should have had him still,
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,
The Doctor's self could hardly spare:
Unworthy things she talked, and wild;
Even he, of cattle the most mild,
The Pony had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,
And to the Doctor's door she hies;
'Tis silence all on every side;
The town so long, the town so wide,
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
The Doctor at the casement shows
His glimmering eyes that peep and dose;
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh Doctor! Doctor! where's my
Johnny?"

"I'm here, what is't you want with me?"
"Oh Sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,
And I have lost my poor dear Boy,
You know him—him you often see

He's not so wise as some folks be:"
"The devil take his wisdom!" said
The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,
"What, Woman! should I know of him?"
And, grumbling, he went back to bed!

"O woe is me! O woe is me!
Here will I die; here will I die;
I thought to find my lost one here,
But he is neither far nor near,
Oh! what a wretched Mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about;
Which way to turn she cannot tell.
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain
If she had heart to knock again;
—The clock strikes three—a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail;
This piteous news so much it shocked her
She quite forgot to send the Doctor
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road:
"O cruel! I'm almost threescore;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night
And shouting to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sit her down and weeps;
Such tears she never shed before;
"Oh dear, dear Pony! my sweet joy!
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy!
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head ·
The Pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well ;
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,
And carried Johnny to the wood.

Then up she springs as if on wings ;
She thinks no more of deadly sin ;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would be
To drown herself therein.

O Reader ! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing !
What they've been doing all this time,
Oh could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !
He with his Pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hands upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail,
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
All silent as a horseman-ghost,
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he ;
Yon valley, now so trim and green,
In five months' time, should he be seen
A desert wilderness will be !

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He's galloping away, away,
And so will gallop on for aye,
The bane of all that dread the devil !

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong indentures
O gentle Muses ! let me tell
But half of what to him befel ;
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses ! is this kind ?
Why will ye thus my suit repel ?
Why of your further aid bereave me ?
And can ye thus unfriended leave me ;
Ye Muses ! whom I love so well !

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
Which thunders down with headlong force,
Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were,
Sits upright on a feeding horse ?

Unto his horse—there feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give ;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed ;
Of such we in romances read :
—'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very Pony, too !
Where is she, where is Betty Foy ?
She hardly can sustain her fears ;
The roaring waterfall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold ;
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy !
She's coming from among the trees,
And now all full in view she sees
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too :
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy ?
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
She screams—she cannot move for joy !
She darts, as with a torrent's force,
She almost has o'erturned the Horse,
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud ·
Whether in cunning or in joy
I cannot tell ; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the Pony's tail,
And now is at the Pony's head,—
On that side now, and now on this ;
And, almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;
She's happy here, is happy there,
She is uneasy everywhere ;
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy !
The little Pony glad may be,
But he is milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive his joy.

“ Oh ! Johnny, never mind the Doctor
You've done your best, and that is all :
She took the reins, when this was said,
And gently turned the Pony's head
From the loud waterfall,

By this the stars were almost gone,
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her :
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,
Wind slowly through the woody daie ;
And who is she, betimes abroad,
That hobbles up the steep rough road ?
Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought
And many dreadful fears beset her,
Both for her Messenger and Nurse :
And, as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body—it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
On all sides doubts and terrors met her ;
Point after point did she discuss ;
And, while her mind was fighting thus,
Her body still grew better.

“ Alas ! what is become of them ?
These fears can never be endured ;
I'll to the wood.”—The word scarce said,
Did Susan rise up from her bed,
As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come ;
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greeting ;
Oh me ! it is a merry meeting
As ever was in Christendom.

The owls have hardly sung their last,
While our four travellers homeward wend,
The owls have hooted all night long,
And with the owls began my song,
And with the owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, “ Tell us, Johnny, do,
Where all this long night you have been,
What you have heard, what you have seen ;
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true.”

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The owls in tuneful concert strive ;
No doubt too he the moon had seen ;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
(His very words I give to you.)
“ The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,

And the sun did shine so cold !”
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story.
1798.

XXXII.

MICHAEL.

A PASTORAL POEM.

If from the public way you turn your step
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head
Ghyll,

You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle ; in such bold ascent

The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.

But, courage ! for around that boisterous
brook

The mountains have all opened out them
selves,

And made a hidden valley of their own.

No habitation can be seen ; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones,
and kites

That overhead are sailing in the sky.

It is in truth an utter solitude ;

Nor should I have made mention of this
Dell

But for one object which you might pass
by,

Might see and notice not. Beside the
brook

Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones
And to that simple object appertains

A story—unenriched with strange events,

Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,

Or for the summer shade. It was the first

Of those domestic tales that spake to me

Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men

Whom I already loved ;—not verily

For their own sakes, but for the fields and
hills

Where was their occupation and abode.

And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power

Of Nature, by the gentle agency

Of natural objects, led me on to feel

For passions that were not my own, and
think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)

On man, the heart of man, and human life.

Therefore, although it be a history

Homely and rude, I ill relate the same

For the delight of a few natural hearts ;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

UPON the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his
name ;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of
limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to
age

Of an unusual strength : his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all
winds,

Of blasts of every tone ; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the
South

Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would
say,

"The winds are now devising work for
me !"

And, truly, at all times, the storm, that
drives

The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains : he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the
heights.

So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should sup-
pose

That the green valleys, and the streams and
rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's
thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had
breathed

The common air ; hills, which with vigorous
step

He had so often climbed ; which had im-
pressed

So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear ;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honorable gain ;
Those fields, those hills—what could they
less?—had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him

A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in single
ness.

His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty
years.

She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house ; two wheels
she had

Of antique form ; this large, for spinning
wool ;

That small, for flax ; and if one wheel had
rest

It was because the other was at work.

The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, taling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's
phrase,

With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
Whit two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a
storm,

The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When they was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors

The Son and Father were come home, even
then,

Their labor did not cease ; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and
there,

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed
milk,

Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet
when the meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was
named)

And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fire-side ; perhaps to
card

Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or re-
pair

Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's
edge,

That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection over-
browed

Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a
lamp ;

An aged utensil, which had performed
 Service beyond all others of its kind,
 Early at evening did it burn—and late,
 Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
 Which, going by from year to year, had
 found,
 And left the couple neither gay perhaps
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with
 hopes,
 Living a life of eager industry.
 And now, when Luke had reached his eight-
 teenth year,
 There by the light of this old lamp they
 sate,
 Father and Son, while far into the night
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar
 work,
 Making the cottage through the silent hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
 This light was famous in its neighborhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life
 That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it
 chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and
 south,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And westward to the village near the lake;
 And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE EVEN-
 ING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of
 years,
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must
 needs
 Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's
 heart
 This son of his old age was yet more dear—
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood
 of all—
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts
 That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking
 thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail.
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
 His heart and his heart's joy! For often-
 times
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone *
 For pasture and delight, as is the use
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced

To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
 His cradle as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
 Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's
 stool
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him
 stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his door
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of
 shade,
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The CLIPPING TREE,* a name which yet
 it bears.
 There, while they two were sitting in the
 shade,
 With others round them, earnest all and
 blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath
 the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy
 grew up
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years old;
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
 With his own hand a sapling, which he
 hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
 And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
 He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
 And, to his office prematurely called,
 There stood the urchin as you will divine,
 Something between a hindrance and a help;
 And for this cause not always, I believe,
 Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
 Though naught was left undone which staff
 or voice,
 Or looks, or threatening gestures, could
 perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could
 stand,
 Against the mountain blasts, and to the
 heights,

* Clipping is the word used in the North of
 England for shearing.

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
 He with his Father daily went, and they
 Were as companions, why should I relate
 That objects which the Shepherd loved
 before
 Were dearer now? that from the Boy there
 came
 Feelings and emanations—things which were
 Light to the sun and music to the wind;
 And that the old Man's heart seemed born
 again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew
 up:
 And now, when he had reached his eight-
 teenth year,
 He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household
 lived
 From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
 Distressful tidings. Long before the time
 Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been
 bound
 In surety for his brother's son, a man
 Of an industrious life, and ample means;
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
 Had prest upon him: and old Michael now
 Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
 A grievous penalty, but little less
 Than half his substance. This unlooked-
 for claim,
 At the first hearing, for a moment took
 More hope out of his life than he supposed
 That any old man ever could have lost.
 As soon as he had armed himself with
 strength
 To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
 The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at
 once
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.
 Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
 And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
 Two evenings after he had heard the news,
 "I have been toiling more than seventy years,
 And in the open sunshine of God's love
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
 Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like
 this

Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus

When I began, my purpose was to speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
 Another kinsman—he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
 And with his kinsman's help and his own
 thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where every one is
 poor,
 What can be gained?"

At this the old Man paused,
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to
 herself,
 He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings,
 pence,
 And half-pennies, wherewith the neighbors
 bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedler's
 wares;
 And, with his basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas: where he grew wondrous
 rich,
 And left estates and moneys to the poor,
 And, at his birth-place, built a chapel floored
 With marble, which he sent from foreign
 lands.
 These thoughts, and many others of like
 sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man
 was glad,
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this
 scheme,
 These two days, has been meat and drink
 to me.
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I
 Were younger;—but this hope is a good
 hope.
 Make ready Luke's best garments, of the
 best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth

To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :
—If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-
night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields
went forth

With a light heart. The Housewife for
five days

Was restless morn and night, and all day
long

Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.

But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work : for, when she lay

By Michael's side, she through the last two
nights

Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep ;
And when they rose at morning she could

see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at
noon

She said to Luke, while they two by them-
selves

Were sitting at the door, " Thou must not
go :

We have no other Child but thee to lose,
None to remember—do not go away,

For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice ;

And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best

fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work :
And all the ensuing week the house appeared

As cheerful as a grove in Spring ; at length
The expected letter from their kinsman

came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy ;

To which, requests were added, that forth-
with

He might be sent to him. Ten times or
more

The letter was read over ; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbors round.

Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel

Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
" He shall depart to-morrow." To this

word
The Housewife answered, talking much of
things

Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length

She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head
Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheep-fold ; and, before he heard

The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gathered up

A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's
edge

Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he

walked :
And soon as they had reached the place he

stopped,
And thus the old Man spake to him :—
" My Son,

To-morrow thou wilt leave me : with full
heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth.

And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part

Of our two histories ; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should

touch [thou
On things thou canst not know of.—After
First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls

The new-born infants—thou didst sleep
away

Two days, and blessings from thy Father's
tongue

Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.

Never to living ear cam sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-

side
First uttering, without words, a natural tune ;

While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month fol-

lowed month,
And in the open fields my life was passed

And on the mountains ; else I think that
thou

Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's
knees.

But we were playmates, Luke : among these
hills,

As well thou knowest, in us the old and
young

Have played together, nor with me didst
thou

Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart ; but at these words

He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his
hand,

And said, " Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not

speak.

—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father : and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at other's hands ; for, though now
old

Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together : here they
lived,

As all their Forefathers had done ; and when
At length their time was come, they were
not loth

To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wished that thou shouldst live the life they
lived :

But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from threescore years.
These fields were burthened when they came
to me ;

Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me in my
work,

And till these three weeks past the land was
free.

—It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou should'st go."

At this the old Man paused ;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they
stood,

Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :
" This was a work for us ; and now, my Son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own
hands.

Nay, Boy, be of good hope ;—we both may
live

To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and hale ;—do thou thy
part ;

I will do mine —I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee :
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee,
Boy !

Thy heart these two weeks has been beating
fast

With many hopes ; it should be so—yes—
yes—

' knew that thou couldst never have a wish
To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound
to me

Only by links of love : when thou art gone,

What will be left to us !—But, I forget
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
And of this moment ; hither turn thy
thoughts, —

And God will strengthen thee ; amid all fear
And all temptations, Luke, I pray that thou
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers
lived,

Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee
well—

When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt
see

A work which is not here : a covenant
'Twill be between us : but, whatever fate
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the
grave."

The Shepherd ended here ; and Luke
stooped down,

And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the
sight

The old Man's grief broke from him ; to his
heart

He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and
wept ;

And to the house together they returned.
—Hushed was that House in peace, or seem-
ing peace,

Ere the night fell :— with morrow's dawn
the Boy

Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face ;

And all the neighbors, as he passed their
doors,

Came forth with wishes and with farewell
prayers,

That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman
come,

Of Luke and his well-doing : and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were
throughout

" The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
Both parents read them with rejoicing
hearts.

So, many months passed on : and once
again

The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts ; and
now

Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke
began

To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing enduring, which else
Would upset the brain, or break the heart:
I have conversed with more than one who
well

Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been . . . om youth to
age

Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and
cloud,

And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labor for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.

And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was
he seen

Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to
time,

He at the building of this Sheep-fold
wrought,

And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the
estate

Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The Cottage which was named the EVENING
STAR

Is gone—the ploughshare has been through
the ground

On which it stood: great changes have been
wrought

In all the neighborhood:—yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head
Ghyll.

1800,

xxxiii.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE
SIDE.

I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honor ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the
door

Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's spite
She wasted no complaint, but strove to
make

A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and hers should stand up-
right

In the world's eye. Her work when daylight
failed

Paused not, and through the depth of night
she kept

Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never slept;
Put, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

II.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears
to flow,

Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried
Son

Before her eyes, last Child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!

His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
Which they are touching: yea, far brighter,
even

As that which comes, or seems to come, from
heaven,

Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that
hour

Whate'er befell she could not grieve or pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a
power

Over material forms that mastered reason.
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her
thine!

III.

But why that prayer? as if to her could
come

No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we should
judge amiss.

Since reason failed want is her threatened
doom,

Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:

Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
 The air or laugh upon a precipice ;
 No, passing through strange sufferings to-
 ward the tomb
 She smiles as if a martyr's crown was won :
 Oft, when light breaks through clouds or
 waving trees,
 With outspread arms and fallen upon her
 knees
 The Mother hails in her descending Son
 An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies
 Her own angelic glory seems begun.

XXXIV.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[The subject of the following poem is from the
 Orlandus of the author's friend, Keneim
 Henry Digby: and the liberty is taken of in-
 scribing it to him as an acknowledgment,
 however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction
 derived from his numerous and valuable
 writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry
 of the olden time.]

I.

You have heard "a Spanish Lady
 How she wooed an English man ;"*
 Hear now of a fair Armenian,
 Daughter of the proud Soldan ;
 How she loved a Christian Slave, and told
 her pain
 By word, look, deed, with hope that he might
 love again.

II.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"
 Said she, litting up her veil ;
 "Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,
 Ere it wither and grow pale."
 "Princess fair, I till the ground, but may
 not take
 From twig or bed an humbler flower, even
 for your sake !"

III.

"Grieved am I, submissive Christian !
 To behold thy captive state ;
 Women, in your land, may pity
 (May they not?) the unfortunate."
 "Yes, kind Lady ! otherwise man could not
 bear
 Life, which to every one that breathes is full
 of care."

* See, in Percy's Reliques, that fine old
 ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love;" from
 which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to
 dialogue, is adopted.

IV.

"Worse than idle is compassion
 If it end in tears and sighs ;
 Thee from bondage would I rescue
 And from vile indignities ;
 Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high de-
 gree,
 Look up—and help a hand that longs to set
 thee free."

V.

"Lady ! dread the wish, nor venture
 In such peril to engage ;
 Think how it would stir against you
 Your most loving Father's rage :
 Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with
 shame,
 Should troubles overflow on her from whom
 it came."

VI.

"Generous Frank ! the just in effort
 Are of inward peace secure :
 Hardships for the brave encountered,
 Even the feeblest may endure :
 If almighty grace through me thy chains un-
 bind
 My father for slave's work may seek a slave
 in mind."

VII.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
 My long-frozen heart grows warm !"
 "Yet you make all courage fruitless,
 Me to save from chance of harm :
 Leading such companion, I that gilded
 dome,
 Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his
 worst home."

VIII.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess !
 And y ur brow is free from scorn,
 Else these words would come like
 mockery,
 Sharper than the pointed thorn."
 "Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too
 wide apart
 Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes
 could see the heart !"

IX.

"Tempt me not, I pray ; my doom is
 These base implements to wield ;
 Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
 Ne'er assail my cobwebb'd shield !
 Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
 Nor Her who thinking of me there counts
 widowed hours."

X.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies
Wedded? If you *can*, say no!
Blessed is and be your consort;
Hopes I cherished—let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free,
Without another link to my felicity."

XI.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
Lady, is a mystery rare;
Body, heart, and soul in union,
Make one being of a pair."
"Humble love in me would look for no return,
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn."

XII.

"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank the God,
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
Flower of an unchristian sod!
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in heaven dost wear?
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt?
where am I? where?"

XIII.

Here broke off the dangerous converse:
Less impassioned words might tell
How the pair escaped together,
Tears not wanting, nor a knell
Of sorrow in her heart while through her father's door,
And from her narrow world, she passed for evermore.

XIV.

But affections higher, holier,
Urged her steps; she shrunk from trust
In a sensual creed that trampled
Woman's birthright into dust.
Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such boldness on.

XV.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:
In those old romantic days
Mighty were the soul's commandments
To support, restrain, or raise.
Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,
But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

XVI.

Thought infirm ne'er came between them,
Whether printing desert sands
With accordant steps, or gathering
Forest-fruit with social hands;
Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam
Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal stream.

XVII.

On a friendly deck reposing
They at length for Venice steer;
There, when they had closed their voyage,
One, who daily on the pier
Watched for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,
Fell down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering word.

XVIII.

Mutual was the sudden transport;
Breathless questions followed fast,
Years contracting to a moment,
Each word greedier than the last;
"Hie thee to the Countess, friend! return with speed,
And of this Stranger speak by whom her lord was freed.

XIX.

Say that I, who might have languish'd
Drooped and pined till life was spent,
Now before the gates of Stolberg
My deliverer would present
For a crowning recompense, the precious grace
Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient place.

XX.

Make it known that my Companion
Is of royal eastern blood,
Thirsting after all perfection,
Innocent, and meek, and good,
Though with misbelievers bred: but that dark night
Will holy Church disperse by beams of gospel-light.

XXI.

Wifely went that gray-haired Servant,
Soon returned a trusty Page
Charged with greetings, benedictions,
Thanks and praises, each a gage
For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's way,
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay.

XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,
While beneath their castle-walls,
Runs a deafening noise of welcome!—
Blest, though every tear that falls
Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,
And makes a meeting seem most like a dear
farewell.

XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature,
Glorified by heavenly light,
Looked the beautiful Deliverer
On that overpowering sight,
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes
strayed,
For every tender sacrifice her heart had
made.

XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess
Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand;
Act of soul-devoted homage,
Pledge of an eternal band:
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd
did ratify.

XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian,
Gentle pleasures round her moved,
Like a tutelary spirit
Reverenced, like a sister, loved.
Christian meekness smoothed for all the
path of life,
Who, loving most, should wiseliest love,
their only strife.

XXVI.

Mute memento of that union
In a Saxon church survives,
Where a cross-legged Knight lies scul-
ptured
As between two wedded Wives,—
Figures with armorial signs of race and
birth,
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while
yet on earth.
1830.

XXXV.

LOVING AND LIKING:

IRREGULAR VERSES,
ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

(BY MY SISTER.)

THERE'S more in words than I can teach:
Yet listen, Child!—I would not preach;

But only give some plain directions
To guide your speech and your affections.
Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,
But you may love a screaming owl,
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews begin to fall.
Oh mark the beauty of his eye:
What wonders in that circle lie!
So clear, so bright, our father said
He wears a jewel in his head!
And when, upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
Startling the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavor
To take the intruder into favor.
Learning from him to find a reason
For a light heart in a dull season.
And you may love him in the pool,
That is for him a happy school,
In which he swims as taught by nature,
Fit pattern for a human creature,
Glancing amid the water bright,
And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
A love for things that have no feeling:
The springs first rose by you espied
May fill your breast with joyful pride;
And you may love the strawberry-flower,
And love the strawberry in its bower;
But when the fruit, so often praised
For beauty, to your lip is raised,
Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,
Though one of a tribe that torment the house:
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,
Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;
Remember she follows the law of her kind,
And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind.
Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,
And her soothing song by the winter fire,
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:
It may soar with the eagle and brood with
the dove,
May pierce the earth with the patient mole
Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
Loving and liking are the solace of life,
Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-
bed of strife.

You love your father and your mother,
Your grown-up and your baby-brother;

You love your sister, and your friends,
 And countless blessings which God sends :
 And while these right affections play,
 You *live* each moment of your day ;
 They lead you on to full content,
 And liking fresh and innocent,
 That store the mind, the memory feed,
 And prompt to many a gentle deed :
 But *likings* come, and pass away ;
 'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day :
 Our heavenward guide is holy love,
 And will be our bliss with saints above.

1832.

 XXXVI.

FAREWELL LINES.

“ HIGH bliss is only for a higher state,”
 But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
 With patience merit the reward of peace,
 Peace ye deserve ; and may the solid good,
 Sought by a wise though late exchange, and
 here
 With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof
 To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
 Nor for the world's best promises renounced.
 Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,
 Fresh from the crowded city, to behold
 That lonely union, privacy so deep,
 Such calm employments, such entire content.
 So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
 A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,
 Upon a rocky islet, side by side,
 Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease :
 And so, when night with grateful gloom had
 fallen,
 Two glow-worms in such nearness that they
 shared,
 As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
 Each with the other, on the dewy ground,
 Where He that made them blesses their
 repose.—
 When wandering among lakes and hills I
 note,
 Once more, those creatures thus by nature
 paired,
 And guarded in their tranquil state of life,
 Even as your happy presence to my mind
 Their union brought, will they repay the debt,
 And send a thankful spirit back to you,
 With hope that we, dear Friends! shall
 meet again.

XXXVII.

THE REDBREAST.

(SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COT-
TAGE.)

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening air
 From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,
 Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home :
 Not like a beggar is he come,
 But enters as a looked-for guest,
 Confiding in his ruddy breast,
 As if it were a natural shield
 Charged with a blazon on the field,
 Due to that good and pious deed
 Of which we in the Ballad read.
 But pensive fancies putting by,
 And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
 He plays the expert ventriloquist ;
 And, caught by glimpses now—now missed,
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt
 If the soft voice he throws about
 Comes from within doors or without !
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,
 Sustained by delicate illusion ?
 He's at your elbow—to your feeling
 The notes are from the floor or ceiling ;
 And there's a riddle to be guessed,
 Till you have marked his heaving chest,
 And busy throat whose sink and swell
 Betray the Elf that loves to dwell
 In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
 Commend him, when he's only heard.
 But small and fugitive our gain
 Compared with *hers* who long hath lain,
 With languid limbs and patient head
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed ;
 Where now, she daily hears a strain
 That cheats her of too busy cares.
 Eases her pain, and helps her prayers,
 And who but this dear Bird beguiled
 The fever of that pale-faced Child ;
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,
 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring :
 Recalling now, with descendant soft
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
 And the invisible sympathy
 Of “ Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
 Blessing the bed she lies upon ? ” *

* The words—

“ Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
 Bless the bed that I lie on,”
 are part of a child's prayer, still in general use
 through the northern counties.

And sometimes, just as listening ends
In slumber, with the cadence blends
A dream of that low-warbled hymn
Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim
Lamps of faith, now burning dim,
Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,
When clouds gave way at dead of night
And the ancient church was fill'd with
light,

Used to sing in heavenly tone,
Above and round the sacred places
They guard, with winged baby-faces.

Thrice happy Creature! in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands:
Free entrance to this cot has he,
Entrance and exit both *yet* free;
And, when the keen unruffled weather
That thus brings man and bird together,
Shall with its pleasantness be past,
And casement closed and door made fast,
To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season's rage,
For the whole house is Robin's cage.
Whether the bird flit here or there,
O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair,
Though some may frown and make a stir
To scare him as a trespasser,
And he belike will flinch or start,
Goo! friends he has to take his part;
One chiefly, who with voice and look
Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,
Where sits the Dame, and wears away
Her long and vacant holiday;
With images about her heart,
Reflected from the years gone by
On human nature's second infancy.

1834.

XXXVIII.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

I.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone:
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among,
And it was in the English tongue.

II.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad;

And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing:
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me;
But safe as in a cradle, here
My lovely baby! thou shalt be:
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe

III

A fire was once within my brain;
And in my head a dull, dull pain;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me;
But then there came a sight of joy;
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
Oh joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

IV.

Suck, little babe, oh, suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree:
It comes to cool my babe and me.

V.

Oh! love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul;
Then happy lie; for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die

VI.

Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed:
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

VII.

Thy father cares not for my breast,
 Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest ;
 Tis all thine own !—and, if its hue
 Be changed, that was so fair to view,
 'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove !
 My beauty, little child, is flown,
 But thou wilt live with me in love ;
 And what if my poor cheek be brown ?
 'Tis well for me, thou canst not see
 How pale and wan it else would be.

VIII.

Dread not their taunts, my little Life ;
 I am thy father's wedded wife ;
 And underneath the spreading tree
 We two will live in honesty.
 If his sweet boy he could forsake,
 With me he never would have stayed ;
 From him no harm my babe can take ;
 But he, poor man ! is wretched made ;
 And every day we two will pray
 For him that's gone and far away.

IX.

I'll teach my boy the sweetest things :
 I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
 My little babe ! thy lips are still,
 And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
 —Where art thou gone, my own dear child !
 What wicked looks are those I see ?
 Alas ! alas ! that look so wild,
 It never, never came from me :
 If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
 Then I must be forever sad.

X.

Oh ! smile on me, my little lamb !
 For I thy own dear mother am :
 My love for thee has well been tried :
 I've sought thy father far and wide.
 I know the poisons of the shade :
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food :
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid :
 We'll find thy father in the wood.
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away !
 And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."
 1798.

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

By persons resident in the country and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which would have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such incidents, and renew the gratification of such feelings, Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

I.

It was an April morning: fresh and clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed; and yet the
voice

Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living things
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to urge on
The steps of June; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object: but, meanwhile,
prevailed

Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful day
Were native to the summer.—Up the brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all.

At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound that all
Which I till then had heard appeared the
voice

Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the
lamb,
The shepherd's dog, the finnet and the
thrush

Vied with this waterfall, and made a song
Which, while I listened, seemed like the
wild growth

Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves
were here;

But 'twas the foliage of the rocks—the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green
thorn,

With hanging islands of resplendent furze:
And, on a summit, distant a short space,

(436)

By any who should look beyond the dell,
A single mountain-cottage might be seen.
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,
“Our thoughts at least are ours; and this
wild nook,

My EMMA, I will dedicate to thee.”
—Soon did the spot become my other
home,

My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.
And, of the shepherds who have seen me
there,

To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,
Years after we are gone and in our graves,
When they have cause to speak of this wild
place,

May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.
1800.

II.

TO JOANNA.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth; and there you
learned,

From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own fireside,
With such a strong devotion that your heart
Is slow to meet the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the streams
and groves.

Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you
well,

Joanna! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,
That you will gladly listen to discourse,
However trivial, if you thence be taught
That they, with whom you once were happy,
talk

Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days
past,

Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
Their ancient neighbor, the old steeple-tower,
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by
Came forth to greet me; and when he had
asked,

“How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid!
And when will she return to us?” he paused;
And, after short exchange of village news,
He with grave looks demanded, for what
cause,

Reviving obsolete idolatry,
I, like a Runic Priest, in characters
Of formidable size had chiselled out
Some uncouth name upon the native rock,
Above the Rotha, by the forest-side.

—Now, by those dear immunities of heart
Engendered between malice and true love,
I was not loth to be so catechised,
And this was my reply:—“As it befell,
One summer morning we had walked abroad
At break of day, Joanna and myself.

—’Twas that delightful season when the
broom,

Full-flowered, and visible in every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.
Our pathway led us on to Rotha’s banks;
And when we came in front of that tall rock
That eastward looks, I there stopped short—
and stood

Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit: such delight I found
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and
flower,

That intermixture of delicious hues,
Along so vast a surface, all at once,
In one impression, by connecting force
Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.

—When I had gazed perhaps two minutes’
space,

Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something starting from a
sleep,

Took up the Lady’s voice, and laughed
That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag,
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar
And the tall Steep of Silver-how, sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg
heard,

And Fairfield answered with a mountain
tone;

Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady’s voice,—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking trumpet: back out of the
clouds

Of Glaramara southward come the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.

—Now whether (said I to our cordial Friend,
Who in the hey-day of astonishment
Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth
A work accomplished by two brotherhood
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched
With dreams and visionary impulses
To me alone imparted, sure I am

That there was a loud uproar in the hills,
And, while we both were listening, to my side
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished
To shelter from some object of her fear.

—And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen
moons

Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm
And silent morning, I sat down, and there,
In memory of affections old and true,
I chiselled out in those rude characters
Joanna’s name deep in the living stone:—
And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side,
Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA’S
ROCK.”

1800.

Note.—In Cumberland and Westmoreland
are several Inscriptions upon the native rock,
which from the wasting of time, and the rudeness
of the workmanship, have been mistaken
for Runic. They are without doubt Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the
River which, flowing through the lakes of Gas-
mere and Rydale, falls into Wynandermere.
On Helm-crag, that impressive single mountain
at the head of the Vale of Gasmere, is a rock
which from most points of view bears a striking
resemblance to an old woman cowering. Close
by this rock is one of those fissures or caverns
which in the language of the country are called
dungeons. Most of the mountains here men-
tioned immediately surround the Vale of Gas-
mere; of the others, some are at a considerable
distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

III.

THERE is an Eminence,—of these our hills
The last that parleys with the setting sun;
We can behold it from our orchard-seat;
And, when at evening we pursue our walk
Along the public way, this Peak, so high
Above us, and so distant in its height,
Is visible; and often seems to send
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.
The meteors make of it a favorite haunt:
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair
As when he shines above it. ’Tis a truth

The loneliest place we have among the clouds.
 And She who dwells with me, whom I have loved
 With such communion that no place on earth
 Can ever be a solitude to me,
 Hath to this lonely Summit given my Name.
 1800.

IV.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and crags,
 A rude and natural causeway, interposed
 Between the water and a winding slope
 Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore
 Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy :
 And there myself and two beloved Friends,
 One calm September morning, ere the mist
 Had altogether yielded to the sun,
 Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.
 —Ill suits the road with one in haste ; but
 we
 Played with our time ; and, as we strolled
 along,
 It was our occupation to observe
 Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore—
 Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,
 Or the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,
 Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft
 Each on the other heaped, along the line
 Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
 That skimmed the surface of the dead calm
 lake,
 Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand !
 And starting off again with freak as sudden ;
 In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,
 Making report of an invisible breeze
 That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,
 Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul.
 —And often, trifling with a privilege
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,
 And now the other, to point out, perchance
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair
 Either to be divided from the place
 On which it grew, or to be left alone
 To its own beauty. Many such there are,
 Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall
 fern,
 So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named ;
 Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode
 On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the
 side
 Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
 —So fared we that bright morning : from
 the fields.

Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy
 mirth
 Of reapers, men and women, boys and girls
 Delighted much to listen to those sounds,
 And feeding thus our fancies we advanced
 Along the indented shore ; when suddenly,
 Through a thin veil of glittering haze was
 seen
 Before us, on a point of jutting land ;
 The tall and upright figure of a Man
 Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,
 Angling beside the margin of the lake.
 " Improvident and reckless," we exclaimed,
 " The Man must be, who thus can lose a
 day
 Of the mid harvest, when the laborer's hire
 Is ample, and some little might be stored
 Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time."
 Thus talking of that Peasant, we approached
 Close to the spot where with his rod and
 line
 He stood alone ; whereat he turned his head
 To greet us—and we saw a Man worn down
 By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken
 cheeks
 And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean
 That for my single self I looked at them,
 Forgetful of the body they sustained.—
 Too weak to labor in the harvest field,
 The Man was using his best skill to gain
 A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake
 That knew not of his wants. I will not say
 What thoughts immediately were ours, nor
 how
 The happy idleness of that sweet morn,
 With all its lovely images, was changed
 To serious musing and to self-reproach.
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
 What need there is to be reserved in speech
 And temper all our thoughts with charity.
 —Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,
 My Friend, Myself, and She who then re-
 ceived ^{[place}
 The same admonishment, have called it
 By a memorial name, uncouth indeed
 As e'er by mariner was given to bay
 Or foreland, on a new-discovered coast ;
 And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the name
 it bears.
 1800.

V.

TO M. H.

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees ;
 There was no road, nor any woodman's
 path ;

But a thick umbrage — checking the wild
 growth
 Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf
 Beneath the branches—of itself had made
 A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
 And a small bed of water in the woods.
 All round this pool both flocks and herds
 might drink
 On its firm margin, even as from a well,
 Or some stone basin which the herdsman's
 hand
 Had shaped for their refreshment; nor did
 sun,
 Or wind, from any quarter ever come,
 But as a blessing to this calm recess,
 This glade of water and this one green field.
 The spot was made by Nature for herself;
 The travellers know it not, and 'twill remain
 Unknown to them; but it is beautiful;
 And if a man should plant his cottage near,
 Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
 And blend its waters with his daily meal,
 He would so love it that in his death-hour
 Its image would survive among his thoughts:
 And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still
 Nook,
 With all its beeches, we have named from
 You!
 1800.

VI.

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy
 world,
 Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen
 A habitation in this peaceful Vale,
 Sharp season followed of continual storm
 In deepest winter; and, from week to week,
 Pathway, and lane, and public road were
 clogged
 With frequent showers of snow. Upon a
 hill
 At a short distance from my cottage, stands
 A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont
 To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof
 Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place
 Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.
 Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,
 And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,
 The redbreast near me hopped; nor was I
 loth
 To sympathize with vulgar coppice birds
 That, for protection from the nipping blast,
 Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree grew
 Within this grove of firs! and, on the fork
 Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's
 nest;

A last year's nest, conspicuously built
 At such small elevation from the ground
 As gave sure sign that they, who in that
 house
 Of nature and of love had made their home
 Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long
 Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,
 A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-
 flock,
 Would watch my motions with suspicious
 stare,
 From the remotest outskirts of the grove,—
 Some nook where they had made their final
 stand,
 Huddling together from two fears—the fear
 Of me and of the storm. Full many an
 hour
 Here did I lose. But in this grove the trees
 Had been so thickly planted, and had
 thriven
 In such perplexed and intricate array,
 That vainly did I seek beneath their stems
 A length of open space, where to and fro
 My feet might move without concern or
 care;
 And, baffled thus, though earth from day to
 day
 Was fettered, and the air by storm dis-
 turbed,
 I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and prized
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm recess.
 The snows dissolved and genial Spring
 returned
 To clothe the fields with verdure. Other
 haunts
 Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright April
 day,
 By chance retiring from the glare of noon
 To this forsaken covert, there I found
 A hoary pathway traced between the trees,
 And winding on with such an easy line
 Along a natural opening, that I stood
 Much wondering how I could have sought
 in vain
 For what was now so obvious. To abide,
 For an allotted interval of ease,
 Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come
 From the wild sea a cherished Visitant;
 And with the sight of this same path—be-
 gun,
 Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind
 That, to this opportune recess allured,
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
 A heart more wakeful; and had worn the
 track

By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
 In that habitual restlessness of foot
 That haunts the Sailor measuring o'er and
 o'er
 His short domain upon the vessel's deck,
 While she pursues her course through the
 dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's
 pleasant shore,
 And taken thy first leave of those green
 hills
 And rocks that were the play-ground of thy
 youth,
 Year followed year, my Brother! and we
 two,
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould
 Each other's mind was fashioned; and at
 length,

When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,
 Between us there was little other bond
 Than common feelings of fraternal love.
 But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hadst
 carried

Undying recollections; Nature there
 Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she
 still
 Was with thee; and even so didst thou be-
 come

A *silent* Poet; from the solitude
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
 And an eye practiced like a blind man's
 touch.

—Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone;
 Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours
 Could I withhold thy honored name,—and
 now

I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns
 Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and
 strong;

And there I sit at evening when the steep
 Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful lake,
 And one green island, gleam between the
 stems

Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!
 And, while I gaze upon the spectacle
 Of clouded splendor, on this dream-like
 sight

Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,
 My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.
 Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,
 Muttering the verses which I muttered first
 Among the mountains, through the mid-
 night watch

Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck
 In some far region, here, while o'er my head
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,
 The fir-grove murmur with a sea-like sound,
 Alone I tread this path;—for aught I know,
 Timing my steps to thine; and, with a store
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
 When we, and others whom we love, shall
 meet
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.
 1805.

Note.—This wish was not granted; the la-
 mented Person not long after perished by ship-
 wreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander
 of the Honorable East India Company's Ves-
 sel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

VII.

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose
 base

Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks
 ascend

In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
 Rising to no ambitious height; yet both,
 O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery
 mead,

Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
 Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
 To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
 Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,
 And took no note of the hour while thence
 they gazed,

The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side
 by side,

In speechless admiration. I, a witness
 And frequent sharer of their calm delight
 With thankful heart, to either Eminence
 Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.

Now are they parted, far as Death's cold
 hand

Hath power to part the Spirits of those who
 love

As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles—
 That, while the generations of mankind
 Follow each other to their hiding-place
 In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
 Beautiful in yourselves and richly graced
 With like command of beauty—grant your
 aid

For MARY's humble, SARAH's silent, claim,
 That their pure joy in nature may survive
 From age to age in blended memory.

1845.

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

I.

A MORNING EXERCISE.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to
throw ;
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of
woe :
Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death ; and when
the owl
Tries his two voices for a favorite strain—
Tu-whit—Tu-who! the unsuspecting fowl
Forebodes mishap or seems but to com-
plain ;
Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked In-
dians stray,
Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill ;
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK
AWAY!"
And, in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR
WILL!"*
Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
Lashed out of life, nor quiet in the grave.

What wonder? at her bidding, ancient
lays
Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel ;
And that fleet messenger of summer days,
The Swallow, twittered subject to like
spell ;
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant
Lark
To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed ;
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy
cloud ;

* See Water-ton's Wanderings in South
America.

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark ;
The happiest bird that sprang out of the
Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely
skilled
Restless with fixed to balance, high with
low,
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to
build
On such forbearance as the deep may show ;
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the
meek dove ;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee ;
So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aërial singleness, so free ;
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-wearied voice.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted
strain,
(*'T*ixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to
sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old Ocean to par-
take,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles most his own
domain!
Urania's self might welcome with pleased
ear
These matins mounting towards her native
sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no
bars
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the
stars
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and
mute ;

For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
 Wert thou adding them, singing as they
 shine!
 1828.

II.

A FLOWER GARDEN,

AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

TELL me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
 While fluttering o'er this gay Recess
 Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
 Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
 Did only softly-stealing hours
 There close the peaceful lives of flowers?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw
 All kinds commingled without fear,
 Prevailed a like indulgent law
 For the still growths that prosper here?
 Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
 The half-blown rose, the lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds
 And prematurely disappeared,
 Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
 A bosom to the sun endeared?
 If such their harsh untimely doom,
 It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer long the happy Eve
 Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,
 Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,
 From the next glance she casts, to find
 That love for little things by Fate
 Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,
 So subtly are our eyes beguiled
 We see not nor suspect a bound,
 No more than in some forest wild;
 The sight is free as air—or crost
 Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse
 By random footsteps to be prest,
 And feed on never-sullied dews,
 Ye, gentle breezes from the west,
 With all the ministers of hope
 Are tempted to this sunny slope.

And hither throngs of birds resort;
 Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
 Some, perched on stems of stately port
 That nod to welcome transient guests;
 While hare and leveret, seen at play,
Appear not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
 This delicate enclosure shows
 Of modest kindness, that would hide
 The firm protection she bestows;
 Of manners, like its viewless fence,
 Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing
 Abruptly spreading to depart,
 She left that farewell offering,
 Memento for some docile heart;
 That may respect the good old age
 When fancy was Truth's willing Page;
 And Truth would skim the flowery glade,
 Though entering but as Fancy's Shade.
 1824

III.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
 Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound;
 Then—all at once the air was still,
 And showers of hailstones pattered round,
 Where leafless oaks towered high above,
 I sat within an undergrove
 Of tallest hollies, tall and green;
 A fairer bower was never seen.
 From year to year the spacious floor
 With withered leaves is covered o'er,
 And all the year the bower is green.
 But see! where'er the hailstones drop
 The withered leaves all skip and hop;
 There's not a breeze—no breath of air—
 Yet here, and there, and everywhere
 Along the floor, beneath the shade
 By those embowering hollies made,
 The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
 As if with pipes and music rare
 Some Robin Good-fellow were there,
 And all those leaves, in festive glee,
 Were dancing to the minstrelsy.
 1799.

THE WATERFALL AND THE
EGLANTINE.

I.

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,"
 Exclaimed an angry Voice,
 "Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
 Between me and my choice!"
 A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows
 Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,

That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

II.

* Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off, off! or, puny Thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."
The Flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past;
But, seeing no relief, at last,
He ventured to reply.

III.

"Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you
spread!
The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

IV.

When spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

V.

But now proud thoughts are in your
breast—
What grief is mine you see,
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter day,
A happy Eglantine!"

VI.

What more he said I cannot tell.
The Torrent down the rocky dell
Came thundering loud and fast;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
These accents were his last.
1800.

V.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

A PASTORAL.

I.

His simple truths did Andrew glean
Beside the babbling rills;
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills.
One winter's night, when through the trees
The wind was roaring, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold:
And while the rest, a ruddy quire,
Were seated round their blazing fire,
This Tale the Shepherd told.

II.

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
As ever tempest beat!
Out of its head an Oak had grown,
A Broom out of its feet.
The time was March, a cheerful noon—
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
Breathed gently from the warm south-west:
When, in a voice sedate with age,
This Oak, a giant and a sage,
His neighbor thus addressed:—

III.

'Eight weary weeks, through rock and
clay,
Along this mountain's edge,
The Frost hath wrought both night and
day,
Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up! and think, above your head
What trouble, surely, will be bred;
Last night, I heard a crash—'tis true,
The splinters took another road—
I see them yonder—what a load
For such a Thing as you!

IV.

You are preparing as before
To deck your slender shape;
And yet, just three years back—no more—
You had a strange escape:

Down from yon cliff a fragment broke ;
It thundered down with fire and smoke,
And hitherward pursued its way ;
This ponderous block was caught by me,
And o'er your head, as you may see,
'Tis hanging to this day !

V.

If breeze or bird to this rough steep
Your kind's first seed did bear,
The breeze had better been asleep,
The bird caught in a snare ;
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little witless shepherd-boy
To come and slumber in your bower ;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon !
Will perish in one hour.

VI.

From me this friendly warning take
The Broom began to doze,
And thus to keep herself awake,
Did gently interpose :
' My thanks for your discourse are due
That more than what you say is true,
I know, and I have known it long ;
Frail is the bond by which we hold
Our being, whether young or old,
Wise, foolish, weak or strong.

VII.

Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small ;
And he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all.
For me, why should I wish to roam
This spot is my paternal home,
It is my pleasant heritage ;
My father many a happy year
Spread here his careless blossoms, here
Attained a good old age.

VIII.

Even such as his may be my lot.
What cause have I to haunt
My heart with terrors ? Am I not
In truth a favored plant !
On me such bounty Summer pours,
That I am covered o'er with flowers ;
And, when the Frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay
That you might look at me and say,
This Plant can never die.

IX.

The butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or dew,
Beneath my shade, the mother-ewe
Lies with her infant lamb ; I see
The love they to each other make,
And the sweet joy which they partake,
It is a joy to me.

X.

Her voice was blithe, her heart was light ;
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech, until the stars of night
Their journey had renewed ;
But in the branches of the oak
Two ravens now began to croak
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air ;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling bees
To rest, or murmur there.

XI.

One night, my Children ! from the north
There came a furious blast ;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirled, and whirled him far away
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little careless Broom was left
To live for many a day."
1800.

VI.

TO A SEXTON.

LET thy wheel-barrow alone—
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still
In thy bone-house bone on bone ?
'Tis already like a hill
In a field of battle made,
Where three thousand skulls are laid ;
These died in-peace each with the other,
Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point !
From this platform, eight feet square
Take not even a finger-joint :
Andrew's whole fireside is there.
Here, alone, before thine eyes,
Simon's sickly daughter lies,

From weakness now, and pain defended,
Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride—
How he glories, when he sees
Roses, lilies, side by side,
Violets in families !
By the heart of Man, his tears,
By his hopes and by his fears,
Thou, too heedless, art the Warden
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear,
Let them all in quiet lie,
Andrew there, and Susan here,
Neighbors in mortality.
And, should I live through sun and rain
Seven widowed years without my Jane,
O Sexton, do not then remove her,
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover !
1799.

VII.

TO THE DAISY.

" Her * divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling ;
By a Daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
Or a shady bush or tree ;
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man."

G. WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy ;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Of Thee, sweet Daisy !

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs ;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee ;

* His muse.

Whole Summer-fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy Wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;
Pleased at his greeting thee again ;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at naught :
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head imperaling,
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare ;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension ;
Some steady love ; some brief delight ;
Some memory that had taken flight ;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to Thee should turn
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure ;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds :
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower : my spirits play
With kindred gladness :
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
 All seasons through, another debt,
 Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing ;
 An instinct call it, a blind sense
 A happy, genial influence,
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run
 Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun
 As ready to salute the sun
 As lark or leveret,
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain :
 Nor be less dear to future men
 Than in old time ;—thou not in vain
 Art Nature's favorite.*
 1802.

VIII.

O THE SAME FLOWER.

WITH little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be.
 Daisy! again I talk to thee,
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Common-place
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace
 Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit, and play with similes.
 Loose types of things through all degrees,
 Thoughts of thy raising :
 And many a fond and idle name
 I give to thee, for praise or blame
 As is the humor of the game,
 While I am gazing.

A nun-demure of lowly port ;
 Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
 In thy simplicity the sport
 Of all temptations ;
 A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
 A starveling in a scanty vest ;
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
 Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next—and instantly
 The freak is over,

* See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honors formerly paid to this flower.

The shape will vanish—and behold
 A silver shield with boss of gold,
 That spreads itself some faery bold
 In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar—
 And then thou art a pretty star ;
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee !
 Yet like a star with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee !

Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,
 When all my reveries are past,
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent creature!
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature !
 1805.

IX.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest :
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion !
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May ;
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies and flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours.
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment :
 A Life, a Presence like the Air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care
 Too blest with any one to pair ;
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid von tuft of hazel trees,
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover ;

There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A brother of the dancing leaves,
Then flits, and from the cottage eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes,
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he choose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

1803.

X.

TO A SKY-LARK.

UP with me! up with me into the clouds :
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds !
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Hail I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy
divine
In that song of thine ;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scorning :
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver,
Jo, and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must
wind ;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's
day is done.

1805.

XI.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.*

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine.
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star ;
Up and down the heavens they go
Men that keep a mighty rout I
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
Since we needs must first have me
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'T was a face I did not know ;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude :
Never heed them ; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers ;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home ;
Spring is coming, Thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit !
Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane ;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

* Common Pilewort.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien,
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

1803.

XII.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whosoe'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sainted)
Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Thee,
And thy arch and wily wags,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When we are all out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight of smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
Laboring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon Thee,
Prized above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied?

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath our shoon:"
Let the bold discoverer thirid
In his bark the polar sea;
Rear who will a pyramid;
Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little Flower.

1803.

XIII.

THE SEVEN SISTERS;
OR,
THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.
I.

SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
You could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland, of seven lilies, wrought!
Seven Sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their father took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

II.

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,

And hark! the Leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

III.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right—
O! your fair household, Father-knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully
The solitude of Binnorie.

IV.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful Rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

V.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather;
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

VI.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little Islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair,
By faeries all are buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

1804.

XIV.

Who fancied what a pretty sight
This rock would be if edged around
With living snow-drops? circlet bright!
How glorious to this orchard-ground!
Who loved the little Rock, and set
Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humor of a child?
Or rather of some gentle maid,
Whose brows, the day that she was stiled
The shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed?
Of man mature, or matron sage?
Or old man toying with his age?

I asked—'twas whispered: The device
To each and all might well belong:
It is the Spirit of Paradise
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,
That gives to all the self-same bent
Where life is wise and innocent.

1803.

XV.

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY

ART thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn-winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird, that by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother,
The darling of children and men?
Could Father Adam open his eyes
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.
—If the Butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend;
And find his way to me,
Under the branches of the tree:
In and out, he darts about;
Can this be the bird, to man so good,
That, after their bewildering
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood.

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st
pursue
A beautiful creature,
That is gentle by nature?

Beneath the summer sky
 From flower to flower let him fly ;
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.
 The cheerer Thou of our indoor sadness,
 He is the friend of our summer gladness ;
 What hinders, then, that ye should be
 Playmates in the sunny weather,
 And fly about in the air together !
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
 A crimson as bright as thine own :
 Would'st thou be happy in thy nest,
 O pious Bird ! whom man loves best,
 Love him, or leave him alone !

1806.

XVI.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A RELIEF PREVALENT
 AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF WEST-
 MORELAND.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel !
 Night has brought the welcome hour
 When the weary fingers feel
 Help, as if from fairy power ;
 Dewy night o'er shades the ground ;
 Turn the swift wheel round and round !
 Now, beneath the starry sky,
 Couch the widely-scattered sheep ;
 Ply the pleasant labor, ply !
 For the spindle, while they sleep,
 Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
 Gathering up a trustier line.
 Short-lived likings may be bred
 By a glance from fickle eyes ;
 But true love is like the thread
 Which the kindly wool supplies,
 When the flocks are all at rest
 Sleeping on the mountain's breast,

1812.

XVII.

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

" Who but hails the sight with pleasure
 When the wings of genius rise
 Their ability to measure
 With great enterprise ;

But in man was ne'er such daring
 As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
 His brave spirit with the war in
 The stormy skies !

Mark him, how his power he uses,
 Lays it by, at will resumes !
 Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
 Clouds and utter glooms !
 There, he wheels in downward mazes,
 Sunward now his flight he raises,
 Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
 With uninjured plumes !"—

ANSWER.

" Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
 Which aloft thou dost discern ;
 No bold *bird* gone forth to forage
 'Mid the tempest stern ;
 But such mockery as the nations
 See, when public perturbations
 Lift men from their native stations
 Like yon TUFT OF FERN ;

Such it is ; the aspiring creature
 Soaring on undaunted wing,
 (So you fancied) is by nature
 A dull helpless thing,
 Cry and withered, light and yellow ;—
 That to be the tempest's fellow !
 Wait—and you shall see how hollow
 Its endeavoring !"

1817.

XVIII.

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. M. S.

FROWNS are on every Muse's face,
 Reproach from their lips are sent,
 That mimicry should thus disgrace
 The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size !
 Needles for strings in apt gradation
 Minerva's self would stigmatize
 The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued
 Arachne's rival spirit,
 Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,
 Such honor could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,
 A living lord of melody !
 How will her Sire be reconciled
 To the refined indignity ?

I spake, when whispered a low voice,
 "Bard! moderate your ire;
 Spirits of all degrees rejoice
 In presence of the lyre

The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,
 Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving Fays,
 Have shells to fit their tiny hands
 And suit their slender lays.

Some, still more delicate of ear,
 Have lutes (believe my words)
 Whose framework is of gossamer,
 While sunbeams are the chords.

Gay Sylphs this miniature will court,
 Made vocal by their brushing wings,
 And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport
 Around its polished strings;

Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,
 While in her lonely bower she tries
 To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,
 By fanciful embroideries.

Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,
 Nor think the Harp her lot deplores;
 Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine
 bright,
 Love stoops as fondly as he soars."
 1827.

XIX.

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD
 WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME DRAW-
 INGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS
 IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

FAIR Lady! can I sing of flowers
 That in Madeira bloom and fade,
 I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
 Nor through their sunny lawns have
 strayed?

How they in sprightly dance are won
 By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
 Or holy festal pomps adorn,
 These eyes have never seen

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
 No like remembrances can give,
 Your portraits still may reach the heart
 And there for gentle pleasure live,
 While Fancy ranging with free scope
 Shall on some lovely Alien set
 A name with us endeared to hope,
 To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
 Some new resemblance we may trace:
 A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,
 A *Speedwell* may not want its place.
 And so may we, with charmèd mind
 Beholding what your skill has wrought,
 Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
 A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet,
 From heaven to earth our thoughts will
 pass,
 A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
 And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;
 And haply some familiar name
 Shall grace the fairest, sweetest plant
 Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
 Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile
 Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier
 breath;
 Alas! that meek, that tender smile
 Is but a harbinger of death:
 And pointing with a feeble hand
 She says, in faint words by sighs broken,
 Bear for me to my native land
 This precious Flower, true love's last
 token.

XX.

GLAD sight wherever new with old
 Is joined through some dear home-born tie;
 The life of all that we behold
 Depends upon that mystery.
 Vain is the glory of the sky,
 The beauty vain of field and grove,
 Unless, while with admiring eye
 We gaze, we also learn to love.

XXI.

THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

I.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,
 I saw a dazzling Belle,
 A Parrot of that famous kind
 Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
 And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
 With pearl or gleaming agate vies
 Her finely-curved bill.

Her plumy mantle's living hues,
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendor that inhues
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered Thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets
With which she may have striven !
Now but in wantonness she frets,
Or spite, if cause be given ;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird
By social glee inspired ;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired !

II.

THIS MOSS-LINED shed, green, soft, and dry,
Harbors a self-contented Wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,
She never tried ; the very nest
In which this Child of Spring was reared,
Is warmed, thro' winter, by her feathery
breast

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain :
Proof that the hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in
vain.

Say, Dora ! tell me, by yon placid moon,
If called to choose between the favored pan,
Which would you be,—the bird of the saloon,
By lady-fingers tended with nice care,
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed ?
1825.

XXII.
THE DANISH BOY.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.

And in this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-stricken tree ;
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a lonely hut
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy.
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

II

In clouds above, the lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest ;
Within this lonesome nook the bird
Did never build her nest.
No beast, no bird hath here his home ;
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
Pass high above those fragrant bells
To other flowers :—to other dells
Their burthens do they bear ;
The Danish Boy walks here alone
The lovely dell is all his own.

III.

A Spirit of noon-day is he ;
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood ;
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,
Nor herd-boy of the wood.
A regal vest of fur he wears,
In color like a raven's wing ;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew ;
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue
As budding pines in spring ;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

IV.

A harp is from his shoulder slung ;
Resting the harp upon his knee,
To words of a forgotten tongue,
He suits its melody
Of flocks upon the neighboring hill
He is the darling and the joy ;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-ponies prick their ears,
—They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sings alone
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

V.

There sits he ; in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair.
The lovely Danish Boy is best
And happy in his flowery cove
From bloody deeds his thoughts are fast

And yet he warbles songs of war,
That seem like songs of love,
For calm and gentle is his mien;
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

1799.

XXIII.

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains
Roar down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,
Ere 'he storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground :

And the Sea-horse, though the ocean
Yield him no domestic cave,
Slumbers without sense of motion,
Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the Raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,
Vagrant over desert sands,
Brooding on her eggs reposes
When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the Wanderer in my soul.

1800.

XXIV.

STRAY PLEASURES.

"—Pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall
find."

By their floating mill,
That lies dead and still,
Behold yon Prisoners three,
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast
of the Thames!

The platform is small, but gives room for
them all;
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore comes the notes
To their mill where it floats,
To their house and their mill tethered fast.
To the small wooden isle where their work
to beguile,
They from morning to even take whatever
is given ;—
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as
free,
While they dance on the calm river's breast,

Man and Maidens wheel,
They themselves make the reel,
And their music's a prey which they seize ;
It plays not for them,—what matter? 'tis
theirs ;
And if they had care, it has scattered their
cares,
While they dance, crying, "Long as ye
please !"

They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee!
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall
find ;
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly
kind,
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring
Rouse the birds, and they sing ;
If the wind do but stir for his proper delight,
Each leaf, that and this, his neighbor will
kiss ;
Each wave, one and t'other, speeds after
his brother ;
They are happy, for that is their right !
1806.

XXV.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM ;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
Had closed upon his weary way,
A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof ;
But him the haughty Warder spurned ;

And from the gate th' Pilgrim turned,
To seek such covert as the field
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along ; and, pensively,
Halting beneath a shady tree,
Whose moss-grown root might serve for
couch or seat,
Fixed on a Star his upward eye ;
Then, from the tenant of the sky
He turned, and watched with kindred look,
A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook,
Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighboring stream,
Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy
bounds

He recognized the earth-born Star,
And *That* which glittered from afar ;
And (strange to witness !) from the frame
Of the ethereal Orb, there came
Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble Light
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary
eyes,

A very reptile could presume
To show her taper in the gloom,
As if in rivalry with One
Who sate a ruler on his throne
Erected in the skies.

" Exalted Star ! " the Worm replied,
" Abate this unbecoming pride,
Or with a less uneasy lustre shine ;
Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays
Are mastered by the breathing haze ;
While neither mist, nor thickest cloud
That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,
Hath power to injure mine.

But not for this do I aspire
To match the spark of local fire,
That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,
With thy acknowledged glories ;—No !
Yet, thus upbraided, I may show
What favors do attend me here,
Till, like thyself, I disappear
Before the purple dawn."

When this in modest guise was said,
Across the welkin seemed to spread
A boddy sound—for aught but sleep unfit !
Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran ;
That Star, so proud of late, looked wan ;

And reeled with visionary stir
In the blue depth, like Lucifer
Cast headlong to the pit !

Fire raged : and, when the spangled floor
Of ancient ether was no more,
New heavens succeeded by the dream
brought forth :
And all the happy Souls that rode
Transfigured through that fresh abode
Had heretofore, in humble trust,
Shone meekly mid their native dust,
The Glow-worms of the earth !

This knowledge, from an angel's voice
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of Him who slept upon the open lea :
Waking at morn he murmured not ;
And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,
Where by that dream he had been cheered
Beneath the shady tree.

1818.

XXVI

THE POET AND THE CAGED TUR
TLEDOVE.

As often as I murmur here
My half-formed melodies,
Straight from her osier mansion near,
The Turtledove replies :
Though silent as a leaf before,
The captive promptly coos ;
Is it to teach her own soft lore,
Or second my weak Muse ?

I rather think, the gentle Dove
Is murmuring a reprimand,
Displeased that I from lays of love
Have dared to keep aloof ;
That I, a Bard of hill and dale,
Have caroll'd, fancy free,
As if nor dove nor nightingale,
Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,
Sweet bird ! to do me wrong ;
Love, blessed Love, is everywhere
The spirit of my song :
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
Love animates my lyre—
That coo again !—'tis not to chide.
I feel, but to inspire.

1830.

XXVII.

A WREN'S NEST.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a labored roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
A canopy in some still nook;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the fitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest,
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds, without disdain
Can turn to little things; but once
Looked up for it in vain.

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light, the moss-built cell
I saw, espied its shaded mouth;
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unviolated grove
Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
In foresight, or in love.

1833.

XXVIII.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it "Love lies bleeding,"—so you
may,
Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only
drips,
As we have seen it here from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not
away:
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus
stoops,
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous
power)
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body
bent
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment
The dying Gladiator. So sad Flower!
('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,
Thought by a slender thread.)

So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent
air

The gentlest breath of resignation drew ;
While Venus in a passion of despair
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair
Spangled with drops of that celestial
shower.

She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do ;
But pangs more lasting far *that* Lover
knew

Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some
lone bower

Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart,
His own dejection, downcast Flower ! could
share

With thine, and gave the mournful name
which thou wilt ever bear.

XXIX.

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING.

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray
That fosters growth or checks or cheers
decay,

Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more de-
prest,

This Flower, that first appeared as sum-
mer's guest,

Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.
When files of stateliest plants have ceased
to bloom,

One after one submitting to their doom,
When her coevals each and all are fled,
What keeps her thus reclined upon her
lonesome bed ?

The old mythologists, more impress'd
than we

Of this late day by character in tree
Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
Or with the language of the viewless air
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand
tales

Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.
Nor doubt that something of their spirit
swayed

The fancy-stricken youth or heart-sick
Maid,

Who, while each stood companionless and
eyed

This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
Thoug' t of a wound which death is slow to
cure,

A fate that has endured and will endure,
And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
Called the dejected Lingerer *Love lies
bleeding.*

XXX.

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

SYLPH was it ? or a Bird more bright

Than those of fabulous stock ?

A second darted by ;—and lo !

Another of the flock,

Through sunshine flitting from the bough

To nestle in the rock.

Transient deception ! a gay freak

Of April's mimicries !

Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy

Among the budding trees,

Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the
spray

To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora ! show thy face,

And let thy hand be seen,

Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,

That, as they touch the green,

Take root (so seems it) and look up

In honor of their Queen.

Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,

That not in vain aspired

To be confounded with live growths,

Most dainty, most admired,

Were only blossoms dropped from twigs

Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the World's illusive shows ;

Her wingless flutterings,

Her blossoms which, though shed, outbrave

The floweret as it springs,

For the undeceived, smile as they may,

Are melancholy things :

But gentle Nature plays her part

With ever-varying wiles,

And transient feignings with plain truth

So well she reconciles,

That those fond Idlers most are pleased

Whom oftener she beguiles.

xxx.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING
LEAVES.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo!
 What a pretty baby-show!
 See the Kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
 From the lofty elder-tree!
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,
 Eddying round and round they sink
 Softly, slowly; one might think
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or Fairy hitler tending,—
 To this lower world descending,
 Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.
 —But the Kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
 First at one, and then its fellow
 Just as light and just as yellow;
 There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop and there are none:
 What insenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap half way
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again:
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjurer;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd?
 Over happy to be proud,
 Over wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty baby-treat;
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
 Here, for neither Babe nor me,
 Other play-mate can I see.
 Of the countless living things,
 That with stir of feet and wings
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade)
 And with busy revellings,
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,

Made this orchard's narrow space,
 And this vale so blithe a place,
 Multitudes are swept away
 Never more to breathe the day:
 Some are sleeping; some in bands
 Travelled into distant lands;
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighborhood;
 And, among the Kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship,
 With us openly abide,
 All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he that giddy Sprite,
 Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be,
 Feeding in the apple-tree;
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside out;
 Hung—head pointing towards the ground—
 Fluttered, perched, into a round
 Bound himself, and then unbound:
 Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!
 Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!
 Light of heart and light of limb;
 What is now become of Him?
 Lambs, that through the mountains went
 Frisking, bleating merriment,
 When the year was in its prime,
 They are sobered by this time.
 If you look to vale or hill,
 It you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighboring rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain;
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure;
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy:
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, what'er enjoyments dwell
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which Nature
 Furnishes to every creature;
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show,
 Such a light of gladness breaks,
 Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Laura's face;
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,

That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
 And I will have my careless season
 Spite of melancholy reason,
 Will walk through life in such a way
 That, when time brings on decay,
 Now and then I may possess
 Hours of perfect gladness.
 —Pleased by any random toy;
 By a kitten's busy joy,
 Or an infant's laughing eye
 Sharing in the ecstasy;
 I would fare like that or this,
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund thought,
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

1804.

◆
 XXXII.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER DORA,

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A
 MONTH OLD THAT DAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

———HAST thou then survived—
 Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,
 Meek Infant! among all forlornest things
 The most forlorn—one life of that bright
 star,
 The second glory of the Heavens?—Thou
 hast;
 Already hast survived that great decay,
 That transformation through the wide earth
 felt,
 And by all nations. In that Being's sight
 From whom the Race of human kind pro-
 ceed,
 A thousand years are but as yesterday;
 And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
 Not less capacious than a thousand years.
 But what is time? What outward glory?
 neither
 A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
 Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet hail
 to Thee,
 Frail, feeble, Monthling!—by that name,
 methinks,

Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out
 Not idly.—Hast thou been of Indian birth
 Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
 And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
 Or to the churlish elements exposed
 On the blank plains,—the coldness of the
 night,
 Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
 Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
 Would, with imperious admonition, then
 Have scored thine age, and punctually timed
 Thine infant history, on the minds of those
 Who might have wandered with thee.—
 Mother's love,
 Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,
 Will, among us warm-clad and warmly
 housed,
 Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
 Doth all too often harshly execute
 For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds
 Where fancy hath small liberty to grace
 The affections, to exalt them or refine;
 And the maternal sympathy itself.
 Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie
 Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
 Happier, far happier, is thy lot and ours!
 Even now—to solemnize thy helpless state,
 And to enliven in the mind's regard
 Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,
 Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,
 Within the region of a father's thoughts,
 Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.
 And first;—thy sinless progress, through a
 world
 By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,
 Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered
 clouds,
 Moving untouched in silver purity,
 And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.
 Fair are ye both, and both are free from
 stain:
 But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn
 With brightness! leaving her to post along,
 And range about, disquieted in change,
 And still impatient of the shape she wears.
 Once up, once down the hill, one journey,
 Babe,
 That will suffice thee; and it seems that
 now
 Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is
 thine;
 Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st
 In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon
 Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
 Changed countenance, like an object sullied
 o'er
 By breathing mist; and thine appears to be

A mournful labor, while to her is given
 Hope, and a renovation without end.
 —That smile forbids the thought; for on
 thy face
 Smiles are beginning, like the beams of
 dawn,
 To shoot and circulate; smiles have there
 been seen;
 Tranquil assurances, that Heaven supports
 The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
 Thy loneliness: or shall those smiles be
 called

Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore
 This untried world, and to prepare thy way
 Through a strait passage intricate and dim?
 Such are they; and the same are tokens,
 signs,
 Which, when the appointed season hath
 arrived,
 Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
 And Reason's godlike Power be proud to
 own.
 1804.

XXXIII.

THE WAGONER.

“ In Cairo's crowded streets
 The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.”—THOMSON

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When I sent you, a few weeks ago, the Tale of Peter Bell, you asked
 “ why THE WAGONER was not added?”—To say the truth,—from the higher tone of imagination,
 and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I apprehended, this little Piece
 could not accompany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806, if I am not mistaken, THE
 WAGONER was read to you in manuscript, and, as you have remembered it for so long a time,
 I am the more encouraged to hope that, since the localities on which the Poem partly depends
 did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being therefore
 in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you must allow me the gratification of in-
 scribing it to you; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your Writings, and
 with the high esteem with which I am very truly yours,
Rydal Mount, May 20, 1819.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CANTO FIRST.

'Tis spent—this burning day of June!
 Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is steal-
 ing,
 The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is
 wheeling,—
 That solitary bird
 Is all that can be heard
 In silence deeper far than that of deepest
 noon!

Confiding Glow-worms, 'tis a night
 Propitious to your earth-born light!
 But, where the scattered stars are seen
 In hazy straits the clouds between,
 Each, in his station twinkling not,
 Seems changed into a pallid spot.
 The mountains against heaven's grave
 weight

Rise up, and grow to wondrous height
 The air, as in a lion's den,
 Is close and hot;—and now and then
 Comes a tired and sultry breeze
 With a haunting and a panting,
 Like the stifling of disease;
 But the dews allay the heat,
 And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!
 'Tis Benjamin the Wagoner;
 Who long hath trod this toilsome way,
 Companion of the night and day.
 That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,
 Mix'd with a faint yet grating sound
 In a moment lost and found,
 The Wain announces.—by whose side
 Along the banks of Rydal Mere
 He paces on, a trusty Guide,—
 Listen! you can scarcely hear!

Hither he his course is bending ;—
 Now he leaves the lower ground,
 And up the craggy hill ascending
 Many a stop and stay he makes,
 Many a breathing-fit he takes ;—
 Steep the way and wearisome,
 Yet all the while his whip is dumb !

The Horses have worked with right
 good-will,
 And so have gained the top of the hill ;
 He was patient, they were strong,
 And now they smoothly glide along,
 Recovering breath, and pleased to win
 The praises of mild Benjamin.
 Heaven shield him from mishap and snare !
 But why so early with this prayer ?—
 Is it for threatenings in the sky ?
 Or for some other danger nigh ?
 No ; none is near him yet, though he
 Be one of much infirmity ;
 For at the bottom of the brow,
 Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH
 Offered a greeting of good ale
 To all who entered Grasmere Vale ;
 And called on him who must depart
 To leave it with a jovial heart ;
 There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH
 Once hung, a poet harbors now,
 A simple water-drinking Bard ;
 Why need our Hero then (though frail
 His best resolves) be on his guard ?
 He marches by, secure and bold ;
 Yet while he thinks on times of old,
 It seems that all looks wondrous cold ;
 He shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head,
 And, for the honest folk within,
 It is a doubt with Benjamin
 Whether they be alive or dead !

Here is no danger,—none at all !
 Beyond his wish he walks secure ;
 But pass a mile—and *then* for trial,—
 Then for the pride of self-denial ;
 If he resist that tempting door,
 Which with such friendly voice will call ;
 If he resist those casement panes,
 And that bright gleam which thence will
 fall
 Upon his Leaders' bells and manes,
 Inviting him with cheerful lure :
 For still, though all be dark elsewhere,
 Some shining notice will be *there*
 Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin right well
 Is known, and by as strong a spell

As used to be that sign of love
 And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and DOVE ;
 He knows it to his cost, good Man !
 Who does not know the famous SWAN ?
 Object uncouth ! and yet our boast,
 For it was painted by the Host ;
 His own conceit the figure planned,
 'Twas colored all by his own hand .
 And that frail Child of thirsty clay,
 Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
 Could tell with self-dissatisfaction
 Quaint stories of the bird's attraction !

Well ! that is past—and in despite
 Of open door and shining light,
 And now the conqueror essays
 The long ascent of Dunmail-raise ;
 And with his team is gently here
 As when he clomb from Rydal Mere ;
 His whip they do not dread—his voice
 They only hear it to rejoice.
 To stand or go is at *their* pleasure ;
 Their efforts and their time they measure
 By generous pride within the breast ;
 And, while they strain, and while they rest
 He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—
 And with proud cause my heart is light :
 I trespassed lately worse than ever—
 But Heaven has blest a good endeavor ;
 And, to my soul's content, I find
 The evil One is left behind.
 Yes, let my master fume and fret,
 Here am I—with my horses yet
 My jolly team, he finds that ye
 Will work for nobody but me !
 Full proof of this the Country gained ;
 It knows how ye were vexed and strained,
 And forced unworthy stripes to bear,
 When trusted to another's care.
 Here was it—on this rugged slope,
 Which now ye climb with heart and hope,
 I saw you, between rage and fear,
 Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,
 And ever more and more confused,
 As ye were more and more abused :
 As chance would have it, passing by
 I saw you in that jeopardy :
 A word from me was like a charm ;
 Ye pulled together with one mind ;
 And your huge burthen, safe from harm,
 Moved like a vessel in the wind !
 —Yes, without me, up hills so high
 'Tis vain to strive for mastery.
 Then grieve not, jolly team ! though tough
 The road we travel, steep, and rough ;

Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,
And all their fellow banks and braes,
Full often make you stretch and strain,
And halt for breath and halt again,
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing
That side by side we still are going!

While Benjamin in earnest mood
His meditations thus pursued,
A storm, which had been smothered long,
Was growing inwardly more strong;
And, in its struggles to get free,
Was busily employed as he.
The thunder had begun to growl—
He heard not, too intent of soul;
The air was now without a breath—
He marked not that 'twas still as death
But soon large rain-drops on his head
Fell with the weight of drops of lead;—
He starts—and takes, at the admonition
A sage survey of his condition.
The road is black before his eyes,
Glimmering faintly where it lies;
Black is the sky—and every hill,
Up to the sky, is blacker still—
Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,
Hung round and overhung with gloom;
Save that above a single height
Is to be seen a lurid light,
Above Helm-crag *—a streak half dead,
A burning of portentous red;
And near that lurid light, full well
The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzling aloft his curious wits;
He whose domain is held in common
With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,
Cowering beside her rifted cell,
As if intent on magic spell;—
Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm-crag together!

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen
By solitary Benjamin;
But total darkness came anon,
And he and everything was gone:
And suddenly a ruffling breeze,
(That would have rocked the sounding trees
Had aught of sylvan growth been there)
Swept through the Hollow long and bare:
The rain rushed down—the road was battered,
As with the force of billows shattered;

* A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit of which presents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler, near Arroquhar, in Scotland.

The horses are dismayed, nor know
Whether they should stand or go;
And Benjamin is groping near them,
Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them
He is astounded,—wonder not,—
With such a charge in such a spot;
Astounded in the mountain gap
With thunder-peals, clap after clap,
Close-treading on the silent flashes—
And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes
Among the rocks; with weight of rain,
And sullen motions long and slow,
That to a dreary distance go—
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
A rending o'er his head begins the fray
again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,
And oftentimes compelled to halt,
The horses cautiously pursue
Their way, without mishap or fault;
And now have reached that pile of stones,
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones;
He who had once supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland;
His bones, and those of all his Power,
Slain here in a disastrous hour!

When, passing through this narrow
strait,
Stony, and dark, and desolate,
Benjamin can faintly hear
A voice that comes from some one near,
A female voice:—"Who'er you be,
Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me!"
And, less in pity than in wonder,
Amid the darkness and the thunder,
The Wagoner, with prompt command,
Summons his horses to a stand.

While, with increasing agitation,
The Woman urged her supplication,
In rueful words, with sobs between—
The voice of tears that fell unseen;
There came a flash—a startling glare,
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare!
'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,
And Benjamin, without a question,
Taking her for some way-worn rover,
Said, "Mount, and get you under cover."

Another voice, in tone as hoarse
As a swollen brook with rugged course,
Cried out, "Good brother, stay so fast
I've had a glimpse of you—*avast!*
Or, since it suits you to be civil,
Take her at once—for good and evil!"

"It is my husband," softly said
The Woman, as if half afraid :
By this time she was snug within,
Through help of honest Benjamin ;
She and her Babe, which to her breast
With thankfulness the Mother pressed ;
And now the same strong voice more near
Said cordially, " My Friend, what cheer ?
Rough doings these ! as God's my judge,
The sky owes somebody a grudge !
We've had in half an hour or less
A twelvemonth's terror and distress !"

Then Benjamin entreats the Man
Would mount, too, quickly as he can :
The Sailor—Sailor now no more,
But such he had been heretofore—
To courteous Benjamin replied,
" Go you your way, and mind not me ;
For I must have, what'er betide,
My Ass and fifty things beside,—
Go, and I'll follow speedily !"

The Wagon moves—and with its load
Descends along the sloping road ;
And the rough Sailor instantly
Turns to a little tent hard by :
For when, at closing-in of day,
The family had come that way,
Green pasture and the soft warm air
Tempted them to settle there.—
Green is the grass for beast to graze,
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise

The Sailor gathers up his bed,
Takes down the canvas overhead ;
And, after farewell to the place,
A parting word—though not of grace,
Pursues, with Ass and all his store,
The way the Wagon went before.

CANTO SECOND.

If Wytheburn's modest House of prayer
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,
Had, with its belfry's humble stock,
A little pair that hang in air,
Been mistress also of a clock,
(And one, too, not in crazy plight)
Twelve strokes that clock would have been
telling
Under the brow of old Helvellyn—
Its bead-roll of midnight,
Then, when the Hero of my tale
Was passing by, and, down the vale
(The vale now silent, hushed I ween
As if a storm had never been)

Proceeding with a mind at ease ;
While the old Familiar of the seas
Intent to use his utmost haste,
Gained ground upon the Wagon fast,
And gives another lusty cheer ;
For spite of rumbling of the wheels,
A welcome greeting he can hear ;—
It is a fiddle in its glee
Dinning from the CHERRY TREE !

Thence the sound—the light is there
As Benjamin is now aware,
Who, to his inward thoughts confined,
Had almost reached the festive door,
When, startled by the Sailor's roar,
He hears a sound and sees the light,
And in a moment calls to mind
That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT !*

Although before in no dejection,
At this insidious recollection
His heart with sudden joy is filled,—
His ears are by the music thrilled,
His eyes take pleasure in the road
Glittering before him bright and broad ;
And Benjamin is wet and cold,
And there are reasons manifold
That make the good tow'ards which he's
yearning
Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and go,
To vibrate between yes and no ;
For, cries the Sailor, " Glorious chance
That blew us hither!—let him dance
Who can or will!—my honest soul,
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl!"
He draws him to the door—" Come in
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin !
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me !
Gave the word—the horses heard
And halted, though reluctantly.

" Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have
we,
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE !"
This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation ;
What bustling—jostling—high and low !
A universal overflow !
What tankards foaming from the tap !
What store of cakes in every lap !

* A term well-known in the North of Eng-
land, and applied to rural Festivals where
young persons meet in the evening for the pur-
pose of dancing.

What thumping—stumping—overhead !
 The thunder had not been more busy :
 With such a stir you would have said,
 This little place may well be dizzy !
 'Tis who can dance with greatest vigor—
 'Tis what can be most prompt and eager ;
 As if it heard the fiddle's call,
 The pewter clatters on the wall ;
 The very bacon shows its feeling,
 Swinging from the smoky ceiling !

A steaming bowl, a blazing fire,
 What greater good can heart desire ?
 'Twere worth a wise man's while to try
 The utmost anger of the sky :
 To seek for thoughts of a gloomy cast,
 If such the bright amends at last.
 Now should you say I judge amiss,
 The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this ;
 For soon of all the happy there,
 Our Travellers are the happiest pair .
 All care with Benjamin is gone—
 A Cæsar past the Rubicon !
 He thinks not of his long, long, strife ;—
 The Sailor, Man by nature gay,
 Hath no resolves to throw away ;
 And he hath now forgot his Wife,
 Hath quite forgotten her—or may be
 Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,
 Within that warm and peaceful berth,
 Under cover,
 Terror over,
 Sleeping by her sleeping baby.

With bowl that spread from hand to hand,
 The gladdest of the gladsome band,
 Amid their own delight and fun,
 They hear—when every dance is done,
 When every whirling bout is o'er—
 The fiddle's *squeak* *—that call to bliss,
 Ever followed by a kiss ;
 They envy not the happy lot,
 But enjoy their own the more !

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,
 Up springs the Sailor from his chair—
 Limp (for I might have told before
 That he was lame) across the floor
 Is gone—returns—and with a prize
 With what?—a Ship of lusty size ;
 A gallant stately Man-of-war,
 Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.

* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

Surprise to all, but most surprise
 To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,
 Not knowing that he had befriended
 A man so gloriously attended !

“ This,” cries the Sailor, “ a Third rate
 is—
 Stand back, and ye u shall see her gratis !
 This was the Flag-ship at the Nile,
 The Vanguard—you may snurk and smile,
 But, pretty Maid, if you look near,
 You'll find you've much in little here !
 A nobler ship did never swim,
 And you shall see her in full trim :
 I'll set, my friends, to do you honor,
 Set every inch of sail upon her.”
 So said, so done ; and masts, sails, yards,
 He names them all ; and interlards
 His speech with uncouth terms of art,
 Accomplished in the showman's part ;
 And then, as from a sudden check,
 Cries out—“ 'Tis there, the quarter-deck
 On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—
 A sight that would have roused your blood !
 One eye he had, which, bright as ten,
 Burned like a fire among his men ;
 Let this be land, and that be sea,
 Here lay the French—and *thus* came we !”

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,
 The dancers all were gathered round,
 And, such the stillness of the house,
 You might have heard a nibbling mouse ;
 While, borrowing helps where'er he may,
 The Sailor through the story runs
 Of ships to ships and guns to guns ;
 And does his utmost to display
 The dismal conflict, and the might
 And terror of that marvellous night !
 “ A bowl, a bowl of double measure,”
 Cries Benjamin, “ a draught of length,
 To Nelson, England's pride and treasure,
 Her bulwark and her tower of strength !”
 When Benjamin had seized the bowl,
 The mastiff, from beneath the wagon,
 Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,
 Rattled his chain ;—'twas all in vain,
 For Benjamin, triumphant soul !
 He heard the monitory growl ;
 Heard—and in opposition quaffed
 A deep, determined, desperate draught !
 Nor did the battered Tar forget,
 Or flinch from what he deemed his debt ;
 Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,
 Back to her place the ship he led ;
 Wheeled her back in full apparel ;
 And so, flag flying at mast head,

Re-yoked her to the Ass :—anon,
 Cries Benjamin, " We must be gone."
 Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,
 Again behold them on their way !

◆

CANTO THIRD.

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,
 When they the wished-for greeting heard,
 The whip's loud notice from the door
 That they were free to move once more.
 You think, those doings must have bred
 In them disheartening doubts and dread ;
 No, not a horse of all the eight,
 Although it be a moonless night,
 Fears either for himself or freight ;
 For this they know (and let it hide,
 In part, the offences of their guide)
 That Benjamin, with clouded brains,
 Is worth the best with all their pains ;
 And, if they had a prayer to make,
 The prayer would be that they may take
 With him whatever comes in course,
 The better fortune or the worse ;
 That no one else may have business near
 them,
 And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,
 And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,
 The triumph of your late devotion !
 Can aught on earth impede delight,
 Still mounting to a higher height ;
 And higher still—a greedy flight !
 Can any low-born care pursue her,
 Can any mortal clog come to her ?
 No notion have they—not a thought,
 That is from joyless regions brought !
 And, while they coast the silent lake,
 Their inspiration I partake ;
 Share their empyreal spirits—yea,
 With their enraptured vision, see—
 O fancy—what a jubilee !
 What shifting pictures—clad in gleams
 Of color bright as feverish dreams !
 Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,
 Involved and restless all—a scene
 Pregnant with mutual exaltation,
 Rich change, and multiplied creation !
 This sight to me the Muse imparts ;—
 And then, what kindness in their hearts !
 What tears of rapture, what vow-making,
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking !
 What solemn, vacant, interlacing,

As if they'd fall asleep embracing !
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,
 And in the excess of amity,
 Says Benjamin, " That Ass of thine,
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine :
 If he were tethered to the wagon,
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging ;
 And we, as brother should with brother,
 Might trudge it alongside each other !"

Forthwith, obedient to command,
 The horses made a quiet stand ;
 And to the wagon's skirts was tied
 The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,
 The Mastiff wondering, and perplex
 With dread of what will happen next ;
 And thinking it but sorry cheer,
 To have such company so near !

This new arrangement made, the Wain
 Through the still night proceeds again ;
 No Moon hath risen her light to lend ;
 But indistinctly may be kenned
 The VANGUARD, following close behind,
 Sails spread, as if to catch the wind !

" Thy wife and child are snug and warm,
 Thy ship will travel without harm ;
 ' Like," said Benjamin, " her shape and
 stature :

And this of mine—this bulky creature
 Of which I have the steering—this,
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss !
 We want your streamers, friend, you know ;
 But, altogether as we go,
 We make a kind of handsome show !
 Among these hills, from first to last,
 We've weathered many a furious blast ;
 Hard passage forcing on, with head
 Against the storm, and canvas spread.
 I hate a boaster ; but to thee
 Will say't, who know'st both land and sea,
 The unluckiest hulk that stems the brine
 Is hardly worse beset than mine,
 When cross-winds on her quarter beat ;
 And, fairly lifted from my feet,
 I stagger onward—heaven knows how
 But not so pleasantly as now :
 Poor pilot I, by snows confounded !
 And many a foundrous pit surrounded !
 Yet here we are, by night and day
 Grinding through rough and smooth our
 way ;
 Through foul and fair our task fulfilling ;
 And long shall be so yet—God willing !"
 " Av," said the Tar, " through fair and
 foul—
 But save us from on screeching owl !"

That instant was begun a fray
Which called their thoughts another way :
The mastiff, ill-conditioned carl !
What must he do but growl and snarl,
Still more and more dissatisfied
With the meek comrade at his side !
Till, not incensed though put to proof,
The Ass, uplifting a hind hoof,
Salutes the Mastiff on the head ;
And so were better manners bred,
And all was calmed and quieted.

“ Yon screech-owl,” says the Sailor, turning

Back to his former cause of mourning,
“ Yon owl!—pray God that all be well !
This worse than any funeral bell ;
As sure as I’ve the gift of sight,
We shall be meeting ghosts to-night !”
—Said Benjamin, “ This whip shall lay
A thousand, if they cross our way.
I know that Wanton’s noisy station,
I know him and his occupation ;
The jolly bird has learned his cheer
Upon the banks of Windermere ;
Where a tribe of them make merry,
Mocking the Man that keeps the ferry ;
Hallooing from an open throat,
Like travellers shouting for a boat.
—The tricks he learned at Windermere
This vagrant owl is playing here—
That is the worst of his employment ;
He’s at the top of his enjoyment !”

This explanation stilled the alarm,
Cured the foreboder like a charm ;
This, and the manner, and the voice,
Summoned the Sailor to rejoice ;
His heart is up—he fears no evil
From life or death, from man or devil ;
He wheels—and, making many stops,
Brandished his crutch against the mountain
tops ;

And, while he talked of blows and scars,
Benjamin, among the stars,
Beheld a dancing—and a glancing ;
Such retreating and advancing
As, I ween, was never seen
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars !

CANTO FOURTH.

Thus they, with freaks of proud delight,
Beguile the remnant of the night ;
And many a snatch of jovial song
Regales them as they wind a’long ;

While to the music, from on high,
The echoes make a glad reply.—
But the sage Muse the revel heeds
No farther than her story needs ;
Nor will she servilely attend
The loitering journey to its end,
—Blithe spirits of her own impel
The Muse, who scents the morning air,
To take of this transported pair
A brief and unreprieved farewell ;
To quit the slow-paced wagon’s side,
And wander down yon hawthorn dell,
With murmuring Greta for her guide.
—There doth she ken the awful form
Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—
Glimmering through the twilight pale ;
And Glimmer-crag,* his tall twin brother,
Each peering forth to meet the other :—
And, while she roves through St. John’s
Vale,

Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,
By sheep-track or through cottage lane,
Where no disturbance comes to intrude
Upon the pensive solitude,
Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,
With the rude shepherd’s favored glance,
Beholds the fairies in array,
Whose party-colored garments gay
The silent company betray :
Red, green, and blue ; a moment’s sigh
For Skiddlaw-top with rosy light
Is touched—and all the band take flight.
—Fly also, Muse ! and from the dell
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;
Thence, look thou forth o’er wood and
lawn

Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn ;
Across yon meadowy bottom look,
Where close fogs hide their parent brook ;
And see, beyond that hamlet small,
The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made !
There, at Blencathara’s rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford ; from annoy
Concealed the persecuted boy,
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
His flock, and pipe on shepherd’s reed
Among this multitude of hills,
Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;
Which soon the morning shall enfold,
From east to west, in ample vest
Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

* The crag of the ewe lamb.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed
 Hung low, begin to rise and spread ;
 Even while I speak, their skirts of gray
 Are smitten by a silver ray ;
 And lo!—up Castrigg's naked steep
 (Where, smoothly urged, the vapors sweep
 Along—and scatter and divide,
 Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
 The stately wagon is ascending,
 With faithful Benjamin attending,
 Apparent now beside his team—
 Now lost amid a glittering steam :
 And with him goes his Sailor-friend,
 By this time near their journey's end ;
 And, after their high-minded riot,
 Sickening into thoughtful quiet ;
 As if the morning's pleasant hour,
 Had for their joys a killing power.
 And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein
 Is opened of still deeper pain,
 As if his heart by notes were stung
 From out the lowly hedge-rows flung ;
 As if the warbler lost in light
 Reproved his soarings of the night,
 In strains of rapture pure and holy
 Unbraided his distempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull ;
 But the horses stretch and pull ;
 With increasing vigor climb,
 Eager to repair lost time ;
 Whether, by their own desert,
 Knowing what cause there is for shame,
 They are laboring to avert
 As much as may be of the blame,
 Which, they foresee, must soon alight
 Upon *his* head, whom, in despite
 Of all his failings, they love best ;
 Whether for him they are distrest,
 Or, by length of fasting roused,
 Are impatient to be housed :
 Up against the hill they strain
 Tugging at the iron chain,
 Tugging all with might and main,
 Last and foremost, every horse
 To the utmost of his force !
 And the smoke and respiration,
 Rising like an exhalation,
 Blend with the mist—a moving shroud
 To form, an undissolving cloud ;
 Which, with slant ray, the merry sun
 Takes delight to play upon.
 Never golden-haired Apollo,
 Pleased some favorite chief to follow
 Through accidents of peace or war,
 In a perilous moment threw
 Around the object of his care

Veil of such celestial hue ;
 Interposed so bright a screen
 Him and his enemies between !

Alas ! what boots it ?—who can hide,
 When the malicious Fates are bent
 On working out an ill intent ?
 Can destiny be turned aside ?
 No—sad progress of my story !
 Benjamin, this outward glory
 Cannot shield thee from thy Master,
 Who from Keswick has pricked forth,
 Sour and surly as the north ;
 And, in fear of some disaster,
 Comes to give what help he may,
 And to hear what thou canst say ;
 If, as needs he must forbode,
 Thou hast been loitering on the road !
 His fears, his doubts, may now take
 flight—
 The wished-for object is in sight :
 Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath
 Stirred him up to livelier wrath ;
 Which he stifles, moody man !
 With all the patience that he can ;
 To the end that, at your meeting,
 He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,
 Till the wagon gains the top ;
 But stop he cannot—must advance :
 Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,
 Espies—and instantly is ready,
 Self-collected, poised, and steady :
 And, to be the better seen,
 Issues from his radiant shroud,
 From his close-attending cloud,
 With careless air and open mien.
 Erect his port, and firm his going ;
 So struts yon cock that now is crowing ;
 And the morning light in grace
 Strikes upon his lifted face,
 Hurrying the pallid hue away
 That might his trespasses betray.
 But what can all avail to clear him,
 Or what need of explanation,
 Parley or interrogation ?
 For the Master sees, alas !
 That unhappy Figure near him,
 Limping o'er the dewy grass,
 Where the road it fringes, sweet,
 Soft and cool to way-worn feet ;
 And, O indignity ! an Ass,
 By his noble Mastiff's side,
 Tethered to the wagon's tail :
 And the ship, in all her pride,
 Following after in full sail !

Not to speak of babe and mother ;
Who, contented with each other,
And snug as birds in leafy arbor,
Find, within, a blessed harbor !

With eager eyes the Master pries :
Looks in and out, and through and
through ;
Says nothing—till at last he spies
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,
A wound, where plainly might be read
What feats an Ass's hoof can do !
But drop the rest :—this aggravation,
This complicated provocation,
A hoard of grievances unsealed ;
All past forgiveness it repealed ;
And thus, and through distempered blood
On both sides, Benjamin the good,
The patient, and the tender-hearted,
Was from his team and wagon parted ;
When duty of that day was o'er,
Laid down his whip—and served no more.
Nor could the wagon long survive,
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive :
It lingered on ;—guide after guide
Ambitiously the office tried ;
But each unmanageable hill
Called for *his* patience and *his* skill ;
And sure it is, that through this night,
And what the morning brought to light,
Two losses had we to sustain
We lost both WAGONER and WAIN !

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
The gift of this adventurous song ;
A record which I dared to frame.
Though timid scruples checked me long ;
They checked me—and I left the theme
Untouched ;—in spite of many a gleam
Of fancy which thereon was shed,
Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still
Upon the side of a distant hill :
But Nature might not be gainsaid ;
For what I have and what I miss
I sing of these ;—it makes my bliss !
Nor is it I who play the part,
But a shy spirit in my heart,
That comes and goes—will sometimes leap
From hiding-places ten years deep ;
Or haunts me with familiar face,
Returning, like a ghost unladen,
Until the debt I owe be paid.
Forgive me, then : for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine :

In him, while he was wont to trace
Our roads, through many a long year's
space,
A living almanac had we ;
We had a speaking diary,
That in this uneventful place,
Gave to the days a mark and name
By which we knew them when they came.
—Yes, I, and all about me here,
Through all the changes of the year,
Had seen him through the mountains go,
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
Majestically huge and slow :
Or, with a milder grace adorning
The landscape of a summer's morning ;
While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain
The moving image to detain ;
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to his march kept time ;
When little other business sturred,
And little other sound was heard ;
In that delicious hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude and calm,
While yet the valley is arrayed,
On this side with a sober shade ;
On that is prodigally bright—
Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.
—But most of all, thou lordly Wain !
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roars,
And all is dismal out of doors ;
And, sitting by my fire, I see
Eight sorry carts, no less a train !
Unworthy successors of thee,
Come straggling through the wind and rain
And oft, as they pass slowly on,
Beneath my windows, one by one.
See, perched upon the naked height
The summit of a cumbrous freight,
A single traveller—and there
Another ; then perhaps a pair—
The lame, the sickly, and the old ;
Men, women, heartless with the cold ;
And babes in wet and starveling plight
Which once, be weather as it might,
Had still a nest within a nest,
Thy shelter—and their mother's breast,
Then most of all, then far the most,
Do I regret what we have lost ;
Am grieved for that unhappy sin
Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;—
And of his stately Charge, which none
Could keep alive when He was gone !

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I.

THERE WAS A BOY.

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye
 cliffs
 And islands of Winander!—many a time,
 At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills,
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
 Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both
 hands
 Pressed closely palm to palm and to his
 mouth
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
 That they might answer him.—And they
 would shout
 Across the watery vale, and shout again,
 Responsive to his call, with quivering
 peals,
 And long halloos, and screams, and echoes
 loud
 Redoub'd and redoubled; concourse wild
 Of jocund din! And, when there came a
 pause
 Of silence such as baffled his best skill:
 Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he
 hung
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 Has carried far into his heart the voice
 Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
 Would enter unawares into his mind
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 its woods, and that uncertain heaven re-
 ceived
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

 This boy was taken from his mates, and
 died
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years
 old.
 Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
 Where he was born and bred: the church-
 yard hangs
 Upon a slope above the village school;
 And, through that church-yard when my way
 has led

(168)

On summer-evenings, I believe, that there
 A long half-hour together I have stood
 Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies
 1799.

II.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or put a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

Though bubbling only to the Vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
 I listened to; that Cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet:
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, fairy place:
 That is fit home for Thee!

1804.

III.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

—THE sky is overcast:

With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Checking the ground—from rock, plant,
tree, or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds
are split

Asunder.—and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the
heavens.

There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel
away,

Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent;—still they roll along
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enormous
clouds,

Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

1798.

IV.

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

—NOT a breath of air

Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen,
From the brook's margin, wide around, the
trees

Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motion-
less.

And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage
without,

Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendent from the
brow

Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs
Powerful almost as vocal harmony,
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his
thoughts.

V.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore:
Not loth to furnish weapons for the hands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed
the sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.

Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent

To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a
growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane:—a pillared
shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown
hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage
tinged

Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide; Fear and trembling
Hope,

Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow;—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves,
1803.

VI.
NUTTING.

— It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out),
One of those heavenly days that cannot die,
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my
step
Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure
quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off
weeds,
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal Dame—
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and,
in truth,
More ragged than need was! O'er pathless
rocks,
Through beds of matted fern and tangled
thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious
sign
Of devastation; but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the
heart
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I
played;
A temper known to those who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose
leaves
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
Forever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
And—with my cheek on one of those green
stones
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady
trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of
sheep—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring
sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to
pay

Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and
bough, with crash
And merciless ravage: and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past;
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding
sky.—
Then, dearest Maiden, move along these
shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.
1799.

VII.

THE SIMPLON PASS.

— BROOK and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and for-
lorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue
sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our
ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the
wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the
features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without
end.
1799.

VIII.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.
 1840.

IX.

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art
 A creature of a " fiery heart : "—
 These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce ;
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce !
 Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
 Had helped thee to a Valentine ;
 A song in mockery and despite
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night ;
 And steady bliss, and all the loves
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
 His homely tale, this very day ;
 His voice was buried among trees,
 Yet to be come-at by the breeze :
 He did not cease ; but cooed—and cooed ;
 And somewhat pensively he wooed ;
 He sang of love, with quiet blending,
 Slow to begin, and never ending ;

Of serious faith, and inward glee :
 That was the song—the song for me !
 1806.

X.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ;
 This Child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs ;
 And hers shall be the breathing form,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend .
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the Storm
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her ; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell ;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell "

Thus Nature spake—The work was done -
 How soon my Lucy's race was run !
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

1799.

XI.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

1799.

XII.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

1804.

XIII.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when day-
light appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung
for three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has
heard
In the silence of morning the song of the
Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her?
She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees:
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury
glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of
Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of
the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with
her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a
dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she
loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but
they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the
shade
The stream will not flow, and the hill will
not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from
her eyes!

1797.

XIV.

POWER OF MUSIC.

An Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may
grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of
old;—
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with
the same
In the street that from Oxford hath bor-
rowed its name.

His station is there; and he works on the
crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry and
loud:
He fills with his power all their hearts to
the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and
him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire
is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have
bliss:
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious
have rest;
And the gilt-burthened soul is no longer
opprest.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds
of the night,
So He, where he stands, is a centre of light.
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed
Jack,
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket
on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in
haste—
What matter! he's caught—and his time
runs to waste;
The Newsman is stopped, though he stops
on the fret;
And the half-breathless Lamplighter—he's
in the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which
he bore;
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her
store;—
If a thief could be here he might pilfer at
ease;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!
He stands, backed by the wall;—he abates
not his din,
His hat gives him vigor, with boons drop-
ping in,
From the old and the young, from the
poorest, and there!
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to
spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the
hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thank-
ful a band; [while
I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all the
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise
with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in
height,
Not an inch of his body is free from de-
light;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh,
not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a
tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch;
like a tower
That long has leaned forward, leans hour
after hour!—
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is
bound,
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to
the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a
stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a
dream;
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care
not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pur-
sue!
1806.

xv.

STAR-GAZERS.

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here!
we must not pass it by;
A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to
the sky:
Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of
little boat,
Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on
Thames's waters float.

The Show-man chooses well his place, 'tis
Leicester's busy Square;
And is as happy in his night, for the
heavens are blue and fair;
Calm, though impatient, is the crowd; each
stands ready with the fee,
And envies him that's looking;—what an
insight must it be!

Yet, Show-man, where can lie the cause?
Shall thy implement have blame,
A boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is
put to shame?
Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes
in fault?
Their eyes, or minds or, finally, is yon
splendid vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as
we have here?
Or gives a thing but small delight that never
can be dear?
The silver moon with all her vales, and hills
of mightiest fame,
Doth she betray us when they're seen? or
are they but a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and
strong,
And bounty never yields so much but it
seems to do her wrong?
Or is it, that when human Souls a journey
long have had
And are returned into themselves, they can-
not but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that
 these Spectators rude,
 Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the
 multitude,
 Have souls which never yet have risen, and
 therefore prostrate lie?
 No, no, this cannot be;—men thirst for
 power and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the
 blissful mind employ
 Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave
 and steady joy,
 That doth reject all show of pride, admits
 no outward sign,
 Because not of this noisy world, but silent
 and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they
 who pry and pore
 Seem to meet with little gain, seem less
 happy than before:
 One after One they take their turn, nor
 have I one espied
 That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatis-
 fied
 1806.

 XVI.

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

 WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT
 THE FOOT OF BROTHOR'S WATER.

THE cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising;
 There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The Ploughboy is whooping—anon—
 anon:
 There's joy in the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing;
 The rain is over and gone!

1801.

XVII.

LYRE! though such power do in thy magic
 live
 As might from India's farthest plain
 Recall the not unwilling Maid,
 Assist me to detain
 The lovely Fugitive:
 Check with thy notes the impulse which,
 betrayed
 By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.
 Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,
 The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
 Of contemplation, the calm port
 By reason fenced from winds that sigh
 Among the restless sails of vanity.
 But if no wish be hers that we should part,
 A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.
 Where all things are so fair,
 Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
 Of this Elysian weather.
 And, on or in, or near, the brook, espy
 Shade upon the sunshine lying
 Faint and somewhat pensively:
 And downward Image gayly vying
 With its upright living tree
 Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
 As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance
 Cast up the Stream or down at her beseech-
 ing,
 To marks its eddy foam-balls prettily
 distrest
 By ever-changing shape and want of rest;
 Or watch, with mutual teaching,
 The current as it plays
 In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps
 Adown a rocky maze;
 Or note (translucent summer's happiest
 chance!)
 In the slope-channel floored with pebbles
 bright,
 Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,
 So vivid that they take from keenest sight
 The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

 XVIII.

BEGGARS.

SHE had a tall man's height or more;
 Her face from summer's noontide heat
 No bonnet shaded, but she wore
 A mantle, to her very feet
 Descending with a graceful flow.
 And on her head a cap as white as new-
 fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown
 Haughty, as if her eye had seen
 Its own light to a distance thrown,
 She towered, fit person for a Queen
 To lead those ancient Amazonian files;
 Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian
 isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her ha
 And begged an alms with doleful plea
 That ceased not; on our English land
 Such woes, I knew, could never be;
 And yet a loon I gave her, for the creature
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious
 feature.

I left her, and pursued my way;
 And soon before me did espy
 A pair of little Boys at play,
 Chasing a crimson butterfly;
 The taller followed with his hat in hand,
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers the
 gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown
 With leaves of laurel stuck about;
 And, while both followed up and down,
 Each whooping with a merry shout,
 In their fraternal features I could trace
 Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's
 face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
 For finest tasks of earth or air:
 Wings let them have, and they might flit
 Precursors to Aurora's car,
 Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far,
 I ween,
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and
 level green.

They dart across my path—but lo,
 Each ready with a plaintive whine!
 Said I, "not half an hour ago
 Your Mother has had alms of mine."
 "That cannot be," one answered—"she is
 dead:"—
 I looked reproof—they saw—but neither
 hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."—
 "Hush, boys! you're telling me a lie;
 It was your Mother, as I say!"
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 "Come! come!" cried one, and without
 more ado,

Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants
 flew!

1802.

XIX.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING,

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys?
 For whose free range the dædal earth
 Was filled with animated toys,
 And implements of frolic mirth;
 With tools for ready wit to guide;
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,
 More fresh, more bright, than princes wear;
 For what one moment flung aside
 Another could repair;
 What good or evil have they seen
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,
 Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer?
 I ask—but all is dark between!

They met me in a genial hour,
 When universal nature breathed
 As with the breath of one sweet flower,—
 A time to overrule the power
 Of discontent, and check the birth
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,
 The most familiar bane of life
 Since parting Innocence bequeathed
 Mortality to Earth!
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
 Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran clear;
 The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;
 With songs the budded groves resounding;
 And to my heart are still endeared
 The thoughts with which it then was cheered,
 The faith which saw that gladsome pair
 Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.
 Or, if such faith must needs deceive—
 Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,
 Associates in that eager chase;
 Ye, who within the blameless mind
 Your favorite seat of empire find—
 Kind Spirits! may we not believe
 That they, so happy and so fair
 Through your sweet influence, and the care
 Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
 From touch of *deadly* injury?
 Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,
 For mercy and immortal bloom!

1817.

XX.

GIPSIES.

YET are they here the same unbroken knot
 Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!

Men, women, children, yea the frame
 Of the whole spectacle the same!

Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,
 Now deep and red, the coloring of night,
 That on their Gipsy-faces falls,
 Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.
 —Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are
 gone, while I

Have been a traveller under open sky,
 Much witnessing of change and cheer,
 Yet as I left I find them here!

The weary Sun betook himself to rest;—
 Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,
 Outshining like a visible God

The glorious path in which he trod.
 And now, ascending, after one dark hour
 And one night's diminution of her power,
 Behold the mighty Moon! this way
 She looks as if at them—but they
 Regard not her:—oh better wrong and strife
 (By nature transient) than this torpid life;

Life which the very stars reprove
 As on their silent tasks they move!
 Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!
 In scorn I speak not:—they are what their
 birth

And breeding suffer them to be;
 Will outcasts of society!

1807.

XXI.

RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half-desolate,
 Her Father took another Mate,
 And Ruth, not seven years old,
 A slighted child, at her own will
 Went wandering over dale and hill,
 In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
 And music from that pipe could draw
 Like sounds of winds and floods;
 Had built a bower upon the green,
 As if she from her birth had been
 An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
 She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
 Herself her own delight;
 Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
 And, passing thus the live-long day,
 She grew to woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore—
 A military casque he wore,
 With splendid feathers drest;
 He brought them from the Cherokees;
 The feathers nodded in the breeze,
 And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
 But no! he spake the English tongue,
 And bore a soldier's name;
 And when America was free,
 From battle and from jeopardy,
 He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek
 In finest tones the Youth could speak!
 —While he was yet a boy,
 The moon, the glory of the sun,
 And streams that murmur as they run,
 Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
 The panther in the wilderness
 Was not so fair as he;
 And, when he chose to sport and play,
 No dolphin ever was so gay
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
 And with him many tales he brought
 Of pleasure and of fear;
 Such tales as told to any maid
 By such a Youth, in the green shade,
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout!
 Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
 Their pleasant Indian town,
 To gather strawberries all day long;
 Returning with a choral song
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
 Their blossoms, through a boundless range
 Of intermingling hues;
 With budding, fading, faded flowers
 They stand the wonder of the bowers
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
 High as a cloud, high overhead!
 The cypress and her spire;
 —Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
 To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannas spake,
 And many an endless, endless lake,
 With all its fairy crowds
 Of islands, that together lie
 As quietly as spots of sky
 Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were
 A fisher or a hunter there,

In sunshine or in shade
To wander with an easy mind ;
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade !

What days and what bright years ! Ah me !
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while," said he, " to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this ! "

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts, about a father's love :
" For there," said he, " are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Or shed at night to rear ;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer !

Beloved Ruth !"—no more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear :
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

" And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife."
Even so they did ; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannas, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And, with his dancing crest,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ;
The breezes their own languor lent ;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favored bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent :
For passions, linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known ;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires ;
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthy admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the Maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn :
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played !
So kind and so forlorn !

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
" O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly :
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

No more of this ; for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth ! more happily set free

With nobler zeal I burn ;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone ;
No hope, no wish remained, not one,
They stirred him now no more ;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore :
But, when they thither came, the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed ;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May ;
—They all were with her in her cell ;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain ;
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again :
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free ;
And, coming to the Banks of Tone,
There did she rest ; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still ;
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies :
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old :
Sore aches she needs must have ! but less
Of mind than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a roadside ;
And there she begs at one steep place
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away ; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers :
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
(By spouts and fountains wild—)
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy Child!

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be,
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing,
A Christian psalm for thee.

1799.

XXII.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

I.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night ;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;
The birds are singing in the distant woods ;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove
broods ; [ters ;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chat-
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise
of waters.

II.

All things that love the sun are out of
doors ;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the
moors
The hare is running races in her mirth ;

And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist : that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she
doth run.

III.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar ;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :
The pleasant season did my heart employ :
My old remembrances went from me
wholly ;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melan-
choly.

IV.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the
night
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low ;
To me that morning did it happen so :
And fears and fancies thick upon me came ;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew
not, nor could name.

V.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky ;
And I bethought me of the playful hare :
Even such a happy Child of earth am I ;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;
Far from the world I walk, and from all
care ;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and pov-
erty.

VI.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant
thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood ;
As if all needful things would come un-
sought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no
heed at all ?

VII.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous
Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his
pride :
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-
side :

By our own spirits are we deified :
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness :
But thereof come in the end despondency
and madness.

VIII.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had
striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares .
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore
gray hairs.

IX.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and
whence ;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun i
self ;

X.

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor
dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age :
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame
had cast.

XI.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale
face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood :
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they
call :
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XII.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he coned,
As if he had been reading in a book :
And now a stranger's privilege I took :
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
" This morning gives us promise of a glo-
rious day."

XIII.

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly
 drew :
 And him with further words I thus bespake,
 'What occupation do you there pursue?
 This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid
 eyes.

XIV.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order followed each,
 With something of a lofty utterance drest—
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the
 reach
 Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
 Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and man
 their dues.

XV.

He told, that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor :
 Employment hazardous and wearisome !
 And he had many hardships to endure :
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor
 to moor ;
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice
 or chance ;
 And in this way he gained an honest main-
 tenance.

XVI

The old Man still stood talking by my side ;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I
 divide :
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength, by apt admon-
 ishment.

XVII.

My former thoughts returned : the fear that
 kills ;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
 Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills ;
 And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
 — Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 "How is it that you live, and what is it you
 do?"

XVIII.

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;
 And said, that, gathering leeches, far and
 wide
 He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 "Once I could meet with them on every
 side ;
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I
 may."

XIX.

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old Man's shape, and speech—all
 troubled me :
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pur-
 sued,
 He, having made a pause, the same dis-
 course renewed.

XX.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,
 But stately in the main ; and when he
 ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay
 secure ;
 I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the
 lonely moor !"

1807.

XXIII.

THE THORN.

I.

"THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,
 In truth, you'd find it hard to say
 How it could ever have been young,
 It looks so old and gray.
 Not higher than a two years' child
 It stands erect, this aged Thorn ;
 No leaves it has, no prickly points ;
 It is a mass of knotted joints,
 A wretched thing forlorn.
 It stands erect, and like a stone
 With lichens is it overgrown.

II.

Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown
 With lichens to the very top,
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
 A melancholy crop :
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,
 And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
 So close you'd say that they are bent
 With plain and manifest intent
 To drag it to the ground ;
 And all have joined in one endeavor
 To bury this poor Thorn forever.

III.

High on a mountain's highest ridge,
 Where oft the stormy winter gale
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the
 clouds
 It sweeps from vale to vale ;
 Not five yards from the mountain path,
 This Thorn you on your left espy ;
 And to the left, three yards beyond,
 You see a little muddy pond
 Of water—never dry,
 Though but of compass small, and bare
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

IV.

And, close beside this aged Thorn,
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,
 A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
 Just half a foot in height.
 All lovely colors there you see,
 All colors that were ever seen ;
 And mossy network too is there,
 As if by hand of lady fair
 The work had woven been ;
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

V.

Ah me! what lovely tints are there
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
 Green, red, and pearly white !
 This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
 Which close beside the Thorn you see,
 So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
 Is like an infant's grave in size,
 As like as like can be :
 But never, never any where,
 An infant's grave was half so fair.

VI.

Now would you see this aged Thorn,
 This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
You must take care and choose your time

The mountain when to cross.
 For oft there sits between the heap
 So like an infant's grave in size,
 And that same pond of which I spoke,
 A Woman in a scarlet cloak,
 And to herself she cries,
 ' Oh misery ! oh misery !
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !'

VII.

At all times of the day and night
 This wretched Woman thither goes ;
 And she is known to every star,
 And every wind that blows ;
 And there, beside the Thorn, she sits
 When the blue daylight's in the skies,
 And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
 Or frosty air is keen and still,
 And to herself she cries,
 ' Oh misery ! oh misery !
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !'

VIII.

" Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
 In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
 Thus to the dreary mountain-top
 Does this poor Woman go ?
 And why sits she beside the Thorn
 When the blue daylight's in the sky,
 Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
 Or frosty air is keen and still,
 And wherefore does she cry ?—
 O wherefore ? wherefore ? tell me why
 Does she repeat that doleful cry ?"

IX.

" I cannot tell : I wish I could ;
 For the true reason no one knows ;
 But would you gladly view the spot,
 The spot to which she goes ;
 The hillock like an infant's grave,
 The pond—and Thorn, so old and gray ;
 Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—
 And, if you see her in her hut—
 Then to the spot away !
 I never heard of such as dare
 Approach the spot when she is there."

X.

" But wherefore to the mountain-top
 Can this unhappy Woman go,
 Whatever star is in the skies,
 Whatever wind may blow ?"
 " Full twenty years are past and gone
 Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
 Gave with a maiden's true good-will
 Her company to Stephen Hill ;
 And she was blithe and gay,

While friends and kindred all approved
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

XI.

And they had fixed the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both ;
But Stephen to another Maid
Had sworn another oath ;
And, with this other Maid, to church
Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha ! on that woful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent ;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

XII.

They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
What could she seek ?—or wish to hide ?
Her state to any eye was plain :
She was with child, and she was mad ;
Yet often was she sober sad
From her exceeding pain ;
O guilty Father—would that death
Had saved him from that breach of faith !

XIII

Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child !
Sad case, as you may think, for one
Who had a brain so wild !
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen
Held that the unborn infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again :
And, when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

XIV

More know I not, I wish I did,
And it should all be told to you ;
For what became of this poor child
No mortal ever knew ;
Nay—if a child to her was born
No earthly tongue could ever tell ;
And if 'twas born alive or dead,
Far less could this with proof be said ;
But some remember well
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

XV.

And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,

'Twas worth your while, though in the
dark,
The churchyard path to seek :
For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from the mountain head .
Some plainly living voices were ;
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead :
I cannot think, whate'er they say,
They had to do with Martha Ray.

XVI.

But that she goes to this old Thorn,
The Thorn which I described to you,
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,
I will be sworn is true.
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climbed the mountain's height :—
A storm came on, and I could see
No object higher than my knee.

XVII.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain ;
No screen, no fence could I discover ;
And then the wind ! in sooth, it was
A wind full ten times over.
I looked around, I thought I saw
A jutting crag,—and off I ran,
Head-foremost, through the driving rain,
The shelter of the crag to gain ;
And, as I am a man,
Instead of jutting crag, I found
A Woman sat on the ground.

XVIII.

I did not speak—I saw her face ;
Her face !—it was enough for me ;
I turned about and heard her cry,
'Oh misery ! oh misery !'
And there she sits, until the moon
Through half the clear blue sky will go ;
And, when the little breezes make
The waters of the pond to shake,
As all the country know,
She shudders, and you hear her cry,
'Oh misery ! oh misery !'

XIX.

"But what's the Thorn ? and what the
pond ?
And what the hill of moss to her ?
And what the creeping breeze that comes
The little pond to stir ?"

"I cannot tell; but some will say
She hanged her baby on the tree;
Some say she drowned it in the pond,
Which is a little step beyond:
But all and each agree,
The little Babe was buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XX.

I've heard, the moss is spotted red
With drops of that poor infant's blood;
But kill a new-born infant thus,
I do not think she could!
Some say, if to the pond you go,
And fix on it a steady view,
The shadow of a babe you trace,
A baby and a baby's face,
And that it looks at you;
Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain
The baby looks at you again.

XXI.

And some had sworn an oath that she
Should be to public justice brought;
And for the little infant's bones
With spades they would have sought.
But instantly the hill of moss
Before their eyes began to stir!
And, for full fifty yards around,
The grass—it shook upon the ground
Yet all do still aver
The little Babe lies buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XXII.

I cannot tell how this may be,
But plain it is the Thorn is bound
With heavy tufts of moss that strive
To drag it to the ground;
And this I know, full many a time,
When she was on the mountain high,
By day, and in the silent night,
When all the stars shone clear and bright,
That I have heard her cry,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

1798.

XXIV.

HART-LEAP WELL.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water,
about five miles from Richmond in York-
shire, and near the side of the road that leads
from Richmond to Askrgg. Its name is de-
rived from a remarkable Chase, the memory
of which is preserved by the monuments

spoken of in the second part of the following
Poem, which monuments do now exist as I
have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from Wens
ley Moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud
And now, as he approached a vassal's
door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried
aloud.
"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal
heard,
And saddled his best Steed a comely gray;
Sir Walter mounted him: he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious
day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's
eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes
roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and
all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music noblest of their
kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid
them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings
stern
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by
one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain
fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race!
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly
chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain
side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the Knight beholds him lying
dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a
 thorn;
 He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor
 boy;
 He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his
 horn,
 But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy
 Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter
 leaned
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious
 feat;
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
 And white with foam as if with cleaving
 sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched.
 His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
 And with the last deep groan his breath had
 fetched
 The waters of the spring were trembling
 still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
 (Never had living man such joyful lot!)
 Sir Walter walked all round, north, south,
 and west,
 And gazed and gazed upon that darling
 spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
 Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted
 Beast
 Had left imprinted on the grassy ground

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till
 now
 Such sight was never seen by human eyes
 Three leaps have borne him from this lofty
 brow,
 Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
 And a small arbor made for rural joy.
 'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's
 cot,
 A place of love for damsels that are coy.

A cunning artist will I have to frame
 A basin for that fountain in the dell!
 And they who do make mention of the
 same
 From this day forth shall call it HART-LEAP
 WELL.

And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises
 known,
 Another monument shall here be raised;

Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn
 stone,
 And planted where thy hoofs the turf have
 grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are
 long,
 I will come hither with my Paramour;
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's
 song
 We will make merry in that pleasant bower
 Till the foundations of the mountains fall
 My mansion with its arbor shall endure;—
 The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
 And them who dwell among the woods of
 Uré!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart,
 stone-dead,
 With breathless nostrils stretched above the
 spring.
 —Soon did the Knight perform what he
 had said;

And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.
 Ere thrice the Moon into her port had
 steered,
 A cup of stone received the living well;
 Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter
 reared,
 And built a house of pleasure in the dell
 And near the fountain, flowers of stature
 tall

With trailing plants and trees were inter-
 twined,—
 Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
 A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were
 long,
 Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's
 song
 Made merriment within that pleasant
 bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of
 time,

And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
 And there is matter for a second rhyme,
 And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade;
 To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill-divine:
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor
head;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny
green;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
“Here in old time the hand of man hath
been.”

I looked upon the hill both far and near;
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not
here,
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb at-
tired,
Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then in-
quired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story
told
Which in my former rhyme I have re-
hearsed.

“A jolly place,” said he, “in time of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen
wood—

Some say that they are beeches, others
elms—

These were the bower; and here a mansion
stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

The arbor does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the
stream:

But as to the great Lodge! you might as
well

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor
sheep,

Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous
groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done
And blood cries out for blood; but, for my
part,

I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the
sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart

What thoughts must through the creature's
brain have past!

Even from the topmost stone, upon the
steep,

Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this
last—

O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell

What cause the Hart might have to love
this place,

And come and make his death-bed near the
well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's
side.

In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols
sing;

And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was
Not half a furlong from that self-same
spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant
shade;

The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are
gone.”

“Gray-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken
well;

Small difference lies between thy creed and
mine:

This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the
groves,

Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he
loves.)

The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common
gloom;

But Nature, in due course of time, once
more

Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be
known ;

But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what
conceals ;

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels.")

1800.

XXV.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF
BROUGHAM CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIF
FORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES
AND HONORS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel
sate,

And Emont's murmur mingled with the
Song.—

The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long :—

"From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.

Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last,
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming :

Both roses flourish, red and white :
In love and sisterly delight

The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—

Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her
Who is the flower of Lancaster !

Behold her how She smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array !

Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall,

Both chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored !

They came with banner, spear, and
shield,

And it was proved in Bosworth-field
Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth helped him with the cry of blood :
St George was for us, and the might
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.

Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,
We 'ondest in the faithful north :
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming .
Our strong abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

How glad is Skipton at this hour—
Though lonely, a deserted Tower,
Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and
groom

We have them at the feast of Brough'm
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
Of years be on her !—She shall rear
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream ;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower :—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair House by Emont's side,
This day, distinguished without peer
To see her Master and to cheer—
Him, and his Lady-mother dear !

Oh ! it was a time forlorn
When the fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die !
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child,
Who will take them from the light ?
—Yonder is a man in sight—
Yonder is a house—but where ?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks ;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her Child !

Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy ?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be He who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame ?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread !
God loves the Child ; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The Lady's words, when forced away
The last she to her Babe did say :

'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turred to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young Bird that is distress;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.
—Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing:
And into caves where Fairies sing
He hath entered; and been told
By Voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;

He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford colls;—
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lanc,
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a re-appearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not
know
How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart
was framed:
How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and
tamed.

Love had been found in huts where poor men
lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and hills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were
dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-
hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honored more and
more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name
he bore.

1807

XXVI.

LINES,

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF
THE WYE DURING A TOUR.

JULY 13, 1798.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with
the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear

These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs

With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe
fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose them
selves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little
lines

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral
farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of
smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms

Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure—such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,

Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the
woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half extin-
guished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I
was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than
one

Who sought the thing he loved. For na-
ture then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone
by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Hunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,

Their colors and their forms, were then to
me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time
past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other
gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would be-
lieve,

Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often
times

The still, sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
 power
 To chasten and subdue. (And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all
 thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore
 am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty
 world
 Of eye, and ear,—both what they half cre-
 ate,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recog-
 nize
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
 nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
 soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the
 more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I
 catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I
 make
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
 Through all the years of this our life, to
 lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
 tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish
 men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the
 moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing
 thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
 chance—
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
 these gleams
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper
 zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
 cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape were to
 me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy
 sake!
 1798.

XXVII.

It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown,
 And is descending on his embassy;
 Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens
 to espy!
 'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glitter-
 ing crown,
 First admonition that the sun is down!
 For yet it is broad daylight: clouds pass
 by;
 A few are near him still—and now the sky,
 He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.
 O most ambitious Star! an inquest wrought
 Within me when I recognized thy light;
 A moment I was startled at the sight:
 And, while I gazed, there came to me a
 thought

That I might step beyond my natural race
 As thou seem'st now to do; might one day
 trace
 Some ground not mine; and, strong her
 strength above,
 My Soul, an Apparition in the place,
 Tread there with steps that no one shall
 reprove!
 1803.

—◆—
 XXVIII.

FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS
 COMMENCEMENT.

REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND."

OH! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then
 stood

Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very heaven!—oh!
 times

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
 The attraction of a country in romance!
 When Reason seemed the most to assert
 her rights,

When most intent on making of herself
 A prime Enchantress—to assist the work
 Which then was going forward in her
 name!

Not favored spots alone, but the whole
 earth,

The beauty wore of promise, that which
 sets

(As at some moment might not be unfelt
 Among the bowers of paradise itself)
 The budding rose above the rose full blown.
 What temper at the prospect did not wake
 To happiness unthought of? The inert
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
 They who had fed their childhood upon
 dreams,

The playfellows of fancy, who had made
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
 strength

Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had
 stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
 And dealt with whatsoever they found
 there

As if they had within some lurking right
 To wield it;—they, too, who, of gentle
 mood,

Had watched all gentle motions, and to
 these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
 more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves:—
 Now was it that both found, the meek and
 lofty

Did both find, helpers to their heart's de-
 sire,

And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
 wish;

Were called upon to exercise their skill,
 Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
 where!

But in the very world, which is the world
 Of all of us,—the place where in the end
 We find our happiness, or not at all!
 1805.

—◆—
 XXIX.

YES, it was the Mountain Echo,
 Solitary, clear, profound,
 Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
 Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
 To a babbling wanderer sent:
 Like her ordinary cry,
 Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
 Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!
 Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
 Voices of two different natures?

Have not *we* too?—yes, we have
 Answers, and we know not whence:
 Echoes from beyond the grave,
 Recognized intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
 Catches sometimes from afar—
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
 For of God,—of God they are.
 1806.

—◆—
 XXX.

TO A SKY-LARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares
 abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and
 eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still !

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar, but never
roam ;

True to the kindred points of Heaven and
Home !

1825.

XXXI.

LAODAMIA.

“ WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope in-
spired :

And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades
forlorn

Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I re-
quired :

Celestial pity I again implore :—

Restore me to my sight—great Jove, re-
store !”

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts
her hands ;

While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye
expands ;

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature
grows ;

And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived?—O
joy !

What doth she look on?—whom doth she
behold ?

Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?

His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?

It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He !

And a God leads him, winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with
his wand

That calms all fear : “ Such grace hath
crowned thy prayer,

Laodamia ! that at Jove's command

Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air :

He comes to tarry with thee three hours'
space ;

Accept the gift, behold him face to face !”

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her
Lord to clasp :

Again that consummation she essayed :

But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp

As often as that eager grasp was made.

The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,

And re-assume his place before her sight.

“ Protesiláus, lo ! thy guide is gone !

Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :

This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne :

Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will
rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon ; and blest a sad abode.”

“ Great Jove, Laodamia ! doth not leave

His gifts imperfect :—Spectre though I be

I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;

But in reward of thy fidelity.

And something also did my worth obtain ;

For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold

That the first Greek who touched the Tro-
jan strand

Should die ; but me the threat could not
withhold :

A generous cause a victim did demand ;

And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ;

A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.”

“ Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest,
best !

Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were

deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;

Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here
thou art—

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

But thou, though capable of sternest deed,

Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;

And he, whose power restores thee, hath
decreed

Though should'st elude the malice of the
grave :

Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair

As when their breath enriched Thessalian
air.

No Spectre greets me—no vain Shadow
this ;

Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my
side !

Give, on this well known couch, one nup-
tial kiss

To me, this day, a second time thy bride !”

Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells me that my doom is
past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even
if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly
mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by
force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of
years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful
peers.

The Gods to us are merciful!—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the
sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble
woman's breast.

But if thou goest, I follow—"Peace!"
he said,—
She looked upon him and was calmed and
cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, ap-
peared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace.
Brought from a pensive though a happy
place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beautiful—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purple gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain de-
light.
While tears were thy best pastime, day and
night;

And while my youthful peers before my
eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were de-
tained;

What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.
The wished-for wind was given:—I then
revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan
sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these foun-
tains, flowers;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished
towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their
array
Yet of their number no one dares to die?
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty
thought
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And Thou, though strong in love, art all too
weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.

The invisible world with thee hath sympathized ;
Be thy affection raised and solemnized.

Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled ; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.”—

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes re-appears !
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—’tis vain :
The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;
And him no mortal effort can detain :
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished ; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o’erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died.
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium’s walls were subject to their view,
The trees’ tall summits withered at the sight ;
A constant interchange of growth and blight !*

1814.

* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny’s Natural History, lib. xvi. cap. 44 ; and for the features in the character of Protesilaus see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides

XXXII.

DION.

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

I.

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
Where’er he turned, a swan-like grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage *then* did wait
On Dion’s virtues ! while the lunar beam
Of Plato’s genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere—
That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endued,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

II.

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day !
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and shield,
Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.
Who leads them on ?—The anxious people see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming, corslet clad !
Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
The gazers feel ; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo ! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets filled
with wine

In seemly order stand,
On tables set, as if for rites divine ;—
And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
He looks on festal ground with fruits
bestown ;
And flowers are on his person thrown
In boundless prodigality ;
Nor doth the general voice abstain from
prayer,
Invoking Dion’s tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were !

III.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and
mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit
dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks
and shades!
For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom
dwells retired,
Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway
paved with stars)
Which Dion learned to measure with sub-
lime delight:—
But He hath overleaped the eternal bars:
And, following guides whose craft holds no
consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal ele-
ment,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with
blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and
wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And of his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
But whence that sudden check? that fearful
start!
He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and
round.
A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddy pine-tree tops!

IV.

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avowed!
"Avaunt, inexplicable Guest!—avaunt,"

Exclaimed the Chieftain—"let me rather
see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid
flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold whom vengeful Furies
haunt;
Who, while they struggle from the scourge
to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn.
And, in their anguish, bear what other
minds have borne!"

V.

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not
fall!
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Imple-
Obeys a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labor night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear;
Whence angry perturbations,— and that
look
Which no Philosophy can brook!

VI.

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are
built
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;
Who, through the portal of one moment's
guilt,
Pursue thee with their deadly aim!
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime!—that horror-striking
blade,
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusan low in dust!
Shudder'd the walls—the marble city wept—
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace the appointed Victim
slept,
As he had fallen in magnanimity;
Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change; too
just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened by
mistrust.
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
Released from life and cares of princely
state,
He left this mora' grafted on his Fate:

"Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."
1816.

XXXIII.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

I.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills :
Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man ; if stone or rock
Seem not his handy-work to mock
By something cognizably shaped :
Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the Flood escaped :
Altars for Druid service fit ;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument ;
Green moss-grown tower ; or hoary tent ;
Tents of a camp that never shall be razed—
On which four thousand years have gazed !

II.

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes !
Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
Of restless ownership !
Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
To feed the insatiate Prodigal
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves and fields,
All that the fertile valley shields ;
Wages of folly—baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Flaythings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time ;—
O care ! O guilt !—O vales and plains,
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky
Mists that distort and magnify ;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping
breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies !

III.

List to those shriller notes !—*that* march
Perchance was on the blast,
When, through this Height's inverted arch
Rome's earliest legion passed !
—They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
Thus block—and yon, whose church-like
frame
Gives to this savage Pass its name.
Aspiring Road ! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapory bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide :
And I (as all men may find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And they have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint ;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That choice lacked courage to bestow !

IV.

My soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow ;
A veil is lifted—can she slight
The scene that opens now ?
Though habitation none appear,
The greenness tells, man must be there
The shelter—that the perspective
Is of the clime in which we live :
Where Toil pursues his daily round :
Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
Inflicts his tender wound.
—Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below :
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Farewell, thou desolate Domain !
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
Carols like a shepherd-boy ;
And who is she ?—Can that be Joy !
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
Smoothly skims the meadows wide :
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
"Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked
dare,
Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion fair !"
1817.

XXXIV.

TO ENTERPRISE.

KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee
stand

High on that chalky cliff of Briton's Isle,
A slender volume grasping in thy hand—
(Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe's fate)—
Ah, spare the exulting smile,
And drop thy pointing finger bright
As the first flash of beacon light;
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
Nor turn thy face away
From One who, in the evening of his day,
To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

I.

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendor dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE,
Daughter of Hope! her favorite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter's arrow first defiled
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed
On board Euphrates' palmy shore,
And where the mightier Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
And Thou, thy favorite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare
From her rock-fortress in mid air,
With infant shout; and often sweep,
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain:
Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
Upon the couchant lion's mane!
With rolling years thy strength increased;
And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing altars rise
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From suppliants panting for the skies!

II.

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead;
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an

Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinity impelled,
The Stripling seeks the tented field:
The aspiring Virgin kneels: and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender Heroine
Vowed to severer discipline:
Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
And of the ocean's dismal breast
A play-ground,—or a couch of rest;
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The Chamois-chaser awed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice;
And hast Thou not with triumph seen
How soaring Mortals glide between
Or through the clouds, and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight?
How they, in bells of crystal, dive—
Where winds and waters cease to strive—
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the Deep;
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
In never-slackening voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow:
And, slighting sails and scorning oars,
Keep faith with Time on distant shores?
—Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste;
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain head;
Thou speak'st—and lo! the polar Seas
Unbosom their last mysteries.
—But oh! what transports, what sublime
reward,
Won from the world of mind, dost thou pre-
pare
For philosophic Sage: or high-souled Bard
Who, for thy service trained in lonely
woods, [air,
Hath fed on pageants floating through the
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;
Nor grieves—tho' doom'd thro' silent night
to bear

The domination of his glorious themes,
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

III.

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
From source still deeper, and of higher
worth,

'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control,
 And in due season send the mandate forth ;
 Thy call a prostrate nation can restore,
 When but a single Mind resolves to crouch
 no more.

IV.

Dread Minister of wrath !
 Who to their destined punishment dost urge

The Pharaohs of the earth the men of
 hardened heart !

Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
 When they in pomp depart
 With trampling horses and refulgent cars—
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge ;
 Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown
 strands :

Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—
 An army now, and now a living hill
 That a brief while heaves with convulsive

Throes—

Then all is still ;
 Or, to forget their madness and their woes,
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows !

V.

Back flows the willing current of my Song
 If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,
 Why should it daunt a blameless prayer ?
 —Bold Goddess ! range our Youth among ;
 Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat
 In hearts no longer young ;
 Still may a veteran Few have pride
 In thoughts whose sternness makes them
 sweet ;

In fixed resolves by Reason justified ;
 That to their object cleave like sleet
 Whitening a pine tree's northern side,
 When fields are naked far and wide,
 And withered leaves, from earth's cold
 breast

Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find
 rest.

VI.

But, if such homage thou disdain
 As doth with mellowing years agr
 One rarely absent from thy train
 More humble favors may obtain
 For thy contented Votary.
 She, who incites the frolic lambs
 In presence of their heedless dams,
 And to the solitary fawn
 Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Nymph

That wakes the breeze, the sparkling lymph
 Doth hurry to the lawn ;
 She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy
 Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melan
 choly,
 Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for
 me.

And vernal mornings opening bright
 With views of undefined delight,
 And cheerful songs, and suns that shine
 On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine

VII.

But thou, O Goddess ! in thy favorite Isle
 (Freedom's impregnable redoubt,
 The wide earth's store-house fenced about
 With breakers roaring to the gales
 That stretch a thousand thousand sails)
 Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile ! —
 Thy impulse is the life of Fame ;
 Glad Hope would almost cease to be
 If torn from thy society ;
 And Love, when worthiest of his name,
 Is proud to walk the earth with Thee !

XXXV

TO ———,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT
 OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain dwelling,
 Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
 From the watch-towers of Heivellyn ;
 Awed, delighted, and amazed !

Potent was the spell that bound thee
 Not unwilling to obey ;
 For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
 Stilled the-pantings of dismay.

Lo ! the dwindled woods and meadows ;
 What a vast abyss is there !
 Lo ! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
 And the glistenings—heavenly fair

And a record of commotion
 Which a thousand ridges yield :
 Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
 Gleaming like a silver shield !

Maiden ! now take flight ;—inherit
 Alps or Andes—they are thine !
 With the morning's roseate Spirit,
 Sweep their length of snowy line :

Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colors drest
Flung from off the purple pinions,
Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,
Whither spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty!

1816.

XXXVI.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAK-
ING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail
—There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold;
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.)

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.)

1803.

XXXVII.

WATER-FOWL.

"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day, towards the close of winter."—*Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.*

MARK how the feathered tenants of the
flood,
With grace of motion that might scarcely
seem

Inferior to angelical, prolong
Their curious pastime! shaping in mid air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that
soars

High as the level of the mountain-tops)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath—
Their own domain; but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves

Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight. 'Tis done—

Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;
But lo! the vanished company again
Ascending: they approach—I hear their
wings.

Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound,
Past in a moment—and as faint again!

They tempt the sun to sport amid their
plumes:

They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
To show them a fair image; 'tis themselves,
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering
plain,

Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch;—then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and
rest!

1812.

XXXVIII.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK
COMB.*

THIS Height a ministering Angel might
select:

For from the summit of BLACK COMB
(dread name

Derived from clouds and storms!) the
amplest range

Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands:—low dusky
tracts,

Where Trent is nursed, far southward!
Cambrian hills

To the south-west, a multitudinous show;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and
Clyde:—

Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes
forth

* Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland.

Gigantic mountains rough with crags ; beneath,
 Right at the imperial station's western base
 Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
 Far into silent regions blue and pale ;—
 And visibly engirding Mona's Isle
 That, as we left the plain, before our sight
 Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly
 (Above the convex of the watery globe)
 Into clear view the cultured fields that streak
 Her habitable shores, but now appears
 A dwindled object, and submits to lie
 At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,
 Is it a perishable cloud? Or there
 Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?
 Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-
 swain
 (Like the bright confines of another world)
 Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward
 now!
 In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
 The spectacle, how pure!—Of Nature's
 works,
 In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
 A revelation infinite it seems ;
 Display august of man's inheritance,
 Of Britain's calm felicity and power.
 1813.

XXXIX.

THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO ———.

THOSE silver clouds collected round the sun
 His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming less
 To overshadow than multiply his beams
 By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,
 To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our
 human sense
 Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
 More ample than the time-dismantled Oak
 Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now,
 attired
 In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords
 Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use
 Was fashioned ; whether by the hand of Art,
 That eastern Sultan, amid flowers en-
 wrought
 On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs
 In languor ; or, by Nature, for repose
 Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied with the
 chase.
 O Lady ! fairer in thy Poet's sight
 Than fairest spiritual creature of the groves,

Approach ;—and, thus invited, crown with
 rest
 The noon-tide hour ; though truly some
 there are
 Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid
 This venerable Tree ; for, when the wind
 Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking
 sound
 (Above the general roar of woods and crags)
 Distinctly heard from far—a doleful note !
 As if (so Grecian shepherds would have
 deemed)
 The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed
 Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbeliev'd,
 By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost
 Haunts the old trunk ; lamenting deeds of
 which
 The flowery ground is conscious. But no
 wind
 Sweeps now along this elevated ridge ;
 Not even a zephyr stirs ;—the obnoxious
 Tree
 Is mute ; and, in his silence, would look
 down,
 O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,
 On thy reclining form with more delight
 Than his coevals in the sheltered vale
 Seem to participate, the while they view
 Their own far-stretching arms and leafy
 heads
 Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,
 That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying
 stream !
 1819.

XL.

THE TRIAD.

SHOW me the noblest Youth of present
 time,
 Whose trembling fancy would to love give
 birth ;
 Some God or Hero, from the Olympian
 clime
 Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth :
 Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
 The brightest star of ages yet to be,
 And I will mate and match him blissfully.
 I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
 Pure as herself—(song lacks not mischief
 power)
 Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless
 wood,
 Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her coral
 bower ;

Mere Mortals, bodied forth in vision still,
Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill
The chaster coverts of a British hill.

"Appear!—obey my lyre's command
Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!
For ye, though not by birth allied,
Are Sisters in the bond of love;
Nor shall the tongue of envious pride
Presume those interweavings to reprove
In you, which that fair progeny of Jove,
Learned from the tuneful spheres that glide
In endless union, earth and sea above."

—I sing in vain;—the pines have hushed
their waving:

A peerless Youth expectant at my side,
Breathless as they, with unabated craving
Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;
And, with a wandering eye that seems to
chide,

Asks of the clouds what occupants they
hide:—

But why solicit more than sight could bear,
By casting on a moment all we dare?
Invoke we those bright Beings one by one;
And what was boldly promised, truly shall
be done.

"Fear not a constraining measure!
—Yielding to this gentle spell,
Lucida! from domes of pleasure,
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
Come to regions solitary,
Where the eagle builds her aëry,
Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!"
—She comes!—behold
That Figure, like a ship with snow-white sail!
Nearer she draws; a breeze uplifts her veil;
Upon her coming wait
As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale
As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mould,
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
His richest splendor—when his veering gait
And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest
Throne!
Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown;
What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou
near,
Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
That its fair flowers may from his cheek
Brush the too happy tear?"

—Queen, and handmaid lowly!
Whose skill can speed the day with lively
cares,

And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or hand prepares;
O Thou, against whose lip, without its smile
And in its silence even, no heart is proof;
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would recon-
cile

The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of Wal-
lace—

Who that hath seen thy beauty could content
His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly day?
Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent
To take thee in thy majesty away?

—Pass onward (even the glancing deer
Till we depart intrude not here:)
That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine
throws

A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"

Glad moment is it when the throng
Of warblers in full concert strong
Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout
The lagging shower, and force coy Phœbus
out,

Met by the rainbow's form divine,
Issuing from her cloudy shrine;—
So may the thrillings of the lyre
Prevail to further our desire,
While to these shades a sister Nymph I
call.

"Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,
Come, youngest of the lovely Three,
Submissive to the night of verse
And the dear voice of harmony,
By none more deeply felt than Thee!"
—I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal
She hastens to the tents
Of nature, and the lonely elements.
Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen;
But mark her glowing cheek, her vesture
green!

And, as if wishful to disarm
Or to repay the potent Charm,
She bears the stringed lute of old romance,
That cheered the trellised arbor's privacy,
And soothed war-wearied knights in raftered
hall.

How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!
So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance,
So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Eu-
phrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head
 Why are thy ungarlanded?
 Why bedeck her temples less
 Than the simplest shepherdess?
 Is it not a brow inviting
 Choicest flowers that ever breathed,
 Which the myrtle would delight in
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?
 But her humility is well content
 With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlorn)
 FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her
 bosom worn—
 Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
 Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and
 height!

For She, to all but those who love her, shy,
 Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight;
 Though where she is beloved and loves,
 Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves;
 Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
 That rifles blossoms on a tree,
 Turning them inside out with arch audacity.
 Alas! how little can a moment show
 Of an eye where feeling plays
 In ten thousand dewy rays;
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!
 —She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's
 side;

And there (while, with sedate mien,
 O'er timid waters that have scarcely left
 Their birth-place in the rocky cleft
 She bends) at leisure may be seen
 Features to of ideal grace allied,
 Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—
 Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth;
 The bland composure of eternal youth!

What more changeful than the sea?
 But over his great tides
 Fidelity presides;
 And this light-hearted Maiden constant is
 as he.

High is her aim as heaven above,
 And wide as ether her good-will;
 And, like the lowly reed, her love
 Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:
 Insight as keen as frosty star
 Is to *her* charity no bar,
 Nor interrupts her frolic graces
 When she is, far from these wild places,
 Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,
 Nature, from thy genuine law!
 If from what *her* hand would do,
 Her voice would utter, aught ensue

Untoward or unfit;
 She, in benign affections pure,
 In self-forgetfulness secure,
 Sheds round the transient harm or vague
 mischance

A light unknown to tutored elegance:
 Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,
 But her blushes are joy-flushes;
 And the fault (if fault it be)
 Only ministers to quicken
 Laughter-loving gayety, —
 And kindle sportive wit—
 Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free
 As if she knew that Oberon king of Fairy
 Had crossed her purpose with some quaint
 vagary,
 And heard his viewless bands
 Over their mirthful triumph clapping hands.

“Last of the Three, though eldest born,
 Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn
 Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
 Ere humbler gladness be afloat.
 But whither in the semblance drest
 Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the west,
 Come with each anxious hope subdued
 By woman's gentle fortitude,
 Each grief, through meekness, settling into
 rest.

—Or I would hail thee when some high-
 wrought page

Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
 Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
 Among the glories of a happier age.”

Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
 Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
 So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
 To be deserted through shady groves.
 Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
 Wish not for a richer streak;
 Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
 But let thy love, upon that azure field
 Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
 Its homage offered up in purity.
 What would'st thou more? In sunny glade
 Or under leaves of thickest shade,
 Was such a stillness e'er diffused
 Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
 Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
 To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon to
 melt

On the flower's breast; as if she felt
 That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue
 With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
 Call to the heart for inward listening—
 And though for bridal wreaths and tokens
 true

Welcomed wisely ; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on
As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps
on—

And without wrong are cropped the marble
tomb to strew.

The Charm is over ; the mute Phantoms
gone,

Nor will return—but droop not, favored
Youth ;

The apparition that before thee shone
Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.

From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will
guide

To bowers in which thy fortune may be tried,
And one of the bright Three become thy
happy Bride.

1828.

—◆—
XLL

THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old
highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate,
which, time out of mind, has been called the
Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes
formed or indulged there have a favorable
issue.

(HOPE rules a land forever green :)
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay ;
Clouds at her bidding disappear
Points she to aught ?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife ;
Yet how forlorn, should ye depart,
Ye superstitions of the heart,
How poor, were human life !

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate ;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate !

Inquire not if the fairy race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired ;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell ;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,

And in her fondest love—
Peace to embosom and content—
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yea ! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing, and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Beloved—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim ?
The local Genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot ;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favored scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loth such help to seek,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws ;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply ;
Time pressing on with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity.

1828.

—◆—
XLII.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream
That round it clung, and tempting scheme

Released from fear and doubt ;
And the bright landscape too must lie,
By this blank wall, from every eye,
Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
That opening—but a look ye cast
Upon the lake below,
What spirit-stirring power it gained
From faith which here was entertained,
Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs
Of history, Glory claps her wings,
Fame sheds the exulting tear ;
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of is, like this, a book
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
That grafted, on so fair a spot,
So confident a token
Of coming good :—the charm is fled ;
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas ! for him who gave the word :
Could he no sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed ;
Their very wishes wanted aid
Which here was freely given ?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found
A balm of expectation ?
Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air
Of home-felt consolation ?

And not unfelt will prove the loss
'Mid trivial care and petty cross
And each day's shallow grief,
Though the most easily beguiled
Were oft among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
A Reconciling thought may turn
To harm that might lurk here,
Ere judgment prompted from within
Fit aims, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man : our state
Enjoins, while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heavenward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All accidents of time and place :
Whatever props may fail,
Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottager may part,
Ungrieved, with charm and spell ;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory
Shall bid a kind farewell !

XLIII.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A ROCK there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights ;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights :
And one coy Primrose to that rock
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own ;
A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down !

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew ;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view ;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall ;
The earth is constant to her sphere ;
And God upholds them all :
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

* * * * *

Here closed the meditative strain ;
But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain-heights were cheered
The sunny vale looked gay ;
And to the Primrose of the Rock
I gave this after-lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,
Like Thee, in field and grove
Revive unenvied ;—mightier far,
Than tremblings that reprove
Our vernal tendencies to hope,
Is God's redeeming love ;

That love which changed—for wan disease,
 For sorrow that had bent
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—
 Their moral element,
 And turned the thistles of a curse
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
 The reasoning Sons of Men,
 From one oblivious winter called
 Shall rise, and breathe again;
 And in eternal summer lose
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
 This prescience from on high,
 The faith that elevates the just,
 Before and when they die;
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,
 A court for Deity.
 1831.

—◆—
 XLIV.

PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right
 Who deem: that ye from open light
 Retire in fear of shame;
 All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch
 Of vulgar sense,—and, being such,
 Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,
 The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
 Were mine in early days;
 And now, unforced by time to part
 With fancy, I obey my heart,
 And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good,
 Too potent over nerve and blood,
 Lurk near you—and combine
 To taint the health which ye infuse;
 This hides not from the moral Muse
 Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers!
 Comes Faith that inauspicious hours
 Builds castles, not of air:
 Bodings unsanctioned by the will
 Flow from your visionary skill,
 And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
 That no philosophy can lift,
 Shall vanish, if ye please,
 Like morning mist: and, where it lay
 The spirits at your bidding play
 In gayety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move
 Through space, though calm, not raised
 above

Prognostics that ye rule;
 The naked Indian of the wild,
 And haply, too, the cradled Child,
 Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
 Number their signs or instruments?
 A rainbow, a sunbeam,
 A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
 An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
 With sighs of self-exhausted mirth
 Ye feelingly reprove;
 And daily, in the conscious breast,
 Your visitations are a test
 And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless
 scope

To an exulting Nation's hope,
 Oft, startled and made wise
 By your low-breathed interpretations,
 The simply-meeek foretaste the springs
 Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,
 Pervade the lonely ocean far
 As sail hath been unfurled;
 For dancers in the festive hall
 What ghastly partners hath your call
 Fetched from the shadowy world!

'Tis said that warnings ye dispense,
 Emboldened by a keener sense;
 That men have lived for whom,
 With dread precision, ye made clear
 The hour that in a distant year
 Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
 Truth shows a glorious face,
 While on that isthmus which commands
 The councils of both worlds, she stands,
 Sage Spirits! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
 All changes of the element,
 Whose wisdom fixed the scale
 Of natures, for our wants provides
 By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
 When lights of reason fail
 1830.

XLV.

VERNAL ODE.

Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam
in minimis.—PLIN. NAT. HIST.

I.

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green were
dight,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,
The form and rich habiliments of One
Whose countenance bore resemblance to
the sun,
When it reveals, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pure
light,
Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air
He hung,—then floated with angelic ease
(Softening that bright effulgence by de-
grees)
Till he had reached a summit sharp and
bare,
Where oft the venturesome heifer drinks the
noontide breeze.
Upon the apex of that lofty cone
Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone ;
Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east
Suddenly raised by some enchanter's
power,
Where nothing was : and firm as some old
Tower
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
Waves high, embellished by a gleaming
shower.

II.

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
Rested a golden harp;—he touched the
strings ;
And, after prelude of unearthly sound
Poured through the echoing hills around,
He sang—
“ No wintry desolations,
Scorching blight or noxious dew,
Affect my native habitations ;
Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope
Imaged, though faintly, in the hue
Profound of night's ethereal blue ;
And in the aspect of each radiant orb :—
Some fixed, some wandering with no timid
curb ;
But wandering star and fixed, to mortal
eye,

Blended in absolute serenity,
And free from semblance of decline ;—
Fresh as if Evening brought their natal
hour,
Her darkness splendor gave, her silence
power,
To testify of Love and Grace divine.

III.

What if those bright fires
Shine subject to decay,
Sons haply of extinguished sires,
Themselves to lose their light, or pass
away
Like clouds before the wind,
Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand
bestows,
Nightly, on human kind
That vision of endurance and repose.
—And though to every draught of vital
breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth
or ocean,
The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion ;
Though all that feeds on nether air,
How'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust :
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps ;
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth.
Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the
sky
The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
The shadow-casting race of trees survive :
Thus, in the train of Spring arrive
Sweet flowers :—what living eye hath
viewed
Their myriads ?—endlessly renewed,
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray ;
Where'er the subtle waters stray ;
Wherever sportive breezes bend
Their course, or genial showers descend !
Mortals, rejoice ! the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes to
range !”

IV.

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse !
That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,

Prefer'st a garland culled from purple
 heath,
 Or blooming thicket moist with morning
 dews ;
 Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to
 me ?

And was it granted to the simple ear
 Of thy contented Votary
 Such melody to hear !
Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,
 Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
 While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-
 tree,

To lie and listen—till o'er-drows'd sense
 Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence—
 To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.
 —A slender sound ! yet hoary Time
 Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime
 Of all his years :—a company
 Of ages coming, ages gone ;
 (Nations from before them sweeping,
 Regions in destruction steeping.)
 But every awful note in unison
 With that faint utterance, which tells
 Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
 For the pure keeping of those waxen cells ;
 Where She—a statist prudent to confer
 Upon the common weal ; a warrior bold,
 Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
 And armed with living spear for mortal
 fight ;

A cunning forager
 That spreads no waste ; a social builder ;
 one

In whom all busy offices unite
 With all fine functions that afford delight—
 Safe through the winter storm in quiet
 dwells !

v.

And is She brought within the power
 Of vision ?—o'er this tempting flower
 Hovering until the petals stay
 Her flight, and take its voice away !—
 Observe each wing !—a tiny van !
 The structure of her laden thigh,
 How fragile ! yet of ancestry
 Mysteriously remote and high ;
 High as the imperial front of man ;
 The roseate bloom on woman's cheek ;
 The soaring eagle's curv'd beak ;
 The white plumes of the floating swan ;
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
 At which the desert trembles.—Humming
 Bee !

Thy sting was needless then, perchance
 unknown,

The seeds of malice were not sown ;
 All creatures met in peace, from fierceness
 free,

And no pride blended with their dignity.
 —Tears had not broken from their source ;
 Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean
 den ;

The golden years maintained a course
 Not undiversified though smooth and even ;
 We were not mocked with glimpse and
 shadow then,

Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men ;
 And earth and stars composed a universal
 heaven !

1817.

XLVI.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

“ Not to the earth confined,
 Ascend to heaven.”

WHERE will they stop, those breathing
 Powers,

The Spirits of the new-born flowers ?
 They wander with the breeze, they wind
 Where'er the streams a passage find ;
 Up from their native ground they rise
 In mute aerial harmonies ;
 From humble violet—modest thyme—
 Exhaled, the essential odors climb,
 As if no space below the sky
 Their subtle flight could satisfy :
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with
 pride
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,
 The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
 That with moist virtue softly cleaves
 The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
 The birds pour forth their souls in notes
 Of rapture from a thousand throats—
 Here checked by too impetuous haste,
 While there the music runs to waste,
 With bounty more and more enlarged,
 Till the whole air is overcharged ;
 Give ear, O Man ! to their appeal
 And thirst for no inferior zeal,
 Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth ; aspire ! aspire !
 So pleads the town's cathedral quire,
 In strains that from their solemn height
 Sink, to attain a loftier flight ;
 While incense from the altar breathes
 Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths ;

Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
 The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
 Around angelic Forms, the still
 Creation of the painter's skill,
 That on the service wait concealed
 One moment, and the next revealed
 —Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
 And for no transient ecstasies!
 What else can mean the visual plea
 Of still or moving imagery—
 The iterated summons loud,
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng
 Hurrying the busy streets along?

Alas! the sanctities combined
 By art to unsensualize the mind
 Decay and languish; or, as creeds
 And humors change, are spurned like
 weeds:

The priests are from their altars thrust;
 Temples are levelled with the dust;
 And solemn rites and awful forms
 Founder amid fanatic storms,
 Yet evermore, through years renewed
 In undisturbed vicissitude
 Of seasons balancing their flight
 On the swift wings of day and night,
 Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
 Wide open for the scattered Poor.
 Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
 Is wafted in mute harmonies;
 And ground fresh-cloven by the plough
 Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,
 And vapors magnify and spread
 The glory of the sun's bright head—
 Still constant in her worship, still
 Conforming to the eternal Will,
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,
 Divine monition Nature yields,
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for a sabbath of the heart:
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

1832.

XLVII.

THE CUCKOO-CLÓCK.

WOULDST thou be taught, when sleep has
 taken flight,
 By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
 How far-off yet a glimpse of morning light,
 And if to lure the truant back be well,

Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,
 That, answering to thy touch, will sound
 the hour;
 Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
 For service hung behind thy chamber-door;
 And in due time the soft spontaneous
 shock,
 The double note, as if with living power,
 Will to composure lead—or make thee blithe
 as bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho' tempests
 howl,
 Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
 How cattle pine, and droop the shivering
 fowl,
 Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:
 I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice
 beguiled,
 Thou wilt salute old memories as they
 throng
 Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild
 Through fresh green fields, and budding
 groves among,
 Will make thee happy, happy as a child:
 Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers,
 and song,
 And breathe as in a world where nothing
 can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns
 the day
 And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
 Whose joys, from all but memory swept
 away,
 Must come unhopèd for, if they come again:
 Know—that, for him whose waking
 thoughts, severe
 As his distress is sharp, would scorn my
 theme,
 The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
 In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
 Could from sad regions send him to a dear
 Delightful land of verdure, shower and
 gleam,
 To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some
 haunted stream.

O bounty without measure! while the grace
 Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest
 springs,
 Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
 A mazy course along familiar things,
 Well may our hearts have faith that bless-
 ings come,
 Streaming from founts above the starrv sky,
 With angels when their own untroubled
 home

They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance
try,
And those that seek his help, and for his
mercy sigh.

◆
XLVIII.

TO THE CLOUDS.

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops
Ascending from behind the motionless brow
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,
O whither with such eagerness of speed?
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the
gale
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea
Children, thus post ye over vale and height
To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest?
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine
eyes
Beheld in your impetuous march the like-
ness
Of a wide army pressing on to meet
Or overtake some unknown enemy?—
But your smooth motions suit a peaceful
aim;
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, com-
pares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of
birds
Aërial, upon due migration bound
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage
To pause at last on more aspiring heights
Than these, and utter your devotion there
With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubi-
lant,
And would ye, tracking your proud lord the
Sun,
Be present at his setting; or the pomp
Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and
stand
Poising your splendors high above the
heads
Of worshippers kneeling to their up risen
God?
Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness
of speed?
Speak, silent creatures.—They are gone, are
fled,
Buried together in yon gloomy mass

That leads the middle heaven; and clear
and bright
And vacant doth the region which they
thronged
Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting
Down to the unapproachable abyss,
Down to that hidden gulf from which they
rose
To vanish—fleet as days and months and
years,
Fleet as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
The lingering world, when time hath ceased
to be.
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted
trees,
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life
Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to mine
eye
That sees them, to my soul that owns in
them,
And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are
contained,
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.
A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work, shall we call it, of the Shepherd's
foot
Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them both.
I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have
wings.
Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse? The mountain
blast
Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sweep
The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy
lake.
And search the fibres of the caves, and they
Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds,
And the wind loves them, and the gentle
gales—
Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn
With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
And moisten the parched lip of thirsty
flowers—
Love them; and every idle breeze of air
Bends to the favorite burthen. Moon and
stars

Keep their most solemn vigils when the
 Clouds
 Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
 Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when
 they lie,
 As if some Protean art the change had
 wrought,
 In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
 Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
 And all degrees of beauty. O ye Light-
 nings!
 Ye are their perilous offspring; and the
 Sun—
 Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
 And type of man's far-darting reason, there-
 fore
 In old time worshipped as the god of verse,
 A blazing intellectual deity—
 Loves his own glory in their looks, and
 showers
 Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
 Visions with all but beatific light
 Enriched—too transient were they not re-
 newed
 From age to age, and did not, while we
 gaze
 In silent rapture, credulous desire
 Nourish the hope that memory lacks not
 power
 To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain
 thought!
 Yet why repine, created as we are
 For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
 Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

 XLIX.

 SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF
 THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The gentlest poet, with free thoughts en-
 dowed,
 And a true master of the glowing strain,
 Might scan the narrow province with dis-
 dain
 That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.
 This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
 The daring thought, forget the name:
 This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers
 might own
 As no unworthy partner in their flight
 Through seas of ether, where the ruffling
 sway
 Of nether air's rude billows is unknown:

Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime
 they
 Through India's spicy regions wing their
 way,
 Might bow to as their Lord. What char-
 acter,
 O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee
 Of all thy feathered progeny
 Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?
 So richly decked in variegated down,
 Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy
 brown,
 Tints softly with each other blended,
 Hues doubtfully begun and ended;
 Or intershooting, and to sight
 Lost and recovered, as the rays of light
 Glance on the conscious plumes touched
 here and there?
 Full surely, when with such proud gifts of
 life
 Began the pencil's strife,
 O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous
 wrong
 Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song;
 But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
 A juster judgment from a calmer view;
 And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
 Thankfully took an effort that was meant
 Not with God's bounty, Nature's love, to
 vie,
 Or made with hope to please that inward
 eye
 Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
 But to recall the truth by some faint trace
 Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
 That in the living Creature find on earth a
 place.

 L.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR,
 UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
 Might bear thee to this glen,
 With faithful memory left of things
 To pencil dear and pen,
 Thou would'st forego the neighboring
 Rhine,
 And all his majesty—
 A studious forehead to incline
 O'er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have seen,
 In spirit, ere she came
 To dwell these rited rocks between,
 Or found on earth a name ;
 An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
 Thy inspirations give—
 Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
 Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
 How beautiful his eyes,
 That blend the nature of the star
 With that of summer skies !
 I speak as if of sense beguiled ;
 Uncounted months are gone,
 Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
 That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow
 The smooth transparent skin,
 Refined, as with intent to show
 The holiness within ;
 The grace of parting Infancy
 By blushes yet untamed ;
 Age faithful to the mother's knee,
 Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters still and sweet
 As flowers, stand side by side ;
 Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
 The Christian of his pride :
 Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
 Upon them not forlorn,
 Though of a lineage once abhorred,
 Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
 Of poverty and wrong,
 Doth here preserve a living light,
 From Hebrew fountains sprung ;
 That gives this ragged group to cast
 Around the dell a gleam
 Of Palestine, of glory past,
 And proud Jerusalem !

1828.

LI.

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

ARGUMENT.

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual
 functionary, in communion with sounds, indi-
 vidual, or combined with studied harmony.—
 Sources and effects of those sounds (to the
 close of 6th Stanza).—The power of music,
 whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot.
 —Origin of music, and its effect in early

ages—how produced (to the middle of 10th
 Stanza).—The mind recalled to sounds
 acting casually and severally.—Wish uttered
 (11th Stanza) that these could be united into
 a scheme or system for moral interests and
 intellectual contemplation.—(Stanza 12th.)
 The Pythagorean theory of numbers and
 music, with their supposed power over the
 motions of the universe—imaginings consen-
 sant with such a theory.—Wish expressed
 (in 11th Stanza) realized, in some degree, by
 the representation of all sounds under the
 form of thanksgiving to the Creator.—(Last
 Stanza) the destruction of earth and the pla-
 netary system—the survival of audible har-
 mony, and its support in the Divine Nature,
 as revealed in Holy Writ.

I.

Try functions are ethereal,
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
 Organ of vision ! And a spirit aerial
 Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and
 blind ;
 Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
 To enter than oracular cave ;
 Strict passage, through which sighs are
 brought,
 And whispers for the heart, their slave ;
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse
 Of shivering flesh : and warbled air,
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
 Into the ambush of despair ;
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn
 aisle,
 And requiems answered by the pulse that
 beats
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats !

II.

The headlong streams and fountains
 Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired
 powers :
 Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian moun-
 tains,
 They lull perchance ten thousand thousand
 flowers.
 That roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,
 How fearful to the desert wide !
 That bleat, how tender ! of the dam
 Calling a straggler to her side.
 Shout, cuckoo !—let the vernal soul
 Go with thee to the frozen zone ;
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird,
 toll !
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,
 Mercy from her twilight throne
 Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,

To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening
sea,
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
And Images of voice—to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded
meadows
Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves,
reborn—

On with your pastime! till the church-tower
bells

A greeting give of measured glee;
And milder echoes from their cells
Repeat the bridal symphony.
Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,
And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milk-maids, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

IV.

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's
mirth;
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath,
that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green
earth.

For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid
oar,

And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A coral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear
breast

Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V.

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented
tower;

Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!

Who, from a martial *pacant*, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plume
less heads?—

Even she whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move
Fanned by the plausible wings of Love.

VI.

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous passions
trod!

O Thou, through whom the temple rings
with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of
God,

Betray not by the cozenage of sense
Thy votaries, woefully resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better, mind;
But lead sick Fancy to a harp,
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience,—stay
The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm array
Knit every thought the impending issue
needs,

Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII.

As Conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pain,
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet
hurled—

Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dis-
may.

Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty,
Truth,
With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover
All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time.
Orphean Insight! truth's undaunted lover,
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb!

When Music deigned within this grosser
sphere

Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Softer than Nature's self could mould.
Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
Of rapt imagination sped her march
Through the realms of woe and weal:
Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic
verse

Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX.

The GIFT to king Amphion
That walled a city with its melody
Was for belief no dream:—thy skill, Arion!
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace he
craves,

Leave for one chant;—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud One docile as a managed horse;
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And he, with his preserver, shining star-
bright

In memory, through silent night.

X.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
Couched in the shadow of Mænalian pines,
Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the
leopards

That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence,—and Silenus swang
This way and that, with wild flowers crowned.
To life, to *life* give back thine ear:
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffin-lid;
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell:
"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward
shore,

Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to
blend

Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no
scheme,

No scale of moral music—to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest
dream

Of memory?—O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As labored minstrelsies through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are con-
trolled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to
merit

Initiation in that mystery old,
The heavens, whose aspect makes our
minds as still

As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their
round;

Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords,
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of
words!

Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim

Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
 Shouting through one valley calls,
 All worlds, all natures, mood and measure
 keep
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A Voice to Light gave Being;
 To Time, and Man his earth-born chron-
 icler;
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foresee-
 ing,
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;

The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
 To archangelic lips applied,
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.
 O Silence! are Man's noisy years
 No more than moments of thy life?
 Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears
 With her smooth tones and discords just,
 Tempted into rapturous strife,
 Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth
 be dust
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve,
 her stay
 Is in the WORD that shall not pass away.
 1828.

ROAD SONG.

Constance D. Mackey, in the Craftsman.
 These to be thankful for a friend,
 A work to do, a way to wend.
 And these in which to take delight:
 The wind that turns the poplars white.
 Wonder and gleam of common things—
 Sunlight upon a sea gull's wings,
 Odors of earth and dew-drenched lawns,
 The pageantry of darks and dawns;
 Blue vistas of a city street
 At twilight, music, passing feet;
 The thrill of spring, half joy, half pain,
 The deep voice of the autumn rain—
 Shall we not be content with these
 Imperishable mysteries,
 And, jocund-hearted, take our share
 Of joy and pain, and find life fair?
 Wayfarers on a road where we
 Set forth each day right valiantly;
 Expectant, dauntless, blithe, content
 To make the great experiment.

PETER BELL.

A TALE.

What's in a Name ?

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P.L., ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in its Manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*.—For it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favorable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the Literature of our Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavors in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The Poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the Imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that Prologue was written, *you* have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted that to you, as a Master in that province of the art, the following Tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, April 7, 1819.

PROLOGUE.

THERE'S something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent-moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent-moon:
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger's in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me!

(214)

Meanwhile untroubled I admire

The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast
To see how ye are all distrest,
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my Boat and I—
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her ;
Up goes my little Boat so bright !

The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull—
We pry among them all ; have shot
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from top to toe with scars ;
Such company I like it not !

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
And melancholy Spectres throng them ;—
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them.

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers ;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours ?

Then back to Earth, the dear green
Earth :—
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be ;
I've left my heart at home.

See ! there she is, the matchless Earth !
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean !
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
Through the gray clouds : the Alps are
here,
Like waters in commotion !

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands :
That silver thread the river Dnieper ;
And look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen :
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her !

And see the town where I was born !
Around those happy fields we span
In boyish gambols :—I was lost
Where I have been, but on this coast
I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once
Appear so lovely, never, never ;—
How tunefully the forests ring !
To hear the earth's soft murmuring
Thus could I hang forever !

"Shame on you !" cried my little Boat,
"Was ever such a homesick Loon,
Within a living Boat to sit,
And make no better use of it ;
A Boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon !

Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet
Fittered so faint a heart before ;—
Was it the music of the spheres
That overpowered your mortal ears ?
—Such din sha'l trouble them no more.

These nether precincts do not lack
Charms of their own ;—then come with me ;
I want a conrade, and for you
There's nothing that I would not do,
Naught is there that you shall not see.

Haste ! and above Siberian snows
We'll sport amid the boreal morning ;
Will mingle with her lustres gliding
Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
And now the stars adorning.

I know the secrets of a land
Where human foot did never stray ;
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

Or we'll into the realm of Faery,
Among the lovely shades of things ;
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings !

Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
Less quiet regions to explore,
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
How earth and heaven are taught to feel
The night of magic lore !"

"My little vagrant Form of light,
My gay and beautiful Canoe,
Well have you played your friendly part ;
As kindly take what from my heart
Experience forces—then adieu !

Temptation lurks among your words :
But, while these pleasures you're pursuing,
Without impediment or let,
No wonder if you quite forget
What on the earth is doing.

There was a time when all mankind
Did listen with a faith sincere
To tuneful tongues in mystery versed ;
Then Poets fearlessly rehearsed
The wonders of a wild career.

Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late)
Take with you some ambitious Youth !
For, restless Wanderer ! I, in truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate.

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers ;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create?

A potent wand doth Sorrow wield ;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear !
Repentance is a tender Sprite ;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

But grant my wishes,—let us now
Descend from this ethereal height ;
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
More daring far than Hippogriff,
And be thy own delight !

To the stone-table in my garden,
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,
The Squire is come : his daughter Bess
Beside him in the cool recess
Sits blooming like a flower.

With these are many more convened ;
They know not I have been so far ;—
I see them there, in number nine,
Beneath the spreading Weymouth pine !
I see them—there they are !

There sits the Vicar and his Dame ;
And there my good friend, Stephen Otter ;
And, ere the light of evening fail,
To them I must relate the Tale
Of Peter Bell the Potter.*

Off flew the Boat—away she flees,
Spurning her freight with indignation !
And I, as well as I was able,
On two poor legs, toward my stone-table
Limped on with sore vexation.

"O, here he is !" cried little Bess—
She saw me at the garden door ;
"We've waited anxiously and long,"
They cried, and all around me throng,
Full nine of them or more !

"Reproach me not—your fears be still—
Be thankful we again have met ;—
Resume, my Friends ! within the shade
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like one
Not wholly rescued from the pale
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion ;
But, straight, to cover my confusion,
Began the promised Tale.

PART FIRST.

ALL by the moonlight river side
Groaned the poor Beast—alas ! in vain ;
The staff was raised to loftier height,
And the blows fell with heavier weight
As Peter struck—and struck again.

"Hold !" cried the Squire, "against the
rules

Of common sense you're surely sinning ;
This leap is for us all too bold ;
Who Peter was, let that be told,
And start from the beginning."

—"A Potter,* Sir, he was by trade,"
Said I, becoming quite collected ;
"And wheresoever he appeared,
Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected.

He, two and-thirty years or more,
Had been a wild and woodland rover ;
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum ;
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knell—
A far-renowned alarum !

At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle had he been ;
And all along the lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of Ayr ;
And far as Aberdeen.

And he had been at Inverness ;
And Peter, by the mountain-rills,
Had danced his round with Highland
lasses ;
And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot Hills :

* In the dialect of the North, a hawker of earthenware is thus designated.

And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding *scars* ;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars :

And all along the indented coast,
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam ;
Where'er a knot of houses lay
On headland, or in hollow bay ;—
Sure never man like him did roam !

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor ;—
He travelled here, he travelled there ;—
But not the value of a hair
Was heart or head the better.

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell ;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But Nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before .
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart : he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky !

On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place ;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all ;—
He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not !— wedded wives — and
twelve ! [him]

But how one wife could e'er come near
In simple truth I cannot tell ;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors ;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Had Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence ;
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait ;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred :
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his '*whens*' and '*hows* ;'
And half, by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky !

ONE NIGHT (and now my little Bess !
We've reached at last the promised Tale).
One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone ;—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and brake,
He trudged along o'er hill and dale ;
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way ;
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerily his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried, like a bird
Darkling, among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed,
And on he drives with cheeks that burn
In downright fury and in wrath ;—
There's little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return !

The path grows dim, and dimmer still ;
Now up, now down, the Rover wends,
With all the sail that he can carry,
Till brought to a deserted quarry—
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of strange shape,
Massy and black, before him lay ;
But through the dark, and through the
cold,
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry :—and behold
A scene of soft and lovely hue !
Where blue and gray, and tender green,
Together make as sweet a scene
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow ground ;
But field or meadow name it not ;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the gray rocks,
But he flowed quiet and unseen ;—
You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale
To that green spot, so calm and green !

And is there no one dwelling here,
No hermit with his beads and glass ?
And does no little cottage look
Upon this soft and fertile nook ?
Does no one live near this green grass ?

Across the deep and quiet spot
Is Peter driving through the grass—
And now has reached the skirting trees ;
When, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary Ass.

" A prize ! " cries Peter—but he first
Must spy about him far and near :
There's not a single house in sight,
No woodman's-hut, no cottage light—
Peter, you need not fear !

There's nothing to be seen but woods,
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
And this one Beast, that from the bed
Of the green meadow hangs his head
Over the silent stream.

His head is with a halter bound ;
The halter seizing, Peter leapt
Upon the Creature's back, and plied
With ready heels his shaggy side ;
But still the Ass his station kept.

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,
A jerk that from a dungeon-floor
Would have pulled up an iron ring ;
But still the heavy-headed Thing
Stood just as he had stood before !

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,
" There is some plot against me laid ;"
Once more the little meadow ground
And all the hoary cliffs around
He cautiously surveyed.

All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
All still and silent—far and near !
Only the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all this ?
Some ugly witchcraft must be here !
—Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear,

Suspicion ripened it to dread,
Yet with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hide,
He dealt a sturdy blow.

The poor Ass staggered with the shock ;
And then, as if to take his ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees ;

As gently on his side he fell ;
And by the river's brink did lie ;
And, while he lay like one that mourned,
The patient Beast on Peter turned
His shining hazel eye.

'Twas but one mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe :
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eye-ball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and clear.

Upon the Beast the sapling rings ;
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they stirred ;
He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans :
And not till now hath Peter seen
How gaunt the Creature is,—how lean
And sharp his staring bones !

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay :—
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue :
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death ;
And Peter's lips with fury quiver ;
Quoth he, " You little mulish dog,
I'll fling your carcass like a log
Head-foremost down the river ! "

An impious oath confirmed the threat—
Whereat from the earth on which he lay
To all the echoes, south and north,
And east and west, the Ass sent forth
A long and clamorous bray !

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks ;
But in the echo of the rocks
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
Or that he could not break the chain,
In this serene and solemn hour,
Twined round him by demoniac power,
To the blind work he turned again.

Among the rocks and winding crags,
Among the mountains far away :
Once more the Ass did lengthen out
More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray !

What is there now in Peter's heart ?
Or whence the might of this strange sound !
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
The broad blue heavens appeared to gimmer,
And the rocks staggered all around—

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped !
Threat has he none to execute ;
" If any one should come and see
That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,
" I'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the Ass from limb to limb,
And ventures now to uplift his eyes ;
More steady looks the moon, and clear,
More like themselves the rocks appear
And touch more quiet skies.

His scorn returns—his hate revives ;
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize
With malice—that again takes flight ;
For in the pool a startling sight
Meets him, among the inverted trees.

Is it the Moon's distorted face ?
The ghost-like image of a cloud ?
Is it a gallows there portrayed ?
Is Peter of himself afraid ?
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud ?

A grisly idol hewn in stone ?
Or imp from witch's lap let fall ?
Perhaps a ring of shining fairies ?
Such as pursue their feared vagaries
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall ?

Is it a fiend that to a stake
Of fire his desperate self is tethering ?
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell
In solitary ward or cell,
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren ?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
And never heart so loudly panted :
He looks, he cannot choose but look ;
Like some one reading in a book—
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell !
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear !
His hat is up—and every hair
Bristles, and whitens in the moon !

He looks, he ponders, looks again ;
 He sees a motion—hears a groan ;
 His eyes will burst—his heart will break—
 He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
 And back he falls, as if his life were flown!

PART SECOND.

We left our Hero in a trance,
 Beneath the alders, near the river ;
 The Ass is by the river-side,
 And, where the feeble breezes glide,
 Upon the stream the moonbeams quiver

A happy respite ! but at length
 He feels the glimmering of the moon ;
 Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly sighing—
 To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,
 Into a second swoon !

He lifts his head, he sees his staff ;
 He touch's—'tis to him a treasure !
 Faint recollection seems to tell
 That he is yet where mortals dwell—
 A thought received with languid pleasure !

His head upon his elbow propped,
 Becoming less and less perplexed,
 Sky-ward he looks—to rock and wood—
 And then—upon the glassy flood
 His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one
 In his last sleep securely bound !
 So toward the stream his head he bent,
 And downward thrust his staff, intent
 The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest shattered bark,
 That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
 And in a moment to the verge
 Is lifted of a foaming surge—
 Full suddenly the Ass doth rise !

His staring bones all shake with joy,
 And close by Peter's side he stands,
 While Peter o'er the river bends,
 The little Ass his neck extends,
 And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the Ass's eyes,
 Such life is in his limbs and ears,
 That Peter Bell, if he had been
 The veriest coward ever seen,
 Must now have thrown aside his fears

The Ass looks on—and to his work
 Is Peter quietly resigned ;
 He touches here—he touches there—
 And now among the dead man's hair
 His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again ;
 And he whom the poor Ass had lost,
 The man who had been four days dead,
 Head-foremost from the river's bed
 Uprises like a ghost !

And Peter draws him to dry land ;
 And through the brain of Peter pass
 Some poignant twitches, fast and faster ;
 " No doubt," quoth he, " he is the Master
 Of this poor miserable Ass !"

The meagre Shadow that looks on—
 What would he now ? what is he doing ?
 His sudden fit of joy is flown,—
 He on his knees hath laid him down,
 As if he were his grief renewing ;

But no—that Peter on his back
 Must mount, he shows well as he can :
 Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,
 I'll do what he would have me do,
 In pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts
 Upon the pleased and thankful Ass ;
 And then, without a moment's stay,
 That earnest Creature turned away,
 Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,
 The Beast four days and nights had past ;
 A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,
 And there the Ass four days had been,
 Nor ever once did break his fast :

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart ;
 The mead is crossed—the quarry's mouth
 Is reached ; but there the trusty guide
 Into a thicket turns aside,
 And deftly ambles towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound !
 And Peter honestly might say,
 The like came never to his ears,
 Though he has been, full thirty years,
 A rover—night and day !

'Tis not a plover of the moors,
 'Tis not a bittern of the fen ;
 Nor can it be a barking fox,
 Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks
 Nor wild-cat in a woody glen !

The Ass is startled—and stops short
 Right in the middle of the thicket ;
 And Peter, wont to whistle loud
 Whether alone or in a crowd,
 Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess?
Well may you tremble and look grave!
This cry—that rings along the wood,
This cry—that floats adown the flood,
Comes from the entrance of a cave:

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,
And if I had the power to say
How sorrowful the wanderer is,
Your heart would be as sad as his
Till you had kissed his tears away!

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps;
Thence back into the moonlight creeps;
Whom seeks he—whom?—the silent dead:

His father!—Him doth he require—
Him hath he sought with fruitless pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees;
Now creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,
When he through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distressed
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest
Hovering around with dolorous moan!

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening Ass conjectures well;
Wild as it is, he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible.

But Peter—when he saw the Ass
Not only stop but turn, and change
The cherished tenor of his pace
That lamentable cry to chase—
It wrought in him conviction strange;

A faith that, for the dead man's sake
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befell.

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home,
Is striving stoutly as he may;
But, while he climbs the woody hill,
The cry grows weak—and weaker still;
And now at last it dies away.

So with his freight the Creature turns
Into a gloomy grove of beech,
Along the shade with footsteps true
Descending slowly, till the two
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along the narrow dell,
A fair smooth pathway you discern,
A length of green and open road—
As if it from a fountain flowed—
Winding away between the fern.

The rocks that tower on either side
Build up a wild fantastic scene;
Temples like those among the Hindoos,
And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,
And castles all with ivy green!

And, while the Ass pursues his way,
Along this solitary dell,
As pensively his steps advance,
The mosques and spires change counte-
nance,
And look at Peter Bell!

That unintelligible cry
Hath left him high in preparation,—
Convinced that he, or soon or late,
This very night will meet his fate—
And so he sits in expectation!

The strenuous Animal hath clomb
With the green path; and now he wends
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,
In undisturbed immensity
A level plain extends.

But whence this faintly-rustling sound
By which the journeying pair are chased?
—A withered leaf is close behind,
Light plaything for the sportive wind
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,
It only doubled his distress;
“Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me—
So huge hath been my wickedness!”

To a close lane they now are come,
Where, as before, the enduring Ass
Moves on without a moment's stop,
Nor once turns round his head to crop
A bramble-leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,
The white dust sleeps upon the lane;
And Peter, ever and anon
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone,
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood
By moonlight made more faint and wan,
Ha! why these sinkings of despair?
He knows not how the blood comes there—
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,
Where he had struck the Ass's head;
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,
But then it quickly fled;

Of him whom sudden death had seized
He thought,—of thee, O faithful Ass!
And once again those ghastly pains
Shoot to and fro through heart and reins,
And through his brain like lightning pass.

PART THIRD.

I've heard of one, a gentle Soul,
Though given to sadness and to gloom,
And for the fact will vouch,—one night
It chanced that by a taper's light
This man was reading in his room;

Bending, as you or I might bend
At night o'er any pious book,
When sudden blackness overspread
The snow-white page on which he read,
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round,—
And to his book he turned again;
—The light had left the lonely taper,
And formed itself upon the paper
Into large letters—bright and plain!

The godly book was in his hand—
And, on the page, more black than coal,
Appeared, set forth in strange array,
A word—which to his dying day
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart:
But he hath said, poor gentle wight!
It brought full many a sin to light
Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread Spirits! to confound the meek
Why wander from your course so far,
Disordering color, form and stature!
—Let good men feel the soul of nature,
And see things as they are.

Yet, potent Spirits! well I know,
How ye, that play with soul and sense,
Are not unused to trouble friends
Of goodness, for most gracious ends—
And this I speak in reverence.

But might I give advice to you,
Whom in my fear I love so well;
From men of pensive virtue go,
Dread Beings! and your empire show
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence often have I felt
In darkness and the stormy night;
And, with like force, if need there be,
Ye can put forth your agency
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,
That powerful world in which ye dwell,
Come, Spirits of the Mind! and try
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,
What may be done with Peter Bell!

—O, would that some more skilful voice
My further labor might prevent!
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,
I feel that I am all unfit
For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, with my narration
I loitered long ere I began:
Ye waited then on my good pleasure:
Pour out indulgence still, in measure
As liberal as ye can!

Our Travellers, ye remember well,
Are thridding a sequestered lane;
And Peter many tricks is trying,
And many anodynes applying,
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;
And, finding that he can account
So snugly for that crimson stain,
His evil spirit up again
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;
"Blood drops—leaves rustle—yet," quoth
he,
"This poor man never, but for me,
Could have had Christian burial.

And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,
That here has been some wicked dealing;
No doubt the devil in me wrought;
I'm not the man who could have thought
An Ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes
His shining horn tobacco-box;
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,
Tell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The Ass turned round his head, and
grinned.

Appalling process! I have marked
The like on heath, in lonely wood;
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous—yet
It suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed—
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,
A murmur, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road,

Rolled audibly! it swept along,
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!—
'Twas by a troop of miners made,
Plying with gunpowder their trade,
Some twenty fathoms underground.

Small cause of dire effect! for, surely,
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,
Believed that earth was charged to quake
And yawn for his unworthy sake,
'Twas Peter Bell the Potter.

But, as an oak in breathless air
Will stand though to the centre hewn:
Or as the weakest things, if frost
Have stiffened them, maintain their post;
So he, beneath the gazing moon!—

The Beast, bestriding thus, he reached
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove;

Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
It seemed—wall, window, roof and tower
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

As ruinous a place it was,
Thought Peter, in the shire of Fife
That served my turn, when following still
From land to land a reckless will
I married my sixth wife!

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found;—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
While-as a swimming darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound,
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
But a few hours ago, had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child:
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild!

Her dwelling was a lonely house,
A cottage in a heathy dell;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts
Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or
snow,
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell,
It was to lead an honest life;
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledged his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers;—but soon
She drooped and pined like one forlorn;
From Scripture she a name did borrow;
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart.

And now the Spirits of the Mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell;
Upon the rights of visual sense
Usurping, with a prevalence
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspens play)
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature,
Not four yards from the broad highway:

And stretched beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other;
And hears her crying as she cried,
The very moment that she died,
“My mother! oh my mother!”

The sweat pours down from Peter's face,
So grievous is his heart's contrition;
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision!

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace hath no offence betrayed;
But now, while down that slope he wends,
A voice to Peter's ear ascends,
Resounding from the woody glade:

The voice, though clamorous as a horn
Re-echoed by a naked rock,
Comes from that tabernacle—List!
Within, a fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock!

“Repent! repent!” he cries aloud,
“While yet ye may find mercy;—strive
To love the Lord with all your might;
Turn to him, seek him day and night,
And save your souls alive!”

Repent! repent! though ye have gone,
Through paths of wickedness and woe,
After the Babylonian harlot;
And, though your sins be red as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow!”

Even as he passed the door, these words
Did plainly come to Peter's ears;
And they such joyful tidings were,
The joy was more than he could bear!—
He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness!
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower!
His nerves, his sinews seem to melt;
Through all his iron frame was felt
A gentle, a relaxing, power!

Each fibre of his frame was weak;
Weak all the animal within;
But, in its helplessness, grew mild
And gentle as an infant child,
An infant that has known no sin.

'Tis said, meek Beast! that, through
Heaven's grace,
He not unmoved did notice now
The cross upon thy shoulder scored,
For lasting impress, by the Lord
To whom all human-kind shall bow:

Memorial of his touch—that day
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,
Entering the proud Jerusalem,
By an immeasurable stream
Of shouting people deified!

Meanwhile the persevering Ass
Turned towards a gate that hung in view:
Across a shady lane; his chest
Against the yielding gate he pressed
And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes;
No ghost more softly ever trod;
Among the stones and pebbles, he
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,
As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty Ass
Went twice two hundred yards or more,
And no one could have guessed his aim,—
Till to a lonely house he came,
And stopped beside the door.

Thought Peter, 'tis the poor man's home!
He listens—not a sound is heard
Save from the trickling household rill;
But, stepping o'er the cottage-sill,
Forthwith a little Girl appeared.

She to the Meeting-house was bound
In hopes some tidings there to gather:
No glimpse it is, no doubtful gleam;
She saw—and uttered with a scream,
“My father! here's my father!”

The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother—
Her joy was like a deep affright:
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another!

And, instantly, upon the earth,
Beneath the full moon shining bright,
Close to the Ass's feet she fell;
At the same moment Peter Bell
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the Woman lie
Breathless and motionless, the mind
Of Peter sadly was confused:
But, though to such demands unused
And helpless almost as the hind,

He raised her up; and, while he held
Her body propped against his knee,
The Woman waked—and when she spied
The poor Ass standing by her side,
She moaned most bitterly.

"Oh! God be praised—my heart's at ease—
For he is dead—I know it well!"
—At this she wept a bitter flood;
And, in the best way that he could,
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death;
His voice is weak with perturbation;
He turns aside his head, he pauses;
Poor Peter, from a thousand causes,
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow-ground;
And that her husband now lay dead,
Beside that luckless river's bed
In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Widow cast
Upon the Beast that near her stands;
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;
She calls the poor Ass by his name,
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"O wretched loss—untimely stroke!
If he had died upon his bed!
He knew not one forewarning pain;
He never will come home again—
Is dead, forever dead!"

Beside the Woman Peter stands:
His heart is opening more and more;
A holy sense pervades his mind;
He feels what he for human kind
Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,
The Woman rises from the ground—
"Oh, mercy! something must be done,
My little Rachel, you must run,—
Some willing neighbor must be found.

Make haste—my little Rachel—do,
The first you meet with—bid him come,
Ask him to lend his horse to-night,
And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,
Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachel weeping loud;—
An Infant, waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a piteous cry;
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,
"Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

And now is Peter taught to feel
That Man's heart is a holy thing;
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb
Had past a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o'er the threshold flies
And up the cottage stairs she hies,
And on the pillar lays her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not how,
With his hands pressed against his brow,
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep!
The trance is passed away—he wakes;

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine:
"When shall I be as good as thou?
Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now
A heart but half as good as thine!"

But *He*—who deviously hath sought
His Father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night his grief and sorrowful fear—
He comes, escaped from fields and floods;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh;
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving!

Forth to the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage-door;
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
"Oh! God, I can endure no more!"

—Here ends my Tale: for in a trice
Arrived a neighbor with his horse;
Peter went forth with him straightway,
And, with due care, ere break of day
Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass,
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Leming-Lane,
Help by his labor to maintain
The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

DEDICATION.

TO ———.

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall
spare
Though a breath made it) like a bubble
blown
For summer pastime into wanton air ;
Happy the thought best likened to a stone
Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice
care,
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,

Which for the loss of that moist gleam
atone
That tempted first to gather it. That
here,
O chief of Friends! such feelings I present,
To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Were a vain notion; but the hope is dear,
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this gift with more than
mild content !

PART I.

I.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow
room ;
And hermits are contented with their cells ,
And students with their peusive citadels ,
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for
bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs
must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much lib-
erty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have
found.

II.

ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal of
those who may have happened to be en-
amoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat,
in the Country of the Lakes.

WELL may'st thou halt—and gaze with
brightening eye!
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own
dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !
But covet not the Abode,—forbear to sigh,
As many do, repining while they look ;
Intruders—who would tear from Nature's
book
This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
Think what the Home must be if it were
thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants !—Roof,
window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine .
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the
day
On which it should be touched, would melt
away.

III.

“**BELOVED** Vale!” I said, “When I shall
con
Those many records of my childish years,
Remembrance of myself and of my peers
Will press me down to think of what is
gone
Will be an awful thought, if life have one.”

But, when into the Vale I came, no fears
Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no
tears;

Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had
I none.

By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost
I stood, of simple shame the blushing
Thrall:

So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so
small!

A Juggler's balls old Time about him
tossed;

I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed: and
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

IV.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK

1804.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should
rear

A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,
On favored ground, thy gift, where I might
dwell

In neighborhood with One to me most dear,
That undivided we from year to year

Might work in our high Calling—a bright
hope

To which our fancies, mingling, gave free
scope

Till checked by some necessities severe.

And should these slacken, honored BEAU-
MONT! still

Even then we may perhaps in vain implore
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.

Whether this boon be granted us or not,
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

V.

1801.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled;

His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide

Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"

Shines with poetic radiance as of old;

While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in
crowds:

What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sov-
ereignty

Our British Hill is nobler far; he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,

And pours forth streams more sweet than
Castaly.

VI.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name!—It quivers down the hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious
will;

Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is
brought

Often than Ganges or the Nile; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still!

Months perish with their moons. year
treads on year;

But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst
say

That, while ten thousand pleasures disap-
pear,

And flies their memory fast almost as they;
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

VII.

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;

With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her
side,

And the glad Muse at liberty to note

All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along: regardless who shall chide

If the heavens smile, and leave us free to
glide,

Happy Associates breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the

Muse,
Why have I crowded this small bark with
you

And others of your kind, ideal crew!
While here sits One whose brightness owes

its hues
To flesh and blood; no Goddess from
above,

No fleeting spirit, but my own true Love?

VIII.

THE fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade;
The sweetest notes must terminate and

die;
O Friend! thy flute has breathed a har-
mony

Softly resounded through this rocky glade:
Such strains of rapture as * the Genius

played

* See the Vision of Mirza in the Spectator.

In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit
high;

He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed,
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening
spread!

The visionary Arches are not there,
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining
Seas;

Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
Whence I have risen, uplifted on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

IX.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PIC-
TURE,

Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power
could stay

Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to es-
cape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the
day;

Which stopped that band of travellers on
their way,

Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood
Forever anchored in her sheltering bay,
Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noon-
tide, Even,

Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast
given

To one brief moment caught from fleeting
time

The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

X.

"WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful murmur-
ings—

Dull, flagging notes that with each other
jar?"

"Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
From its own country, and forgive the
strings."

A simple answer! but even so forth springs,
From the Castalian fountain of the heart,
The Poetry of Life, and all that Art
Divine of words quickening insensate
things.

From the submissive necks of guiltless
men

Stretched on the block, the glittering axe
recoils:

Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the
toils

Of mortal sympathy: what wonder then
That the poor Harp distempered music
yields

To its sad Lord, far from his native fields?

XI.

AERIAL ROCK—whose solitary brow
From this low threshold daily meets my
sight;

When I step forth to hail the morning
light;

Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell—
how

Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow?
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest?

—By planting on thy naked head the crest
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
That doth presume no more than to supply
A graco the sinuous vale and roaring stream
Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.

Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a
gleam

Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.

XII.

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee,
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost
love

To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,
A captive never wishing to be free.

This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to
me

A Fly, that up and down himself doth
shove

Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,
Now on the water vexed with mockery.

I have no pain that calls for patience, no;
Hence am I cross and peevish as a child:
Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,
Yet ever willing to be reconciled:

O gentle Creature! do not use me so,
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

XIII.

TO SLEEP

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee,
Sleep!

And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
names;

The very sweetest, Fancy culls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and
deep!

Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost
 steep
 In rich reward all suffering; Balm that
 tames
 All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and
 aims
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I
 alone,
 I surely not a man ungently made,
 Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is
 crost?
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
 Mere slave of them who never for thee
 prayed,
 Still last to come where thou art wanted
 most!

XIV.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
 seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
 pure sky;
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do
 lie
 Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melo-
 dies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard
 trees;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.)
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I
 lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
 stealth:
 So do not let me wear to-night away:
 Without Thee what is all the morning's
 wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
 health!

XV.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
 Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
 With emerald floored, and with purpureal
 shell
 Ceilings and roofed; that is so fair a thing
 As this low structure, for the tasks of
 Spring,
 Prepared by one who loves the buoyant
 swell

Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to
 dwell;
 And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding
 wing.
 Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-
 tree bough,
 And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow *crowl*
 Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
 Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:
 I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing,
 sighed
 For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous
 pride!

XVI.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE
 COMPLETE ANGLER."

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless
 sport,
 Shall live the name of Walton: Sage
 benign!
 Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and
 line
 Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
 To reverend watching of each still report
 That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
 Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—
 He found the longest summer day too short,
 To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
 Or down the tempting maze of Shawford
 brook—
 Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
 The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
 And the fresh meads—where flowed, from
 every nook
 Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

XVII.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius
 made
 That work a living landscape fair and bright:
 Nor hallowed less with musical delight
 Than those soft scenes through which thy
 childhood strayed,
 Those southern tracts of Cambria, "deep
 embayed,
 With green hills fenced, with ocean's mur-
 mur lull'd;"
 Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet
 culled
 For worthless brows, while in the pensive
 shade
 Of cold neglect she leaves thy head un-
 graced,
 Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek
 and still,

A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall
stray

O'er naked Snowdon's wide ærial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar
Hill!

XVIII

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED
THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM.

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book
was writ of late called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A BOOK came forth of late, called PETER
BELL;

Not negligent the style;—the matter?—
good

As aught that song records of Robin Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish
dell;

But some (who brook those hackneyed
themes full well,

Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their
blood)

Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy
brood,

On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath
and glen,

Who mad'st at length the better life thy
choice,

Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,

Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and
rejoice,

In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen.

XIX.

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is
mute;

And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;

And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to
lend,

More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose

The throbbing pulse—else troubled without
end:

Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and
rest

From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await

Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate

The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

XX.

TO S. H.

EXCUSE is needless when with love sincere
Of occupation, not by fashion led,
Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust
o'erspread;

My nerves from no such murmur shrink,—
tho' near,

Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,
When twilight shades darken the mountain's
head.

Even She who toils to spin our vital thread
Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear
To household virtues. Venerable Art,
Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Heaven
protect

Its own; though Rulers, with undue respect,
Trusting to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient heart.

XXI.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF
WESTMORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY.

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-
dame

Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn;
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had
shorn,

And she who span it culled the daintiest
fleece,

In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of
Peace,

Whose temples bled beneath the platted
thorn.

A blest estate when piety sublime
These humble props disdained not! O
green dales!

Sad may I be who heard your sabbath
chime

When Art's abused inventions were un-
known;

Kind Nature's various wealth was all your
own;

And benefits were weighed in Reason's
scales!

XXII.

DECAY OF PIETY.

OFT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed
my cheek,

Matrons and Sires—who, punctual to the
call

Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the House of
Prayer would seek :

By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured
stall,

But with one fervor of devotion meek,
I see the places where they once were
known,

And ask, surrounded even by kneeling
crowds,

Is ancient Piety forever flown ?

Alas ! even then they seemed like fleecy
clouds

That, struggling through the western sky,
have won

Their pensive light from a departed sun !

XXIII.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE
OF A FRIEND IN THE VALE OF GRAS-
MERE, 1812.

WHAT need of clamorous bells or ribbons
gay,

These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace ?
Angels of love, look down upon the place ;
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day !
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride
display

Even for such promise —serious is her face,
Modest her mien ; and she whose thoughts
keep pace

With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid
appear ;

No disproportion in her soul, no strife ;
But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can be
clear

From frailty, for that insight may the Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

XXIV

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

I.

YES ! hope may with my strong desire keep
pace,

And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;
For if of our affections none finds grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath
God made

The world which we inhabit ? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,

Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love
dies

With beauty, which is varying every hour ;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the
power

Of outward change, there blooms a deathless
flower,

That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

XXV.

FROM THE SAME.

II.

No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of
thine,

And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :
Heaven-born, the Soul a heaven-ward course
must hold ;

Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and
weak)

Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes ; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time
depend.

'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul : love betters what is
best,

Even here below, but more in heaven above.)

XXVI.

FROM THE SAME. TO THE SUPREME
BEING.

II

THE prayers I make will then be sweet
indeed

If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed :

Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st it
may

Unless Thou show to us thine own true
way

No man can find it ; Father ! Thou must
lead

Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into
my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;

The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.)

XXVII.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with
whom

But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my
mind—

But how could I forget thee? Through
what power,

Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss?—That thought's
return

Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no
more;

That neither present time, nor years un-
born

Could to my sight that heavenly face re-
store.

XXVIII.

I.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a
throne

Which mists and vapors from mine eyes did
shroud—

Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed;
But all the steps and ground about were
strown

With sights the ruefullest that flesh and
Ever put on; a miserable crowd,
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that
cloud,

“Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we
groan.”

Those steps I clomb; the mists before me
gave

Smooth way: and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
With her face up to heaven; that seemed to
have

Pleasing remembrance of a thought fore-
gone;

A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

II.

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified
The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had
seen

Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy
mien—

When thou, dear Sister! wert become
Death's Bride:

No trace of pain or languor could abide
That change:—age on thy brow was
smoothed—thy cold

Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
A loveliness to living youth denied.

Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,
The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly
burn;

Then may that heaven-revealing smile of
The bright assurance, visibly return:

And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to
mourn.

XXX.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the
Sea:

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with
me here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn
thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the
year;

And worship'st at the Temple's inner
shrine,

God being with thee when we know it not.

XXXI.

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship
must go?

Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?

What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend
nor foe

She cares for; let her travel where she may
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.

Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and
there

Crossing the waters) doubt, and something
dark,

Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

XXXII.

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and
nigh,

Like stars in heaven, and joyously it
showed:

Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not
why,

A goodly Vessel did I then espay
Come like a giant from a haven broad;

And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.

This Ship was naught to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look;

This Ship to all the rest did I prefer:
When will she turn, and whither? She will
brook

No tarrying: where She comes the winds
must stir:

On went She, and due north her journey
took.

XXXIII.

THE world is too much with us: late and
soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of
tune;

It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn:

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.

XXXIV.

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are
found,

Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round
them play,

On "coignes of vantage" hang their nests
of clay:

How quickly from that airy hold unbound,
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground

Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for
aye

Convinced that there, there only, she can
lay

Secure foundations. As the year runs
round,

Apart she toils within the chosen ring;

While the stars shine, or while day's purple
eye

Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;

Where even the motion of an Angel's wing

Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

XXXV.

"WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment
blind;

Remembrance persecutes, and Hope be
trays;

Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human-kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!"

Thus might he paint our lot of mortal days

Who wants the glorious faculty assigned

To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And color life's dark cloud with orient rays

Imagination is that sacred power,

Imagination lofty and refined:

'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower

Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples
bind

Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest
shower,

And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest
wind.

XXXVI.

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.

CALVERT! it must not be unheard by them

Who may respect my name, that I to thee

Owed many years of early liberty.

This care was thine when sickness did con-
demn

Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and
stem—

That I, if frugal and severe, might stray

Where'er I liked; and finally array

My temples with the Muse's diadem.

Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth;

If there be aught of pure, or good, or great

In my past verse; or shall be, in the lays

Of higher mood which now I meditate;—

It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived,
Youth!

To think how much of this will be thy
praise.

PART II.

I.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have
frowned,

Mindless of its just honors; with this key

Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound ;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso
sound :

With it Camdens soothed an exile's grief :
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf

Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-
land

To struggle through dark ways : and, when
a damp

Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he
blew

Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

II.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a
wood !

An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbors, and ground-flowers
in flocks ;

And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering
Mountebanks,—

When she stands cresting the Clown's head,
and mocks

The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a
dream

Or map of the whole world : thoughts, link
by link,

Enter through ears and eyesight, with such
gleam

Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

III.

TO B. R. HAYDON.

HIGH is our calling, Friend !—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues),
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to
desert.

And, oh ! when Nature sinks, as oft she
may,

Through long-lived pressure of obscure dis-
tress,

Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-minded
ness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard !

IV.

FROM the dark chambers of dejection
freed,

Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, GILLIES, rise : the gales of youth shall
bear

Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of
air,

Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that
dare,

If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heaven-ward they direct.—Then
droop not thou,

Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell mid Roslin's faded grove :
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

V.

FAIR Prime of life ! were it enough to gild
With ready sunbeams every straggling
shower ;

And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields half-
titled

Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy
flower,

Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant
thy power,

Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
Ah ! show that worthier honors are thy
due ;

Fair Prime of life ! arouse the deeper heart ;
Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim ;
And, if there be a joy that slights the claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

VI.

I WATCH, and long have watched, with calm
regret

Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering
quire !

Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and
yet ;

But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright at-
tire,

He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
Then pays submissively the appointed debt
To the flying moments, and is seen no more
Angels and gods! We struggle with our
fate,

While health, power, glory, from their height
decline,

Depressed: and then extinguished: and our
state,

In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore;

VII.

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a dream)
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been re-
ceived

Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;
A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achiev'd
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam
For is she not the votary of Apollo?

And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungemal
Hollow*

Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal
quires!

She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain
to follow.

VIII.

RETIREMENT.

IF the whole weight of what we think and
feel,

Save only far as thought and feeling blend
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;
But to promote and fortify the weal

Of our own Being is her paramount end;
A truth which they alone shall comprehend
Who shun the mischief which they cannot
heal. [bliss:

Peace in these feverish times is sovereign
Here, with no thirst but what the stream
can slake,

And startled only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered
Mind

By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

* See the Phædon of Plato, by which this
Sonnet was suggested.

IX.

NOT Love, not War, nor the tumultuous
swell

Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange—
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell;
But where untroubled peace and concord
dwell,

There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or
grange.

Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavor
And sage content, and placid melancholy;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—
Diaphanous because it travels slowly;
Soft is the music that would charm forever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and
lowly

X.

MARK the concentrated hazels that enclose
Yon old gray Stone, protected from the ray
Of noontide suns—and even the beams that
play

And glance, while wantonly the rough wind
blows,

Are seldom free to touch the moss that
grows

Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye
trees!

And thou, gray Stone, the pensive likeness
keep

Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:
For more than Fancy to the influence bends
When solitary Nature condescends
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

XI.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS
THE HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

DARK and more dark the shades of evening
fell;

The wished-for point was reached—but at
an hour

When little could be gained from that rich
dower

Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous
power

Salute us; there stood Indian citadel.
Temple of Greece, and minster with its
tower

Substantially expressed—a place for bell
Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting isle,
With groves that never were imagined, lay
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the
eye
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away

XII.

—“they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away!”

THOSE words were uttered as in pensive
mood
We turned, departing from that solemn
sight:

A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed!
But now upon this thought I cannot brood:
It is unstable as a dream of night;
Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built
dome,

Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home:
The immortal Mind craves objects that
endure:

These cleave to it; from these it cannot
roam,
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded; while the
fields,

With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter
wields

His icy cimeter, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers be-
ware:

And whispers to the silent birds, “Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest
shields.”

For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystal-
line sky,

Announce a season potent to renew
Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of
song,

And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

XIV.

NOVEMBER 1.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously
bright

The effluence from yon distant mountain's
head,

Which, strown with snow smooth as the sky
can shed,

Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars Who now
would tread,

If so he might, yon mountain's glittering
head—

Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing,
Unswapt, unstained? Nor shall the aerial
Powers

Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with welcome
flowers.

XV.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth—his course surrendering to the
care

Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings
prowl

Insiduously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers,
tear

The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with dark-
ness, howl

As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did appear
Large space (mid dreadful clouds) of purest
sky,

An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!

XVI.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and
white as they

But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by
day,

Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops
waylay

The rising sun, and on the plains descend :
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
 Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed
 May

Shall soon behold this border thickly set
 With bright jonquils, their odors lavishing
 On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers ;
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
 Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of
 Spring,
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

XVII.

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.

With a selection from the Poems of Anne,
 Countess of Winchilsea ; and extracts of similar
 character from other Writers ; transcribed
 by a female friend.

LADY ! I rifled a Parnassian Cave
 (But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore
 And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store
 Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
 The azure brooks where Dian joys to lave
 Her spotless limbs ; and ventured to explore
 Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's
 shore,
 Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
 To female hands the treasures were resigned ;
 And to this Work !—a grotto bright and
 clear
 From stain or taint ; in which thy blameless
 mind
 May feed on thoughts though pensive not
 austere ;
 Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
 To holy musing, it may enter here.

XVIII.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY ! the songs of Spring were in the
 grove
 While I was shaping beds for winter flowers ;
 While I was planting green unfading bowers,
 And shrubs—to hang upon the warm alcove,
 And sheltering wall ; and still, as Fancy
 wove
 The dream, to time and nature's blended
 powers
 I gave this paradise for winter hours,
 A labyrinth, Lady ! which your feet shall
 rove.
 Yes ! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
 Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom
 Or of high gladness you shall hither bring ;

And these perennial bowers and murmuring
 pines
 Be fragrant as the music and the bloom
 And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

XIX.

*There is a pleasure in poetic pains
 Which only Poets know ;—*'twas rightly said
 Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
 Their smoothest paths, to wear their light
 chains ?
 When happiest Fancy has inspired the
 strains,
 How oft the malice of one luckless word
 Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
 Haunts him belated on the silent plains !
 Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
 At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
 Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of
 morn ;
 Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
 The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
 Or rain drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

XX.

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly
 said,
 " Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art
 bright !"
 Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread
 And penetrated all with tender light,
 She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
 Uncovered ; dazzling the Beholder's sight
 As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
 Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.
 Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown
 aside,
 Went floating from her, darkening as it went ;
 And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
 Approached this glory of the firmament,
 Who meekly yields, and is obscured—con-
 tent
 With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

XXI.

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,
 And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
 Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
 Mature release, in fair society
 Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try :
 Like these frail snow-drops that together
 cling,
 And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
 Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
 Observe the faithful flowers ! if small to
 great

May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used
to stand

The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate ;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's com-
mand
Might overwhelm, but could not separate !

XXII.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful
hour !

Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night ;
But studious only to remove from Sight
Day's mutable distinctions. — Ancient
Power !

Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains
lower,

To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him
was seen

The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power !
brought forth ;

These mighty barriers, and the gulf be-
tween :

The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth !

XXIII.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st
the sky,

"How silently, and with how wan a face!"
Where art thou? Thou so often seen on
high

Running among the clouds a wood-nymph's
race !

Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's a
sigh

Which they would stifle, move at such a
pace !

The northern Wind, to call thee to the
chase,

Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I
The power of Merlin, Goddess! this should
be:

And all the stars, fast as the clouds were
riven,

Should sally forth, to keep thee company,
Hurrying and sparkling through the clear
blue heaven ;

But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm be
given,

Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

XXIV.

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless :
The lake below reflects it not ; the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.

Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing ;— or they
sing,
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

XXV.

THE stars are mansions built by Nature's
hand,

And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal
vest ;

Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow
strand,

A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest ;

All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage com-
mand.

Glad thought for every season! but the
Spring

Gave it while cares were weighing on my
heart,

'Mid songs of birds, and insects murmur-
ing ;

And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fash-
ioning

Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

XXVI.

DESponding Father! mark this altered
bough,

So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dew ; what more unsightly
now,

Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if
formed,

Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow
Knits not o'er that discolored and decay

As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
At like unlovely process in the May

Of human life. a Striping's graces blow,
Fade and are shed, that from their timely
fall

Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may
 grow
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall
 call :
 In all men, sinful is it to be slow
 To hope—in Parents, sinful above all.

XXVII.

CAPTIVITY.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

• As the cold aspect of a sunless way
 strikes through the Traveller's frame with
 deadlier chill,
 Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
 Glistening with unparticipated ray,
 Or shining slope where he must never
 stray ;
 So joys, remembered without wish or will,
 Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
 On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.
 Just Heaven, contract the compass of my
 mind
 To fit proportion with my altered state !
 Quench those felicities whose light I find
 Reflected in my bosom all too late !—
 O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait
 And, like mine eyes that stream with sor-
 row, blind !”

XXVIII.

ST CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch (as monkish books
 attest)
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury
 bells
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the
 dells,
 And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy
 crest ;
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady
 blest
 To rapture ! Mabel listened at the side
 Of her loved mistress : soon the music died,
 And Catherine said, Here I set up my rest,
 Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had
 sought
 A home that by such miracle of sound
 Must be revealed :—she heard it now, or
 felt
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought ;
 And there, a saintly Anchoress, she dwelt
 Till she exchanged for heaven that happy
 round.

XXIX

—“ Gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.”

THOUGH narrow be that old Man's cares,
 and near,
 The poor old Man is greater than he
 seems :
 For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams :
 An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.
 Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer ;
 The region of his inner spirit teems
 With vital sounds and monitory gleams
 Of high astonishment and pleasing fear
 He the seven birds hath seen, that never
 part,
 Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their
 nightly rounds,
 And counted them : and oftentimes will
 start—
 For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S
 HOUNDS
 Doomed, with their impious Lord, the fly-
 ing Hart
 To chase forever, on aerial grounds !

XXX.

FOUR fiery steeds, impatient of the rein
 Whirled us o'er stinless ground beneath a
 sky
 As void of sunshine, when, from that wide
 plain,
 Clear tops of far-off mountains we descried,
 Like a Sierra of Cerulean Spain,
 All light and lustre. Did no heart reply ?
 Ycs, there was One,—for One, asunder fly
 The thousand links of that ethereal chain ;
 And green vales open out, with grove and
 field,
 And the fair front of many a happy Home ;
 Such tempting spots as into vision come
 While Soldiers, weary of the arms they
 wield
 And sick at heart of strife and Christendom,
 Gaze on the moon by parting clouds re-
 vealed.

XXXI.

BROOK ! whose society the Poet seeks,
 Intent his wasted spirits to renew ;
 And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
 Through rocky passes, among fiery
 creeks,
 And tracks thee dancing down thy water
 breaks ;

It wish were mine some type of thee to
view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human
cheeks,
Channels for tears ; no Naiad shouldst thou
be,—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints
nor hairs :
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and
blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good ;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

XXII.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY
STREAM.

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white
fur !
Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet
hood !
Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
Press the point home, or falter and demur,
Checked in your course by many a teasing
burr :
These natural council-seats your acrid blood
Might cool :—and, as the Genius of the
flood
Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the
brain,
Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy
gleams
That o'er the pavement of the surging
streams
Welter and flash, a synod might detain
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched
themes !

XXIII.

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE
SUGGESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S
VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN YORK-
SHIRE.

PURE element of waters ! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-
bearing plants,
Rise into life and in thy train appear :
And, through the sunny portion of the
year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursui-
vants :

And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants ;
And hart and hind and hunter with his
spear,
Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt
In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign ;
And, haply, far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured Spirits
pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs
melt
Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs
with thine.*

XXXIV.

MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When giants scooped from out the rocky
ground,
Tier under tier, this semicirque profound?
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle
That Causeway with incomparable toil) !
O, had this vast theatric structure wound
With finished sweep into a perfect round,
No mightier work had gamed the plausible
smile
Of all-beholding Phœbus ! But, alas,
Vain earth ! false world ! Foundations
must be laid
In Heaven ; for, 'mid the wreck of IS and
WAS,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic
glass
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

XXXV.

GORDALE.

AT early dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy
Eye
Is busiest to confer and to beleave :
Then, pensive Votary ! let thy feet repair
To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch ; for so, by
leave
Of the propitious hour, thou may'st per-
ceive
The local Deity, with oozy hair
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,

* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the
letter-press prefixed to his admirable views)
are invariably found to flow through these
caverns.

Recumbent : Him thou may'st behold, who
hides

His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt-sea
tides !

XXXVI.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more
fair ;

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples
lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

TO —.

IF these brief Records, by the Muses' art
Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
That animates the scenes of public life *
Inspired, may in their leisure claim a part ;
And if these Transcripts of the private
heart

Have gained a sanction from thy falling
tears ;

Then I repent not. But my soul hath
fears

Breathed from eternity, for as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies, now every
day

Is but a glimmering speke in the swift
wheel

Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal !

So timely Grace the immortal wing may
heal,

And honor rest upon the senseless clay.

* This line alludes to Sonnets which will be
found in another Class.

PART III.

I.

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
The clouds, and wheel around the moun-
tain tops

Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she
drops

Well pleased to skim the plain with wild
flowers deckt,

Or muse in solemn grove whose shades pro-
tect

The lingering dew—there steals along, or
stops

Watching the least small bird that round
her hops,

Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.

Her functions are they therefore less divine,
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave

intent
Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be

thine,
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present

One offering, kneel before her modest
shrine,

With brow in penitential sorrow bent !

II.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth !

In whose collegiate shelter England's
Flowers

Expand, enjoying through their vernal
hours

The air of liberty, the light of truth ;

Much have ye suffered from Time's gnaw-
ing tooth :

Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and
towers !

Gardens and groves ! your presence over-
powers

The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold ex-
change,

I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet .

Pace the long avenue, or glide adown

The stream-like windings of that glorious
street—

An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown !

III.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that could
allow

Such transport, though but for a moment's
space :

Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—
 The crescent moon clove with its glittering
 brow
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady
 bough;
 But in plain daylight:— She, too, at my
 side,
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!
 Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim,
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers
 of eve,
 And to that brow life's morning wreath re-
 store;
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

IV

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF
 KING HENRY EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE,
 CAMBRIDGE.

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
 Are vet before me, yet do I behold
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest
 mould,
 The vestments bordered with barbaric
 pride
 And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent
 eye,
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-
 described.
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?
 'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty
 King,
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
 How Providence educeth, from the spring
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of
 good,
 Which neither force shall check nor time
 abate.

V.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE
 THE THIRD).

WARD of the Law!—dread Shadow of a
 King
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately
 room,
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in
 gloom,
 Darkness as thick as life o'er life could
 fling,

Save haply for some feeble glimmering
 Of Faith and Hope—if thou, by nature's
 doom
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow
 cling,
 When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-
 flowing tears,
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding
 sigh,
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
 Which justly it can claim. The Nation
 hears
 In this deep knell, silent for threescore
 years,
 An unexampled voice of awful memory!

VI.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of groves—from England far
 away—
 * Groves that inspire the Nightingale to
 trill
 And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
 Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying
 lay;
 Such bold report I venture to gainsay
 For I have heard the quire of Richmond
 hill
 Chanting, with undefatigable bill,
 Strains that recalled to mind a distant day;
 When, haply under shade of that same
 wood,
 And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
 Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
 The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons
 stood—
 Listening, and listening long, in rapturous
 mood,
 Ye heavenly Birds! to your progenitors.

VII.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed
 ends,
 Is marked by no distinguishable line;
 The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
 And, wheresoe'er the stealing footsteps
 tends,
 Garden, and that Domain where kindred,
 friends,
 And neighbors rest together, here confound
 Their several features, mingled like the
 sound

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

Of many waters, or as evening blends
 With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub
 and flower,
 Waft fragrant greetings to each silent
 grave;
 And while those lofty poplars gently wave
 Their tops, between them comes and goes a
 sky
 Bright as the glimpses of eternity.
 To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

VIII.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CAS-
 TLE IN NORTH WALES.

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless
 halls,
 Wandering with timid footsteps oft be-
 trayed,
 The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
 Old Time, though he, gentlest among the
 Thralls
 Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
 His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
 From the wan Moon, upon the towers and
 walls,
 Light deepening the profoundest sleep of
 shade.
 Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
 To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
 Time *loves* Thee! at his call the Seasons
 twine
 Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead
 hoar;
 And, though past pomp no changes can
 restore,
 A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine!

IX.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd,
 near Llangollen, 1824.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favorite
 Dee,
 Along the VALE OF MEDITATION * flows;
 So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to
 see
 In Nature's face the expression of repose;
 Or haply there some pious hermit chose
 To live and die, the peace of heaven his
 aim;
 To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
 At this late day, its sanctifying name.

* Glyn Myrwr.

GLYN CAFAILGARROCH, in the Cambrian
 tongue,
 In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let
this spot
 Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed
 Cot,
 On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long:
 Si ers in love, a love allowed to climb,
 Even on this earth, above the reach of
 Time!

X.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S
 BRIDGE, NORTH WALES, 1824.

How art thou named? In search of what
 strange land
 From what huge height, descending? Can
 such force
 Of waters issue from a British source,
 Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the
 band
 Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with
 hand
 Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant
 shocks
 From that young Stream, that smites the
 throbbing rocks
 Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,
 As in life's morn; permitted to behold,
 From the dreal chasrn, woods climbing
 above woods,
 In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
 And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose;
 Such power possess the family of floods
 Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

XI.

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL.

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's
 lip
 Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might
 say,
 A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
 Its glistening dews; but hallowed is the
 clay
 Which the Muse warms; and I, whose
 head is gray,
 Am not unworthy of thy fellowship.
 Nor could I let one thought—one motion—
 slip
 That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
 For are we not all His without whose care
 Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the
 ground?
 Who gives his Angels wings to speed
 through air,

And rolls the planets through the blue profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor
forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

XII.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
Like a Form sculptured on a monument
Lay couched on him or his dread bow unbent
Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From his loved home, and from heroic toil.
And trust that spiritual Creatures round us
move,
Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastille
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

XIII.

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates
tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge;
Or float with music in the festal barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the
dance are led;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings
at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid
head.
Yet, helped by Genius—untired comforter,
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor
shout;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

XIV.

TO THE CUCKOO.

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert
heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast
can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy
bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.

The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned,
unaired,
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's
room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile de-
clared.
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never
more
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But, long as cock shall crow from house-
hold perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed
thy wing,
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the
Spring!

XV.

TO ———.

[Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia
threw
Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed.
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
But from that bondage when her thoughts
were freed
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement
drew,
Whence the poor unregarded Favorite, true
To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance. What a
shriek
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a
strain
Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its
ruthless beak
She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

XVI.

THE INFANT M—— M——.

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
In painful struggles. Months each other
chase,
And naught untunes that Infant's voice; no
trace

Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek ;
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
 That one enrapt with gazing on her face
 (Which even the placid innocence of death
 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven
 more bright)

Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
 The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light ;
 A nursing couched upon her mother's knee,
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

XVII.

TO —, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

SUCH age how beautiful ! O Lady bright,
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
 By favoring Nature and a saintly Mind
 To something purer and more exquisite
 Than flesh and blood ; where'er thou meet'st
 my sight,

When I behold thy blanched unwithered
 cheek,

Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming
 white,

And head that droops because the soul is
 meek,

Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I com-
 pare ;

That child of winter, prompting thoughts
 that climb

From desolation toward the genial prime ;
 Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty
 air,

And filling more and more with crystal light
 As pensive Evening deepens into night.

XVIII.

TO ROTH A Q—.

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child ! this head was
 gray

When at the sacred font for thee I stood :
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of woman-
 hood,

And shalt become thy own sufficient stay :
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan ! was the day

For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil ;
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,

Embedded in the music of this Lay,
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain
 Stream *

Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's
 ear

After her throes, this Stream of name more
 dear

* The river Rotha, that flows into Winder-
 mere from the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
 For others ; for thy future self, a spell
 To summon fancies out of Time's dark
 cell.

XIX.

A GRAVE-STONE UPON THE FLOOR IN
 THE CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CA-
 THEDRAL.

" MISERRIMUS ! " and neither name nor
 date,

Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the
 stone ;

Naught but that word assigned to the un-
 known,

That solitary word—to separate
 From all, and cast a cloud around the fate

Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched
 one,

Who chose his epitaph ?—Himself alone
 Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,

And claim, among the dead, this awful
 crown ;

Nor doubt that He marked also for his own
 Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,

That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
 Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass

Softly !—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

XX.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT
 BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the
 ground

Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a
 Seer,

Takes fire :—The men that have been reap-
 pear ;

Romans for travel girt, for business gowned ;
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,

In festal glee ; why not ? For fresh and
 clear,

As if its hues were of the passing year,
 Dawns this time-buried pavement. From

that mound
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Max-
 imins,

Shrunk into coins with all their warlike tair :
 Or a fierce impress issues with its foil

Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling
 Twins

The unlettered ploughboy pities when he
 wins

The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

XXI.

1830.

CHATSWORTH ! thy stately mansion, and
 the pride
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
 To house and home in many a craggy rent
 Of the wild Peak ; where new-born waters
 glide
 Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,
 With every semblance of entire content
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried !
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her
 troth
 To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms,
 May learn, if judgment strengthen with his
 growth,
 That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms ;
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
 The extremes of favored life, may honor
 both.

XXII.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY
 DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
 Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from
 face,
 Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
 A chosen Tree ; then, eager to fulfil
 Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
 In opposite directions urged their way
 Down from the far-seen mount. No blast
 might kill
 Or blight that fond memorial ;—the trees
 grew,
 And now entwine their arms ; but ne'er
 again
 Embraced those Brothers upon Earth's wide
 plain ;
 Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea
 That to itself takes all, Eternity.

XXIII.

FILIAL PIETY.

(ON THE WAYSIDE BETWEEN PRESTON
 AND LIVERPOOL).

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold ;
 'nviolatèd, whate'er the cottage hearth
 Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth
 That Pile of Turf is half a century old :
 Yes, Traveller ! fifty winters have been told

Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
 'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work on
 earth :

Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold
 Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
 Through reverence, touch it only to repair
 Its waste.—Though crumbling with each
 breath of air,
 In annual renovation thus it stands—
 Rude Mausoleum ! but wrens nestle there,
 And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds
 are rare.

XXIV.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,
 Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful Portrait ! and where long hath
 knelt
 Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy
 place !
 And, if Time spare the colors for the grace
 Which to the work surpassing skill hath
 dealt,
 Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms
 melt
 And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
 To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
 And think and feel, as once the Poet felt.
 Whate'er thy fate, those features have not
 grown
 Unrecognized through many a household
 tear
 More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops
 of dew
 By morning shed around a flower half-blown ;
 Tears of delight, that testified how true
 To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear !

XXV.

WHY art thou silent ? Is thy love a plant
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
 Of absence withers what was once so fair ?
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant ?
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vig-
 ilant—

Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
 For naught but what thy happiness could
 spare.

Speak—though this soft warm heart, once
 free to hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold—
 Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end
 may know !

XXVI.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill

Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colors; / I applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that labored to enslave
The World, sole-standing high on the bare
hill—

Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent
face

Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues
his way,

And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.

XXVII.

A POET!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—
must laugh

By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his
epitaph.

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom un-
fold?

Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality.

XXVIII.

THE most alluring clouds that mount the
sky

Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendor, shall we covet
storms,

And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
Would hasten, that such pomp may float on
high?

Behold, already they forget to shine,
Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed a sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon

Of pure delight, come whencesoe'er it may,
Peace let us seek,—to steadfast things
attune

Calm expectations: leaving to the gay
And volatile their love of transient bowers.
The house that cannot pass away be ours.

XXIX

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WEL-
LINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF WATER-
LOO, BY HAYDON.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-
horse stand

On ground yet strewn with their last battle's
wreck;

Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his
side

Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm
a check

Is given to triumph and all human pride!
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy
speck

In his calm presence! Him the mighty
deed

Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's
rest,
As shows that time-worn face, for he such
seed

Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of
fame

In Heaven; hence no one blushes for thy
name,

Conqueror, mid some sad thoughts divinely
blest!

XXX.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just
begun,

Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide,
Does joy approach? they meet the coming
tide;

And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in
the sun

Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his
side,

Varying its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew

All turn, and court the shining and the
green,

Where herbs look up, and opening flowers
are seen;

Why to God's goodness cannot We be true?
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

XXXI.

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like
trance.

One upward hand, as if she needed rest
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;
But not the less—nay more—that counte-
nance,

While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circum-
stance,

—Would She were now as when she hoped
to pass

At God's appointed hour to them who
tread

Heaven's sapphire pavement; yet breathed
well content,

Well pleased, her foot should print earth's
common grass,

Lived thankful for day's light, for daily
bread,

For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

XXXII.

TO A PAINTER.

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill por-
trayed;

But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has
made,

By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot
fade,

And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er
shall flee

Into the land where ghosts and phantoms
be;

And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Could'st thou go back into far-distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought! that in-
ward eye,

Then, and then only, Painter! could thy
Art

The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight
appears,

Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

XXXIII.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank sur-
prise

This Work, I now have gazed on it so long

I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;
O, my Belovèd? I have done thee wrong,
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it
sprung,

Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that
cast

Into one vision, future, present, past.

XXXIV.

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, unde-
prest,

By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his
strain

Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
Thanks; thou hast snapped a fire-side
Prisoner's chain,

Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
And in a moment charmed my cares to
rest.

Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the
blast,

That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's
day,

Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-
built

Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons
past,

Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.
Kydal Mount, 1838.

XXXV.

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm—but how sub-
dued

His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee
restrain?

Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush
attune

His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?
Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster
prove

(The balance trembling between night and
morn

No longer) with that ecstasy upborne
 He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven
 above,
 And earth below, they best can serve true
 gladness
 Who meet most feelingly the calls of sad-
 ness.

XXXVI.

OH what a Wreck! how changed in mien
 and speech!
 Yet—though dread Powers, that work in
 mystery, spin
 Entanglings of the brain; though shadows
 stretch
 O'er the chilled heart—reflect; far, far
 within
 Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.
 She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,
 But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
 To Her from heights that Reason may not
 win.
 Like Children, She is privileged to hold
 Divine communion; both do live and move,
 Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways un-
 fold,
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
 Love pitying innocence not long to last,
 In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.

XXXVII.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and
 brake
 Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
 A poor old Dame will bless them for the
 boon:
 Great is their glee while flake they add to
 flake
 With rival earnestness; far other strife
 Than will hereafter move them, if they
 make
 Pastime their idol, give their day of life
 To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's
 sake.
 Can pomp and show allay one heart-born
 grief?
 Pains which the World inflicts can she
 requite?
 Not for an interval however brief;
 The silent thoughts that search for steadfast
 light,
 Love from her depths, and Duty in her
 might,
 And Faith—these only yield secure relief.
March 8th, 1842.

XXXVIII.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY, 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
 To every suitor, Equity is lame:
 And social Justice, stript of reverence
 For natural rights, a mockery and a shame,
 Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
 If, guarding grossest things from common
 claim
 Now and forever, She, to works that came
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived
 fence.
 "What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
 For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it
 proved
 That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and
 loved
 Like others, with like temporal hopes to
 die;
 No public harm that Genius from her
 course
 Be turned; and streams of truth dried up,
 even at their source!

XXXIX.

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in
 1838.

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have
 here
 Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn
 from spots
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered
 knots),
 Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
 Both to allure the casual loiterer,
 And that, so placed, my Nurslings may
 requite
 Studious regard with opportune delight,
 Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
 But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart
 Reader, farewell! My last words let them
 be—
 If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
 If simple Nature trained by careful Art
 Through It have won a passage to thy
 heart;
 Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

XL.

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDS-
WORTH, D.D., MASTER OF HARROW
SCHOOL,

After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicanus,
recently published.

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy
hand

Have I received this proof of pains be-
stowed

By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
That, in our native isle, and every land,
The Church, when trusting in divine com-
mand

And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod :
O may these lessons be with profit scanned
To thy heart's wish, thy labor blest by
God!

So the bright faces of the young and gay
Shall look more bright—the happy, happier
still ;

Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
Motions of thought which elevate the will
And, like the Spire that from your classic
Hill [way.

Points heavenward, indicate the end and
Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1843.

XLI.

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to
the Earth, Jan., 1838.

WHAT strong allurements draws, what spirit
guides,

Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the
nearer

Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew
dearer

Night after night? True is it Nature hides
Her treasures less and less.—Man now pre-
sides

In power, where once he trembled in his
weakness :

Science advances with gigantic strides,
But are we aught enriched in love and
meekness?

Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure
and wise

More than in humbler times graced human
story ; [thize

That makes our hearts more apt to sympa-
With heaven, our souls more fit for future
glory,

When earth shall vanish from our closing
eyes,

Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

XLII.

WANSFELL! * this Household has a favored
lot,

Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while Morn first crowns thee with
her rays,

Or when along thy breast serenely float
Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy
praise

For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast
brought

Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words attest
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found
rest.

Dec. 24, 1842.

XLIII.

WHILE beams of orient light, shoot wide
and high,

Deep in the vale a little rural Town †
Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its
own,

That mounts not toward the radiant morn-
ing sky,

But, with a less ambitious sympathy,
Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares,
Troubles and toils that every day prepares.
So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
Endears that Lingerer. And how blest her
sway

(Like influence never may my soul reject)
If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith
decked

With glorious forms in numberless array,
To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
Gleams from a world in which the saints
repose.

Jan. 1, 1843.

XLIV.

In my mind's eyes a Temple, like a cloud
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
Rose out of darkness the bright Work
stood still ;

And might of its own beauty have been
proud,

But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human art ;

* The Hill that rises to the south-east, above
Ambleside.

† Ambleside.

Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds
 blow loud,
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled,
 And love her towers of dread foundation
 laid
 Under the grave of things; Hope had her
 spire
 Star high, and pointing still to something
 higher;
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it
 said
 "Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when
 we build."

XLV.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WIN-
 DERMERE RAILWAY.

Is then no nook of English ground secure
 From rash assault? Schemes of retirement
 sown
 In youth, and mid the busy world kept pure
 As when their earliest flowers of hope were
 blown,
 Must perish;—how can they this blight en-
 dure?
 And must he too the ruthless change be-
 nign
 Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
 Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
 Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-
 head
 Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous
 glance:
 Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
 Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
 Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with
 your strong
 And constant voice, protest against the
 wrong.
 October 12, 1844.

XLVI.

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times
 of old,
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
 Intrenched your brows: ye gloried in each
 scar:
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst
 of Gold,
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
 Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be
 sold,
 And clear way made for her triumphal car
 Through the beloved retreats your arms en-
 fold!
 Heard YE that Whistle? As her long-
 linked Train

Swept onwards, did the vision cross your
 view?

Yes, ye were startled;— and, in balance true,
 Weighing the mischief with the promised
 gain,
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on
 you
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

XLVII.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash un-
 doing,
 Man left this Structure to become Time's
 prey,
 A soothing Spirit follows in the way
 That Nature takes, her counter-work pursu-
 ing.
 See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin,
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
 And, on the mouldered walls, how bright,
 how gay,
 The flowers in pearly dew's their bloom re-
 newing!
 Thanks to the place, blessings upon the
 hour;
 Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall
 Tower
 Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but
 a name!

XLVIII.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WELL have yon Railway Laborers to THIS
 ground
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit,
 they walk
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
 Is heard; to grave demeanor all are bound;
 And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful
 sound
 Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it
 was raised,
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and
 grace:
 All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
 And by the general reverence God is praised:
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
 While thus these simple-hearted men are
 moved?

June 21st, 1845.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1803.

I.

DEPARTURE

FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE. AUGUST,
1803.

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian
plains
Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains ;
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
Methinks 'twould heighten joy to overleap
At will the crystal battlements, and peep
Into some other region, though less fair,
To see how things are made and managed
there.

Change for the worse might please, incur-
sion bold

Into the tracts of darkness and of cold ;
O'er Limbo lake with æry flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
Such animation often do I find,

Power in my breast, wings growing in my
mind,

Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,
Perchance without one look behind me cast,
Some barrier with which Nature, from the
birth

Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on
earth.

O pleasant transit, Grasmere ! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine :

Not like an outcast with himself at strife ;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,
But moved by choice ; or, if constrained in
part,

Yet still with Nature's freedom at the
heart ;—

To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors ;
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold.

—Then why these lingering steps ?—A
bright adieu,

For a brief absence, proves that love is true ;
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

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II.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

1803.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold :
As vapors breathed from dungeons cold
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near
And thou forbidden to appear ?
As if it were thyself that's here
I shrink with pain ;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight !—away
Dark thoughts !—they came, but not to stay
With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now ?
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for He was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas ! where'er the current tends,
 Regret pursues and with it blends,—
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
 By Skiddaw seen,—
 Neighbors we were, and loving friends
 We might have been ;

True friends though diversely inclined ;
 But heart with heart and mind with mind,
 Where the main fibres are entwined,
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow ;
 Thou " poo- Inhabitant below,"
 At this dread moment—even so—
 Might we together
 Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
 Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been
 placed
 Within my reach ; of knowledge graced
 By fancy what a rich repast !
 But why go on ?—
 Oh ! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
 His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
 Lies gathered to his Father's side,
 Soul-moving sight !
 Yet one to which is not denied
 Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harbored where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distrest ;
 And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,
 May He who halloweth the place
 Where Man is laid
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed !

Sighing I turned away ; but ere
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chaunted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

III.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON
 THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE
 POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
 That must have followed when his brow
 Was wreathed — "The Vision" tells us
 how—
 With holly spray,
 He faltered, drifted to and fro,
 And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister,
 throng
 Our minds when, lingering all too long,
 Over the grave of Burns we hung
 In social grief—
 Indulged as if it were a wrong
 To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
 Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
 And prompt to welcome every gleam
 Of good and fair,
 Let us beside this limpid Stream
 Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight ;
 Think rather of those moments bright
 When to the consciousness of right
 His course was true,
 When Wisdom prospered in his sight,
 And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
 Freely, as in youth's season bland,
 When side by side, his Book in hand,
 We wont to stray,
 Our pleasure varying at command
 Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod
 These pathways, yon far-stretching road
 There lurks his home ; in that Abode,
 With mirth elate,
 Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
 The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
 Before it humbly let us pause,
 And ask of Nature, from what cause
 And by what rules
 She trained her Burns to win applause
 That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
 Are felt the flashes of his pen;
 He rules mid winter snows, and
 Bees fill their hives;
 Deep in the general heart of men
 His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
 Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
 And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
 From genuine springs,
 Shall dwell together till old Time
 Folds up his wings?

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
 This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavor,
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven
 Effaced forever.

But why to Him confine the prayer,
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
 On the frail heart the purest share
 With all that live?—
 The best of what we do and are,
 Just God, forgive!

 IV.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

 AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR
 FATHER.

"The Poet's grave is in a corner of the church-
 yard. We looked at it with melancholy and
 painful reflections, repeating to each other
 his own verses—

"'Is there a man whose judgment clear,' &c."
 —*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-
 traveller.*

'MID crowded obelisks and urns
 I sought the untimely grave of Burns;
 Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns
 With sorrow true;
 And more would grieve, but that it turns
 Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,
 And more than common strength and skill
 Must ye display;
 If ye would give the better will
 Its lawful sway.

Hath nature strung your nerves to bear
 Intemperance with less harm, beware!
 But if the Poet's wit ye share,
 Like him can speed
 The social hour—of tenfold care
 There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
 To spare your failings for his sake,
 Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
 Your steps pursue;
 And of your Father's name will make
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
 And add your voices to the quire
 That sanctify the cottage fire
 With service meet;
 There seek the genius of your Sire,
 His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"
 He paid to nature tuneful vows;
 Or wiped his honorable brows
 Bedewed with toil,
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
 Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
 But ne'er to a seductive lay
 Let faith be given:
 Nor deem that "light which leads astray,
 Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
 Be independent, generous, brave;
 Your Father such example gave,
 And such revere;
 But be admonished by his grave,
 And think, and fear!

 V.

ELLEN IRWIN;

OR,

THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.*

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
 Upon the braes of Kirtle,
 Was lovely as a Grecian maid
 Adorned with wreaths of myrtle;

* The Kirtle is a river in the southern part
 of Scotland, on the banks of which the events
 here related took place.

Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches:

From many knights and many squires
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce had loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,
His shattered hopes and crosses,
To them, 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes,
Reclined on flowers and mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
That through his brain are traveling,
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And, starting up to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beautiful Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her True-love,
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing.
So, coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *Éjic juré!*

VI.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray rocks; that household
lawn;

Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep;
But, O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness;
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer;
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;

Adopt your homely ways and dress,
 A Shepherd, though a Shepherdess!
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality
 Thou art to me but as a wave
 Of the wild sea : and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighborhood
 What joy to hear thee, and to see!
 Thy elder Brother I would be,
 Thy Father—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place.
 Joy have I had; and going hence
 I bear away my recompense.
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes.
 Then, why should I be loth to stir?
 I feel this place was made for her:
 To give new pleasure like the past,
 Continued long as life shall last.
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold
 As I do now the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
 And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

VII.

GLEN—ALMAIN;

OR,

THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,
 Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;
 In this still place, where murmurs on
 But one meek streamlet, only one:
 He sang of battles, and the breath
 Of stormy war, and violent death;
 And should, methinks, when all was past,
 Have rightfully been laid at last
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
 As by a spirit turbulent; [wild,
 Where sights were rough, and sounds were
 And everything unreconciled;
 In some complaining, dim retreat,
 For fear and melancholy meet;
 But this is calm; there cannot be
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
 Or is it but a groundless creed?
 What matters it?—I blame them not
 Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot

Was moved: and in such way expressed
 Their notion of its perfect rest.
 A convent, even a hermit's cell,
 Would break the silence of this Dell,
 It is not quiet, is not ease,
 But something deeper far than these:
 The separation that is here
 Is of the grave; and of austere
 Yet happy feelings of the dead
 And, therefore, was it rightly said
 That Ossian, last of all his race!
 Lies buried in this lonely place

VIII.

STEPPING WESTWARD.

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking
 by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening
 after sunset, in our road to a Hut where,
 in the course of our Tour, we had been hospitably
 entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the
 loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed
 Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting,
 "What you are stepping westward?"

"WHAT, *you are stepping westward?*"—
 "Yea."

—'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
 If we, who thus together roam
 In a strange Land, and far from home,
 Were in this place the guests of Chance
 Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
 Though home or shelter he had none,
 With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
 Behind, all gloomy to behold;
 And stepping westward seemed to be
 A kind of *heavenly* destiny.
 I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
 Of something without place or bound:
 And seemed to give me spiritual right
 To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
 Was walking by her native lake:
 The salutation had to me
 The very sound of courtesy:
 Its power was felt; and while my eye
 Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
 The echo of the voice enwrought
 A human sweetness with the thought
 Of travelling through the world that lay
 Before me in my endless way.

IX.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
(For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago ;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
(The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.)

x.

ADDRESS

TO

KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE.

* From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island (for an Island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine ; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of tur-

rets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin.”—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War ! the mountain
Stream

Roars in thy hearing ; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age ;
Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds
are caught

Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
Oh ! there is life that breathes not ; Powers
there are

That touch each other to the quick in modes,
Which the gross world no sense hath to
perceive,

No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from
care

Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peaceadopted ; though, in place
And in dimension, such that thou might'st
seem

But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered
harm ;)

Yet he, not loth, in favor of thy claims
To reverence, suspends his own ; submit-
ting

All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
All that he holds in common with the stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time
Impersonated in thy calm decay !

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unreprieved !
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening
light

Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount ; and rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods,
unite

To pay thee homage ; and with these are
joined,

In willing admiration and respect,
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might
be called

Youthful as Spring.—Shade of departed
Power,

Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle were welcome that should call
into the compass of distinct regard

The toils and struggles of thy infant years !
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice ;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance ; so, majestic Pile,
To the perception of this Age, appear

Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued
And quieted in character—the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades ! *

 XI.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known ;
his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine,
in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-
grounds, of neglected and desolate appear-
ance, which the traveller meets with in the
Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy !
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood ;
She has her brave ROB ROY !
Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
And let us chant a passing stave,
In honor of that Hero brave !

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
And wondrous length and strength of arm ;
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;
Forgive me if the praise be strong :—
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;
As wise in thought as bold in deed :
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, “ What need of books ?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves :
They stir us up against our kind ;
And worse, against ourselves.

We have a passion—make a law,
Too false to guide us or control !
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

And puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few
These find I graven on my heart :
That tells me what to do.

* The tradition is, that the Castle was built by
a Lady during the absence of her Lord in
Palestine.

The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind !
With them no strife can last ; they
In peace, and peace of mind.

For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can.

A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see !
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

All freakishness of mind is checked,
He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit :
’Tis God’s appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day ;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I’ll take the shortest way.”

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow
The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate ;
For Polity was then too strong—
He came an age too late ;

Or shall we say an age too soon ?
For, were the bold Man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough !

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment’s pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre Vales confined ;
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind !

And to his Sword he would have said,
“ Do Thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth !
Judge thou of law and fact !

'Tis fit that we should do our part,
 Bec ming, that mankind should learn
 That we are not to be surpassed
 In fatherly concern.

Of old things all are over old,
 Of good things none are good enough :—
 We'll show that we can help to frame
 A world of other stuff.

I, too, will have my kings that take
 From me the sign of life and death :
 Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
 Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
 As *might* have been, then, thought of joy !
 France would have had her present Boast,
 And we our own Rob Roy !

Oh ! say not so ; compare them not ;
 I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !
 Would wrong thee nowhere ; least of all
 Here standing by thy grave.

For Thou, although with some wild
 thoughts,
 Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan !
 Hast this to boast of ; thou didst love
 The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
 With us who now behold the light,
 Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,
 And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's star ;
 The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand ;
 And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
 Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
 Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
 Alone upon Loch Vool's heights,
 And by Loch Lomond's braes !

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
 Arc faces that attest the same ;
 The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
 At sound of ROB ROY'S name

XII.

SONNET.

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas ! oh, the unworthy
 Lord
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far
 please,

And love of havoc, (for with such disease
 Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth
 word

To level with the dust a noble horde,
 A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
 Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like
 these,

Beggared and outraged !—Many hearts de-
 plored

The fate of those old Trees ; and oft with
 pain

The traveller, at this day, will stop and
 gaze

On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to
 heed :

For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and
 bays,

And the pure mountains, and the gentle
 Tweed,

And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XIII.

YARROW UNVISITED.

(See the various Poems the scene of which is
 laid upon the banks of the Yarrow : in par-
 ticular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton,
 beginning,—

" Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow !"—)

FROM Stirling castle we had seen

The mazy Forth unravelled ;

Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,

And with the Tweed had travelled ;

And when we came to Clovenford,

Then said my "*winsome Marrow,*"

" Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,

And see the Braes of Yarrow."

" Let Yarrow folk, *frac* Selkirk town,

Who have been buying, selling,

Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;

Each maiden to her dwelling !

On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,

Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !

But we will downward with the Tweed,

Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,

Both lying right before us ;

And Dryborough, where with chiming
 Tweed

The lintwhites sing in chorus ;

There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land

Made blithe with plough and harrow :

Why throw away a needful day

To go in search of Yarrow ?

What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
--Strange words they seemed of slight and
scorn;
My True-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,*
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, not yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own:
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

XIV.

SONNET

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY,

An invasion being expected, October, 1803.

SIX thousand veterans practised in war's
game,
Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed

* See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a whirl-
wind came
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like
flame;
And Garry, thundering down his mountain-
road,
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath
the load
Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the Men of England
see;
And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

XV.

THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH
AND HER HUSBAND.

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into
private lodgings for a few days; and the fol-
lowing Verses were called forth by the char-
acter and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE! twine thy brows with fresh spring
flowers,
And call a train of laughing Hours;
And bid them dance, and bid them sing;
And thou, too, mingle in the ring!
Take to thy heart a new delight;
If not, make merry in despite
That there is One who scorns thy power:
But dance! for under Jedborough Tower
A Matron dwells who, though she bears
The weight of more than seventy years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay! start not at that Figure—there!
Him who is rooted to his chair!
Look at him—look again! for he
Hath long been of thy family.
With legs that move not, if they can,
And useless arms, a trunk of man,
He sits, and with a vacant eye;
A sight to make a stranger sigh!
Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom;
His world is in this single room:
Is this a place for mirthful cheer?
Can merry-making enter here?

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that forlorn estate!
He breathes a subterraneous damp;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp:

He is as mute as Jedborough Tower ;
 She jocund as it was of yore,
 With all its bravery on ; in times
 When all alive with merry chimes,
 Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
 It roused the Vale to holiday.

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due
 Is praise, heroic praise, and true !
 With admiration I behold
 Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :
 Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
 The picture of a life well spent :
 This do I see ; and something more ;
 A strength unthought of heretofore !
 Delighted am I for thy sake ;
 And yet a higher joy partake :
 Our Human-nature throws away
 Its second twilight, and looks gay ;
 A land of promise and of pride
 Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclosed
 Within himself as seems, composed ;
 To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
 The strife of happiness and pain,
 Utterly dead ! yet in the guise
 Of little infants, when their eyes
 Begin to follow to and fro
 The persons that before them go,
 He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
 Her buoyant spirit can prevail
 Where common cheerfulness would fail ;
 She strikes upon him with the heat
 Of July suns ; he feels it sweet ;
 An animal delight though dim !
 'Tis all that now remains for him.

The more I looked, I wondered more—
 And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
 Some inward trouble suddenly
 Broke from the Matron's strong black eye—
 A remnant of an asy light,
 A flash of something over-bright !
 Nor long this mystery did detain
 My thoughts ;—she told in pensive strain
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;
 Ill health of body ; and had pined
 Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it !—but let praise ascend
 To Him who is our Lord and friend !
 Who from disease and suffering
 Hath called for thee a second spring ;
 Repaid thee for that sore distress
 By no untimely joyousness ;
 Which makes of thine a blissful state ;
 And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

XVI.

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-
 dale !
 Say that we come, and come by this day's
 light ;
 Fly upon swiftest wing round field and
 height,
 But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale ;
 There let a mystery of joy prevail,
 The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
 And Rover whine, as at a second sight
 Of near-approaching good that shall not
 fail ;
 And from that Infant's face let joy appear ;
 Yea, let our Mary's one companion child—
 That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
 With intimations manifold and dear,
 While we have wandered over wood and
 wild—
 Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

XVII.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER
 RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRAS-
 MERE.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
 Have romped enough, my little Boy !
 Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
 And you shall bring your stool and rest ;
 This corner is your own.

There ! take your seat, and let me see
 That you can listen quietly :
 And, as I promised, I will tell
 That strange adventure, which befell
 A poor blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland* boy !—why call him so ?
 Because, my Darlings, ye must know
 That, under hills which rise like tower
 Far higher hills than these of ours !
 He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight ;
 The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;
 Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
 Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
 Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
 Nor had a melancholy mind ;
 For God took pity on the Boy,
 And was his friend ; and gave him joy
 Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt above
Her other children him did love ;
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the Sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he ; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed ;
Which would have led him, it bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow—
And thus from house to house would go ;
And all were pleased to hear and see,
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream ;
Both when he heard the eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore,
Near which their cottage stood

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ;
But one of mighty size, and strange ;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills,
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong :

Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns, on errand still the same ;
This did it when the earth was new ;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the tide,
Come boats and ships that safely ride
Between the woods and lofty rocks ;
And to the shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
The blind Boy always had his share ;
Whether of mighty towns, or vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers ;
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail ?
For He must never handle sail ;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this : " My Son,
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ;
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch-Leven's side
Still sounding with the sounding tide,
And heard the billows leap and dance,
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,
Ye soon shall know how this befell)
He in a vessel of his own,
On the swift flood is hurrying down,
Down to the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more
May human creature leave the shore !
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind Mariner !
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him ?—Ye have seen
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that haven in the glen ;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own ;
And to the Boy they all were known—
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle-shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well ;
A shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This shell upon the deep would swim,
And gayly lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind Boy knew ;
 And he a story strange yet true
 Had heard, how in a shell like this
 An English Boy, O thought of bliss !
 Had stoutly launched from shore ;

Launched from the margin of a bay
 Among the Indian isles, where lay
 His father's ship, and had sailed far—
 To join that gallant ship of war,
 In his delightful shell.

Gur Highland Boy oft visited
 The house that held this prize ; and led
 By choice or chance, did thither come
 One day when no one was at home,
 And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
 That story flashed upon his mind ;—
 A bold thought roused him, and he took
 The shell from out its secret nook,
 And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel,—and in pride
 Of spirit, from Loch-Leven's side,
 Stepped into it—his thoughts all free
 As the light breezes that with glee
 Sang through the adventurer's hair

A while he stood upon his feet ;
 He felt the motion—took his seat ;
 Still better pleased as more and more
 The tide retreated from the shore,
 And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.
 How rapidly the Child is driven !
 The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen
 By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me,
 What shrieking and what misery !
 For many saw ; among the rest
 His Mother, she who loved him best,
 She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the child, the sightless Boy,
 It is the triumph of his joy !
 The bravest traveller in balloon,
 Mounting as if to reach the moon,
 Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
 Alone, and innocent, and gay !
 For, if good Angels love to wait
 On the forlorn unfortunate,
 This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
 The cries which broke from old and young
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
 Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
 A boat is ready to pursue :
 And from the shore their course they take,
 And swiftly down the running lake
 They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace.
 So have ye seen the fowler chase
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
 A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
 With deftly-lifted oar ;

Or as the wily sailors crept
 To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
 The hapless creature which did dwell
 Erewhile within the dancing shell,
 They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,
 They follow, more and more afraid,
 More cautious as they draw more near ;
 But in his darkness he can hear,
 And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—he then cried out,
 "*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—with eager shout ;
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
 And what he meant was, "Keep away,
 And leave me to myself !"

Alas ! and when he felt their hands—
 You've often heard of magic wands,
 That with a motion overthrow
 A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air ;

So all his dreams—that inward light
 With which his soul had shone so bright—
 All vanished ;—'twas a heartfelt cross
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
 As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice,
 With which the very hills rejoice :
 'Tis from the crowd, who trembling
 Have watched the event, and now can see
 That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
 Full sure they were a happy band,
 Which gathering round, did on the banks
 Of that great Water give God thanks,
 And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
 The blind Boy's little dog took part;
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,
 With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
 She who had fainted with her fear,
 Rejoiced when waking she espies
 The Child; when she can trust her eyes,
 And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
 When he was in the house again:
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes,
 She kissed him—how could she chastise?
 She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
 The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;

And, though his fancies had been wild,
 Yet he was pleased and reconciled
 To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell
 Still do they keep the Turtle-shell;
 And long the story will repeat
 Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
 And how he was preserved.

NOTE.—It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages that a boy, son of the captain of a Man-of-War seated himself in a Turtle-shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

I.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

I.

To barren heath, bleak Moor, and quaking fen,
Or depth of labyrinthine glen ;
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met ;
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore :
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store ;)
And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found ;
Or with a new ambition raised ;
That God might suitably be praised.

II.

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey ;
Or where broad waters round him lay :
But this wild Ruin is no ghost
Of his devices—buried, lost !
Within this little lonely isle
There stood a consecrated Pile ;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
For them whose timid Spirits clung
To mortal succor, though the tomb
Had fixed, forever fixed, their doom !

III.

Upon those servants of another world
When maddening power her bolts had hurled,
Their habitation shook ;—it fell,
And perished, save one narrow cell ;
Whither at length, a Wretch retired,
Who neither grovelled nor aspired :
He, struggling in the net of pride,
The future scorned, the past defied ;
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge !

IV.

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills ;—but Crime,
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
Brought low a Power, which from its home
Burst, when repose grew wearisome ;
And, taking impulse from the sword,
And, mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt !

V.

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle !
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade ;
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling ;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head
Beneath the change ; who heard a claim
How loud ! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
(So seemed it) down a strange descent :
Till they who saw his outward frame
Fixed on him an unhallowed name ;
Him, free from all malicious taint,
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwearied—to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night ;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan !

VII.

Suns that through blood their western har-
bor sought,
And stars that in their courses fought !
Towers rent, winds combating with wood.
Lands deluged by unbridled floods ;
And beast and bird that from the spell
Of sleep took import terrible ;—
These types mysterious (if the show
Of battle and the routed foe
Had failed) would furnish an array
Of matter for the dawning day !

VIII.

How disappeared He?—ask the newt and toad,
 Inheritors of his abode ;
 The otter crouching undisturbed,
 In her dank cleft ;—but be thou curbed,
 O froward Fancy ! 'mid a scene
 Of aspect winning and serene ;
 For those offensive creatures shun
 The inquisition of the sun !
 And in this region flowers delight,
 And all is lovely to the sight.

IX.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
 When she applies her annual test
 To dead and living ; when her breath
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath ;—
 Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws
 His soul into the briar-rose ;
 Or calls the lily from her sleep
 Prolonged beneath the bordering deep ;
 Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
 Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

X.

Wild Relique ! beauteous as the chosen spot
 In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot ;
 Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
 (High Servant of paternal Love)
 Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
 Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
 Close-crowding round the infant-god ;
 All colors,—and the liveliest streak
 A foil to his celestial cheek !

II.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,
 IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

“ How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
 All over his dear Country ; left the deeds
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
 Of independence and stern liberty.” *M.S.*

LORD of the vale ! astounding Flood ;
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood
 Quakes—conscious of thy power ;
 The caves reply with hollow moan ;
 And vibrates, to its central stone,
 Yon time-cemented Tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
 Beneficent as strong ;
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
 The little trembling flowers that peep
 Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
 To look on thee—delight to rove
 Where they thy voice can hear ;
 And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
 Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid
 In dust, that voice is dear !

Along thy banks, at dead of night
 Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight ;
 Or stands, in warlike vest,
 Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
 A Champion worthy of the stream,
 Yon gray tower's living crest !

But clouds and envious darkness hide
 A form not doubtfully descried :—
 Their transient mission o'er,
 O say to what blind region flee
 These Shapes of awful phantasy ?
 To what untrodden shore ?

Less than divine command they spurn ;
 But this we from the mountains learn,
 And this the valleys show ;
 That never will they deign to hold
 Communion where the heart is cold
 To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
 Shall walk the Marathonian plain ;
 Or thrid the shadowy gloom
 That still invests the guardian Pass
 Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
 Devoted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,
 Or kneel, before the votive shrine
 By Uri's lake, where Tell
 Leapt, from his storm-vest boat, to land
 Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
 That day the Tyrant fell.

III.

EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE
 BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUN
 KELD.

“ The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned
 us when we must expect it. We were first,
 however, conducted into a small apartment,

where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls."—*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.*

WHAT He—who, mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim-twinkling through their forms!
What! Ossian here—a painted Thrall,
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art;
Head, harp, and body, spl't asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing;
One loud cascade in front, and lo!
A thousand like it, white as snow—
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors.
That catch the pageant from the flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood.
What pains to dazzle and confound!
What strife of color, shape and sound
In this quaint medley, that might seem
Devised out of a sick man's dream!
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a maniac dizzy,
When disenchanting from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O Nature—in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
Ever averse to pantomime,
Thee neither do they know nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favored Spot;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The Bard from such indignity!

* The Effigies of a valiant Wight
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
Not prostrate, not like those that rest
On tombs, with palms together prest,
But sculptured out of living stone,
And standing upright and alone,
Both hands with rival energy
Employed in setting his sword free
From its dull sheath—stern sentinel
Intend to guard St. Robert's cell,
As if with memory of the affray
Far distant, when, as legends say,
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
That in their keeping it might lie,
To crown their abbey's sanctity.
So had they rushed into the grot
Of sense despised, a world forgot,
And torn him from his loved retreat,
Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
Still hint that quiet best is found,
Even by the *Living*, under ground;
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
Defeating, put the Monks to shame,
There where you see his Image stand
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
Which lingering NID is proud to show
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
Our sires set forth their grateful praise,
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
But, nursed in mountain solitude,
Might some aspiring artist dare
To seize what'er, through misty air,
A ghost, by glimpses, may present
Of imitable lineament,
And give the phantom an array
That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Ossian out of mural rock,
And leave the figurative Man—
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!—
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
All fervor to the sightless eye;
And touch from rising suns in vain
Solicit a Memnonian strain;

* On the banks of the River Nid, near
Knaresborough.

Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp
To utter melancholy moans
Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones ;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend !

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,
Forever with yourselves at strife ;
Through town and country both deranged
By affectations interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deserted man applauds ;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern
The freshness, the everlasting youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth ;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart ?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
With baubles of theatric taste,
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
On motley bands of alien flowers
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mused ; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

 IV.

YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

(See page 259).

AND is this—Yarrow ?—*THIS* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream ?
An image that hath perished !
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings ;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly lighted ;

For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness ;
Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
All profitless dejection :
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
Or which the herd is feeding ;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers ;
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in !
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !
Yon cottage seems a bowler of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet on this autumnal day,
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,
 And on my True-love's forehead plant
 A crest of blooming heather!
 And what if I enwreathed my own!
 'Twere no offence to reason;
 The sober hills thus deck their brows
 To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
 A ray of fancy still survives—
 Her sunshine plays upon thee!

Thy ever-youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure;
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the Heights,
 They melt, and soon must vanish;
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
 Sad thought, which I would banish,
 But that I know, where'er I go,
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
 Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

PART I.

I.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR
 CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of evening, Splendor of the west,
 Star of my Country!—on the horizon's
 brink
 Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to
 sink
 On England's bosom; yet well pleased to
 rest,
 Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
 Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
 Should'st be my Country's emblem; and
 should'st wink,
 Bright Star! with laughter on her banners,
 drest
 In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky
 spot
 Beneath thee, that is England; there she
 lies.
 Blessings be on you both! one hope, one
 lot,
 One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
 For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
 Among men who do not love her, linger
 here.

II.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
 Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
 Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low
 degree,
 Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame,
 and blind,
 Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,
 With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the
 knee
 In France, before the new-born Majesty
 'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
 A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
 But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
 In haste, nor springing with a transient
 shower:
 When truth, when sense, when liberty were
 flown,
 What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
 Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery
 prone!

III.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD
 LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES! as from Calais southward you and I
 Went pacing side by side, this public Way

Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous
day,*
When faith was pledged to new-born
Liberty:

A homeless sound of joy was in the sky :
From hour to hour the antiquated Earth
Beat like the heart of Man : songs, garlands,
mirth,
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh !
And now, sole register that these things
were,

Two solitary greetings have I heard,
' Good-morrow, Citizen ' " a hollow word,
As if a dead man spake it ! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.

IV.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Bonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief ! The tenderest
mood
Of that Man's mind—what can it be ? what
food

Fed his first hopes ? what knowledge could
he gain ?

'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as woman-
hood.

Wisdom doth live with children round her
knees :

Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly
walk

Of the mind's business ; these are the de-
grees

By which true Sway doth mount ; this is
the stalk

True Power doth grow on ; and her rights
are these.

V.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not
names :

This is young Bonaparte's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established sway—
Consul for life. With worship France pro-
claims

Her approbation, and with pomps and
games.

Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay !

* 14th July, 1790.

Calais is not : and I have bent my way
To the sea-coast, noting that each man
frames

His business as he likes. Far other show
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time ;
The senselessness of Joy was then sublime !
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

VI.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC.

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in
fee ;

And was the safeguard of the west : the
worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.

She was a maiden City, bright and free ;

No guile seduced, no force could violate ;

And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength
decay ;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reached its final
day

Men are we, and must grieve when even the
Shade

Of that which once was great is passed
away.

VII.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE Voice of song from distant lands shall
call

To that great King ; shall hail the crown'd
Youth

Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,

By one example hath set forth to all

How they with dignity may stand ; or fall,
If fall they must. Now, whither doth it
tend ?

And what to him and his shall be the end ?
That thought is one which neither can
appal

Nor cheer him ; for the illustrious Swede
hath done

The thing which ought to be ; is raised
above

All consequences : work he hath begun

Of fortitude, and piety, and love,

Which all his glorious ancestors approve ;

The heroes bless him, him their rightful
son.

VIII.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!

Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough

Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—

O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
and skies;

There's not a breathing of the common wind

That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;

Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

IX.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

WE had a female Passenger who came
From Calais with us, spotless in array,—
A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She sate, from notice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech, or to the same
No sign of answer made by word or face:
Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,
That, burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
To mock the Outcast—O ye Heavens, be kind!

And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

X.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER,
ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.

The cock that crows, the smoke that curls,
that sound

Of bells ;—those boys who in yon meadow-ground

In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar

Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore ;—

All, all are English. Oft have I looked round

With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found

Myself so satisfied in heart before.

Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,

My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass

Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.

XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,

The coast of France—the coast of France
how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood.

I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood

Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,

A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!

Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,

Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;

Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree

Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul

Only, the Nations shall be great and free.)

XII.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice.

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,

They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee

Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

XIII.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,
To think that now our life is only dress'd
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman,
cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone! our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

XIV.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
 power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
 the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

XV.

GREAT men have been among us; hands
 that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
The moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendor: what strength was that would
 not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France,
'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we
 had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road:
But equally a want of books and men!

XVI.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, un-
withstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
 sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
 tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and
 morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are
 sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

XVII.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has
 tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts de-
 part
When men change swords for ledgers, and
 desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears
 unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou
 art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,

Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who
 find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
 And I by my affection was beguiled:
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural miseries
 Had blasted France, and made of it a land
 Unfit for men; and that in one great band
 Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at
 ease.

But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze
 Shiel gentle favors: rural works are there,
 And ordinary business without care;
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe and
 please!

How piteous then that there should be such
 dearth

Of knowledge; that whole myriads should
 unite

To work against themselves such fell d.
 spite:

Should come in phrensy and in drunken
 mirth,

Impatient to put out the only light
 Of Liberty that yet remains on earth!

XIX.

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to
 bear

Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor,
 and wall,

Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:

'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
 One of a Nation who, henceforth, must
 wear

Their fetters in their souls. For who could
 be,

Who, even the best, in such condition, free
 From self-reproach, reproach that he must
 share

With Human nature? Never be it ours

To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
 And know that noble feelings, manly

powers,
 Instead of gathering strength, must droop
 and pine;

And earth with all her pleasant fruits and
 flowers

Fade, and participate in man's decline.

XX.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike monied worldlings with
 dismay:

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the
 air

With words of apprehension and despair:
 While tens of thousands, thinking on the
 affray,

Men unto whom sufficient for the day
 And minds not stinted or untilled are
 given,

Sound, healthy, children of the God of
 heaven,

Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.

What do we gather hence but firmer faith

That every gift of noble origin

Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual
 breath;

That virtue and the faculties within

Are vital,—and that riches are akin

To fear, to change, to cowardice, and
 death?

XXI.

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou
 should'st wean

Thy heart from its emasculating food;

The truth should now be better understood:
 Old things have been unsettled; we have
 seen

Fair seed-time, better harvest might have
 been

But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,

If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,

Aught good were destined, thou would'st
 step between.

England! all nations in this charge agree:

But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,

Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy:

Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the
 freight

Of thy offences be a heavy weight:

Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all
 with Thee!

XXII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present face of
 things,

I see one Man, of men the meanest too!

Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,

With mighty Nations for his underlings,

(The great events with which old story rings

Seen vain and hollow ; I find nothing great :
 Nothing is left which I can venerate ;
 So that a doubt almost within me springs
 Of Providence, such emptiness at length
 Seems at the heart of all things. But,
 great God !
 I measure back the steps which I have
 trod :
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the
 strength
 Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts
 sublime
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

XXIII.

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.
 VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
 Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of
 France,
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
 To France be words of invitation sent !
 They from their fields can see the counte-
 nance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering
 lance,
 And hear you shouting forth your brave in-
 tent.
 Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
 Confirmed the charters that were yours be-
 fore ;—
 No parleying now ! In Britain is one
 breath ;
 We all are with you now from shore to
 shore :—
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

XXIV.

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
 The arithmetic of babes, must foreign
 hordes,
 Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
 Striking through English breasts the anar-
 chy
 Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
 Our hands behind our backs with felon
 cords ?
 Yields everything to discipline of swords ?
 Is man as good as man, none low, none
 high ?—
 Nor discipline nor valor can withstand
 The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
 When in some great extremity breaks out
 A people, on their own beloved Land
 Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
 Of a just God for liberty and right,

XXV.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION.

1803.

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !)
 the Land
 Were with herself at strife, would take your
 stand,
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's
 side,
 And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your
 pride—
 Come ye—who, not less zealous, might dis-
 play
 Banners at enmity with regal sway,
 And, like the Pymms and Miltons of that
 day,
 Think that a State would live in sounder
 health
 If Kingship bowed its head to Common-
 wealth—
 Ye too—whom no discreditable fear
 Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless
 tear,
 Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
 And ye—who might mistake for sober sense
 And wise reserve the plea of indolence—
 Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken
 all,
 Whate'er your temper, at your Country's
 call ;
 Resolving (this a free-Lorn Nation can)
 To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
 Or save this honored Land from every Lord
 But British reason and the British sword.

XXVI.

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won !
 On British ground the Invaders are laid
 low ;
 The breath of Heaven has drifted them like
 snow,
 And left them lying in the silent sun,
 Never to rise again !—the work is done.
 Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful
 show
 And greet your sons ! drums beat and trum-
 pets blow !
 Make merry, wives ! ye little children, stun
 Your grandame's ears with pleasure of your
 noise !
 Clap, infants, clap your hands ! Divine
 must be
 That triumph, when the very worst, the
 pain

And even the prospect of our brethren
sain,
Hath something in it which the heart en-
joys :—
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow.
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall
know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought:
That by our own right hands it must be
wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid
low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not
cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they
fear
And honor which they do not understand.

XXVIII.

ODE.

I.

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic
wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings
beneath!
But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;
And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
And calls a look of love into her face.
And spreads her arms, as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!
But She through many a change of form
hath gone,
And stands amidst you now an armed crea-
ture,
Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;

That, having forced its way from birth to
birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven a terror
to the Earth!

II.

I marked the breathings of her dragon
crest;
My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear;
Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at
rest,
Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

III.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God
defy!
And, wheresoe'er she spread her sover-
eignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not to
tell—
That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?
Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
Her stores, and sighed to find them inse-
cure!
And Hope was maddened by the drops that
fell
From shades, her chosen place of short-lived
rest.
Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted
woe—
Is this the only change that time can show?
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye pa-
tient Heavens, how long?
—Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
Up to the measure of accorded might,
And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

IV.

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lowly flowers,
Or seek, from saints above, miraculous
aid—
That Man may be accomplished for a task
Which his own nature hath enjoined;—and
why?

If, when that interference hath relieved him,
 He must sink down to languish
 In worse than former helplessness—and lie
 Till the caves roar,—and, imbecility
 Again engendering anguish,
 The same weak wish returns that had before
 Deceived him.

V.

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not
 speed
 The course of things, and change the creed
 Which hath been held aloft before men's
 sight
 Since the first framing of societies,
 Whether, as bards have told in ancient
 song,
 Built up by soft seducing harmoni
 Or prest together by the appetite,
 And by the power, of wr

PART II.

I.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT
 HISTORY.

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian
 ground,
 And to the people at the Isthmian Games
 Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, pro-
 claims
 THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:—the words re-
 bound
 Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
 Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
 And birds, high flying in the element,
 Dropped to the earth, astonished at the
 sound!
 Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and still
 that voice
 Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's
 ear:
 Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so
 dear:
 Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous
 joys!
 A gift of that which is not to be given
 By all the blended powers of Earth and
 Heaven.

II.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of
 morn
 The tidings passed of servitude repealed,

And of that joy which shook the Isthmian
 Field,
 The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter
 scorn.

"'Tis known," cried they, "that he who
 would adorn

His envied temples with the Isthmian crown
 Must either win, through effort of his own,
 The prize, or be content to see it worn
 By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop
 Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon,
 Your feeble spirits! Greece her head hath
 bowed,

As if the wreath of liberty thereon
 Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud
 Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's
 top."

III.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL
 PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLI-
 TION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to
 climb:
 How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by
 thee
 Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly
 But thou, who, starting in thy fervent
 prime,
 Didst first lead forth that enterprise sub-
 lime,
 Hast heard the constant Voice its charge
 repeat,
 Which, out of thy young heart's oracular
 seat,
 First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of
 Time,
 Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
 Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!
 The blood-stained Writing is forever torn;
 And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's
 calm,
 A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall
 find
 Repose at length, firm friend of human
 kind!

IV.

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from
 you!
 Thus in your books the record shall be
 found,
 "A watchword was pronounced, a potent
 sound—

ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked like dew

Stirred by the breeze; they rose, a Nation, true,

True to herself—the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.

All power was given her in the dreadful trance;

Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame."

—Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and shame

To that Bavarian who could first advance
His banner in accursed league with France,
First open traitor to the German name!

V.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE.

1807.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the gray west; and lo! these waters, steeled

By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;

Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beautifully revealed

At happy distance from earth's groaning field,

Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.

Is it a mirror?—or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds

Her own calm fires?—But list! a voice is near;

Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,

"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

VI.

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
The genuine mien and character would trace

Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the world's audacious vanities!

Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise;
The pyramid extend its monstrous base,

For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an æry name to immortalize.

There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious coloring to aim and act,

See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—

To chase mankind, with men in armies packed

For his field-pastime high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked!

VII.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT, OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

808.

NOT 'mid the World's vain objects that enslave

The free-born Soul—that World whose vaunted skill

In selfish interest perverts the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave—

Not there; but in dark wood and rocky cave,

And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave

Down their steep beds, that never shall be still;

Here, mighty Nature; in this school sublime

I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain;

For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my way;

And look and listen—gathering, whence I may,

Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

VIII.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen; and listened to the Wind

That sang of trees up-torn and vessels tost—

A midnight harmony; and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined

Of business, care, or pleasure; or resigned
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,

Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
Like acceptance from the World will find.

Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink

A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows
past;
And to the attendant promise will give
heed—
The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sad-
ness shrink,
Tells also of bright calms that shall suc-
ceed.

IX.

HOFFER.

OF mortal parents is the Hero born
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led?
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
Returned to animate an age forlorn?
He comes like Phæbus through the gates
of morn
When dreary darkness is discomfited,
Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,
That simple crest, a heron's plume, is
worn.
O Liberty! they stagger at the shock
From van to rear—and with one mind
would flee,
But half their host is buried:—rock on rock
Descends:—beneath this godlike Warrior,
see!
Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock
The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

X.

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean
ground,
Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul un-
tamed;
Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains
named!
Through the long chain of Alps from mound
to mound
And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo,
bound;
Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
I have roused her from her sleep: and forest-
lawn,
Cliffs, woods and caves, her viewless steps
resound
And babble of her pastime!—On, dread
Power!
With such invisible motion speed thy
flight
Through hanging clouds, from craggy
height to height,
Through the green vales and through the
herdsman's bower—

That all the Alps may gladden in thy
might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

XI.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE Land we from our fathers had in
trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die;
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we *would* perform in arms—we
must!
We read the dictate in the infant's eye;
In the wife's smile; and in the placid sky;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart!
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the
wind!
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to
assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

XII.

ALAS! what boots the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good
and ill;
Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendant rest
Where every passion shall the sway attest
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If Sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty
Schools
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow
say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain
rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have
wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought?

XIII.

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is
true?
And, rising to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?
Ah no! though Nature's dread protection
fails,

There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
Iberian Burghers when the sword they
drew

In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was
felt

By i' a' lafox, and many a brave compeer,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear;
And wanderers of the street, to whom is
dealt

The bread which without industry they
find.

XIV.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on
plain,
Dwells in the affections and the soul of
man

A Godhead, like the universal PAN;
But more exalted, with a brighter train:
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise
yield

In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it,
Heaven!

We know the arduous strife, the eternal
laws

To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labor without pause,
Even to the death:—else wherefore should
the eye

Of man converse with immortality?

XV.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYR-
OLESE.

It was a *moral* end for which they fought;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put
to shame,

Could they, poor Shepherds, have pre-
served an aim,

A resolution, or enlivening thought?

Nor hath that moral good been *vainly*
sought;

For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a
claim

Which neither can be overturned nor
bought.

Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills
repose!

We know that ye, beneath the stern control

Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished
soul:

And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,
Europe breaks forth: then, Shepherds!
shall ye rise

For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI.

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity
Blood flowed before thy sight without re-
morse;

Disease consumed thy vitals; War up-
heaved

The ground beneath thee with volcanic
force:

Dread trials! yet encountered and sus-
tained

Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from necessity received.

XVII.

SAY, what is Honor?—'Tis the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can
frame,

Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the
scale

Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honor is hopeful elevation,—whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill,
Endangered States may yield to terms un-
just;

Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the
dust—

A Foe's most favored purpose to fulfill:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

XVIII.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a
strain

Of triumph, how the laboring Danube bore
A weight of hostile corpses; drenched with
gore

Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped
with slain.

Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)
Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold !
And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
Murdered without relief. Oh ! blind as bold,
To think that such assurance can stand fast !

XIX.

BRAVE Schill ! by death delivered, take thy
flight

From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes, 'mid the Islands of the Blest,
Or in the fields of empyrean light.
A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night :
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sub-
lime,

Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star : such glory is thy right.
Alas ! it may not be : for earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependent ; yet there lives
A Judge who, as man claims by merit, gives ;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed ;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

XX.

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,
Who never did to Fortune bend the knee ;
Who slighted fear ; rejected steadfastly
Temptation ; and whose kingly name and
state

Have "perished by his choice, and not his
fate !"

Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared ;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
He sits a more exalted Potentate,
Throned in the hearts of men. Should
Heaven ordain

That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to
endure,

Yet may a sympathizing spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench all
pain
In thankful joy and gratulation pure.

XXI.

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath paid
His vows to fortune ; who, in cruel slight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
By the blind Goddess,—ruthless, undis-
mayed ;
And so hath gained at length a prosperous
height,

Round which the elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are
laid.

O joyless power that stands by lawless force !
Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath ;
And, if old judgments keep their sacred
course,

Illim from that height shall Heaven precipi-
tate

By violent and ignominious death.

XXII.

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom,
Forced to descend into his destined tomb—
A dungeon dark ! where he must waste the
year,

And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear ;
What time his injured country is a stage
Whereon deliriate Valor and the rage
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
With deeds of hope and everlasting praise :—
Say can he think of this with mind serene
And silent fetters ? Yes, if visions bright
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
When he himself was tried in open light.

XXIII.

1810.

Al ! where is Palafox ? Nor tongue nor pen
Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave !
Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave ?
Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
Of pitying human nature ? Once again
Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion
brave,

Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
And through all Europe cheer desponding
men

With new-born hope. Unbounded is the
might

Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
Hark, how thy Country triumphs !—Smil-
ingly

The Eternal looks upon her sword that
gleams,

Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
On rampart, and the banks of all her streams

XXIV.

In due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white ;

And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
 They bind the unoffending creature's brows
 With happy garlands of the pure white rose :
 Then do a festal company unite
 In choral song ; and, while the uplifted cross
 Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
 Uncovered to his grave : 'tis closed, her loss
 The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs must
 mourn ;
 But soon, through Christian faith, is grief
 subdued ;
 And joy returns, to brighten fortitude

XXV.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE
OF THOSE FUNERALS.

1810.

YET, yet, Biscayans ! we must meet our
 Foes
 With firmer soul, yet labor to regain
 Our ancient freedom ; else 'twere worse than
 vain
 To gather round the bier these festal shows.
 A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
 Becomes not one whose father is a slave :
 Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave !
 These venerable mountains now enclose
 A people sunk in apathy and fear.
 If this endure, farewell, for us, all good !
 The awful light of heavenly innocence
 Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier ;
 And guilt and shame, from which is no de-
 fence,
 Descend on all that issues from our blood.

XXVI,

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in
 his account of Biscay, is a most venerable
 natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella,
 in the year 1746, after hearing mass in the
 church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired
 to this tree, under which they swore to the
 Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privi-
 leges.) What other interest belongs to it in
 the minds of this people will appear from
 the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME. 1810.

OAK of Guernica ! Tree of holier power
 Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
 (So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
 Heard from the depths of its aerial bower—
 How canst thou flourish at this blighting
 hour ?

What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to
 thee,
 Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
 The dews of morn, or April's tender shower
 Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
 Which should extend thy branches on the
 ground,
 If never more within their shady round
 Those lofty minded Lawgivers shall meet,
 Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
 Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

XXVII.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED
SPANIARD.

1810.

WE can endure that He should waste our
 lands,
 Despoil our temples, and by sword and
 flame
 Return us to the dust from which we came,
 Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands :
 And we can brook the thought that by his
 hands
 Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
 For his delight, a solemn wilderness
 Where all the brave he dead. But, when of
 bands
 Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
 Of benches, and of a future day
 When our enlightened minds shall bless his
 sway ;
 Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves
 weak ;
 Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks de-
 clare
 That he has power to inflict what we lack
 strength to bear.

XXVIII

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
 In men of low degree, all smooth patience !
 I better like a blunt indifference,
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
 To win me at first sight : and be there
 joined
 Patience and temperance with this high
 reserve,
 Honor that knows the path and wil' not
 swerve ;
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind
 And piety towards God. Such men of old
 Were England's native growth ; and
 throughout Spain,
 (Thanks to high God) forests of such re-
 main :

Then for that Country let our hopes be bold ;
For matched with these shall policy prove
vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her
gold.

XXIX.

1810.

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long
reled
On fleets and armies, and external wealth ;
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health ;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave
with pride
To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,
In the thronged city, from the walks of gam,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified,
There are who cannot languish in this strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
Of such high course was felt and understood ;
Who to their Country's cause have bound a
life
Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given
To labor, and to prayer, to nature, and to
heaven.

XXX.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH
GUERRILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping
blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of march by
night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad
height—
These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers
past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reached at
last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam. but as a
flight
Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
So these,—and, heard of once again, are
chased
Of combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope, but they are fled—
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead:
Where now?—Their sword is at the Foe-
man's heart !
And thus from year to year his walk they
thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

XXXI.

SPANISH GUERRILLA.

1811.

THEY seek, are sought ; to daily battle led,
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their
Foes,

For they have learnt to open and to close
The ridges of grim war ; and at their head
Are captains such as erst their country bred
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like those
Whom hardy Romic was fearful to oppose ;
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian
fled.

In One who lived unknown a shepherd's life
Redoubted Viriatus breathes again ;
And Mima, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader * vies, who, sick of
strife

And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.

XXXII.

1811.

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and
space ;

But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed ? No foot may
chase,

No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the
wind

Within its awful caves—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near
No cratt this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

XXXIII.

1811.

HERE pause : the poet claims at least this
praise,

That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from
hope

In the worst moment of these evil days ;
From hope, the paramount *duty* that
Heaven lays,

For its own honor, on man's suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart—

* Sertorius.

That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye ;
 Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their*
 guilt
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is
 spilt,
 And justice labors in extremity—
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !

XXXIV.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA

1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
 A fond reflection of her own decay,
 Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
 Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen
 day,
 In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
 As though his weakness were disturbed by
 pain ;
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow
 An undisputed symbol of command,
 The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
 Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand
 These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn,
 But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter ! who beset,
 Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
 That host, when from the regions of the Pole
 They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—
 That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
 Their God, and placed their trust in human
 pride !

As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
 He smote the blossoms of their warrior
 youth ;

He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
 Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold ;
 Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly
 runs ;

For why—unless for liberty enrolled
 And sacred home—ah ! why should hoary
 Age be bold ?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
 But flecter far the pinions of the Wind,
 Which from Siberian caves the Monarch
 freed,

And sent him forth, with squadrons of his
 kind,

And bade the Snow their ample backs
 bestride,

And to the battle ride.

No pitying voice commands a halt,
 No courage can repel the dire assault,
 Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
 Whole legions sink—and, in one instant,
 find
 Burial and death : look for them — and
 descrie,
 When morn returns, beneath the clear blue
 sky,
 A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy !

XXXV.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE Storms, resound the praises of your
 King !

And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
 Midway on some high hill, while father Time
 Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
 And loud and long of Winter's triumphsing !
 Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits
 and flowers,

Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety
 showers,

And the due flapping of his hoary wing !
 Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green
 grass ;

With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report
 your gain ;

Whisper it to the billows of the main,
 And to the aerial zephyrs as they pass,
 That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath slain
 That Host, which rendered all your bounties
 vain !

XXXVI.

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
 Of dreadful sacrifice ; by Russian blood
 Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood ;
 The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
 To rob our Human-nature of just praise
 For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
 Of a deliverance absolute and pure
 She gave, if faith might tread the beaten
 ways

Of Providence. But now did the Most High
 Exalt his still small voice ;—to quell that
 Host

Gathered his power, a manifest ally ;
 He, whose heaped waves confounded the
 proud boast

Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and
 Frost,

“ Finish the strife by deadliest victory ! ”

XXXVII.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF
HOCK HEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife;—the field
throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
O Silence! thou wert mother of a shout
That through the texture of yon azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through
battle-smoke,
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
—Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge
renew
Who have seen—themselves now casting off
the yoke—
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

XXXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,
Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and flow
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived: whose
mind ensued,
Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
Peace that should claim respect from the
lawless Might.
Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
(Though it were only for a moment's space)
The triumphs of this hour; for they are
THINE!

XXXIX.

ODE.

1814.

————— Carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmoræ publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus
————— clarius indicant
Laudes, quam ——— Pierides; neque,
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris.—HOR. Car. 8 Lib. 4.

I.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed the
latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favors to dispense:
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer rove;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright;
And, here and there, between the pastoral
downs,
The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.
Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!
But not a living creature could be seen
Through its wide circuit, that in deep repose,
And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
Lay hushed; till—through a portal in the sky
Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm,
Opening before the sun's triumphant eye—
Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!
Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
Saint George himself this Visitant must be;
And, ere a thought could ask on what intent
He sought the regions of humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
City and field and flood;—aloud it cried—
“ Though from my celestial home,
Like a Champion, armed I come;
On my helm the dragon crest,
And the red cross on my breast;
I, the Guardian of this Land,
Speak not now of toilsome duty;
Well obeyed was that command—
Whence bright days of festive beauty;
Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which
summer gave
Have perished in the field:
But the green thickets plenteously shall yield
Fit garlands for the brave,
That will be welcome, if by you entwined;
Haste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye Matrons
grave,
Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
And gather what ye find
Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs—
To deck your stern Defenders' modest
brows!
Such simple gifts prepare,
Though they have gained a worthier meed;
And in due time shall share

Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
In realms where everlasting freshness
breathes!"

II.

And lo! with crimson banners proudly
streaming,
And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain
Advance in order the redoubted Bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the
hands

Of a fair female train—
Maids and Matrons, dight
In robes of dazzling white:

While from the crowd bursts forth a rap-
turous noise

By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion tell their joys;

And gray-haired sires, on staffs supported,
Look round, and by their smiling seem to
say,

Thus strives a grateful Country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

III.

Anon before my sight a palace rose
Built of all precious substances,—so pure
And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendor to endure:
Entered, with streaming thousands, through
the gate,

I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome
of state,

A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The heaven of sable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to throw
Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some nymph-haunted grot beneath the
roaring sea.

—Nor sooner ceased that peal, than on the
verge

Of exaltation hung a dirge
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,

That kindled recollections
Of agonized affections;

And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion ended

In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV.

But garlands wither: festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves; and sweetest
sound—

(Albeit of effect profound)

It was—and it is gone!

Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
Those high achievements, even as she
arrayed

With second life the deed of Marathon

Upon Athenian walls;

So may she labor for thy civic halls:

And be the guardian spaces

Of consecrated places

As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil;

And let imperishable Columns rise

Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;

Expressive signals of a glorious strife,

And competent to shed a spark divine

Into the torpid breast of daily life;—

Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,

The morning sun may shine

With gratulation thoroughly benign!

V.

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarred
From your first mansions, exiled all too
long

From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward

Of never-dying song!

Now (for, though Truth descending from
above

The Olympian summit hath destroyed for
aye

Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move,

Spared for obeisance from perpetual love,

For privilege redeemed of Godlike sway)

Now, on the margin of some spotless foun-
tain,

Or top serene of unmolested mountain,

Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,

And for a moment meet the soul's desires!

That I, or some more favored Bard, may
hear

What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung

Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rap-
ear

And give the treasure to our British tongue

So shall the characters of that proud page

Support their mighty theme from age to
age;

And, in the desert places of the earth,

When they to future empires have given
birth,

So shall the people gather and believe

The bold report, transferred to every clime;

And the whole world, not envious but admiring,

And to the like aspiring,
Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man's heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time—
That not in vain they labored to secure,
For their great deeds perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

XL.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST,
ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS
OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
In a blind worship; men perversely bold
Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now
forsake

Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
To wain the living; if truth were ever told
By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave:
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious,
brave!

The power of retribution once was given:
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest
Heaven!

XLI.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF
WATERLOO.

The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is due:
Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war:

Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.

Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
Yet filled with ardor and on triumph bent
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter
spared
To guard the fallen, and consummate the
event,
Your country rears this sacred Monument!

XLII.

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN
SOBIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

O, FOR a kindling touch from that pure
flame

Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
In words like these, "Up, Voice of song!
proclaim

Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim:
For lo! the Imperial City stands released
From bondage threatened by the embattled
East,
And Christendom respire; from guilt and
shame

Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
By one day's feat, one mighty victory.
—Chant the Deliverer's praise in every
tongue!

The cross shall spread, the crescent hath
waxed dim;

He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,
HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND
GOD BY HIM."

XLIII.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF
WATERLOO.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning
day,

Yet trained to judgments righteously severe,
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognizing one Almighty sway:
He—whose experienced eye can pierce the
array

Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled
away—

Assoiled from all encumbrance or our time,*
 He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
 The triumph hail, which from their peaceful
 clime
 Angels might welcome with a choral shout!

XLIV.

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples rung
 With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's
 scorn!
 How oft above their altars have been hung
 Trophies that led the good and wise to
 mourn
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,
 Peace is sprung;
 In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn
 Glory to arms! But, conscious that the
 nerve
 Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
 Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to
 swerve!
 Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's
 creed
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

XLV.

O D E.

1815.

I.

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride
 From all that martial feats could yield
 To her desires, or to her hopes present—
 Stooped to the victory, on that Belgic field,
 Achieved this closing deed magnificent,
 And with the embrace was satisfied.
 —Fly, ministers of fame,
 With every help that ye from earth and
 heaven may claim!
 Bear through the world these tidings of de-
 light!
 --Hours, Days, and Months, have borne
 them in the sight
 Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
 That land-ward stretches from the sea,

* "From all this world's encumbrance did
 himself assoil."
Spenser.

The morning's splendors to devour;
 But this swift travel scorns the company
 Of irksome change, or threats from sadden-
 ing power.

—The shock is given—the Adversaries
 bleed—

Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
 Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—
 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish
 North—

It found no barrier on the ridge
 Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its
 bridge—

The vast Pacific gladdens with the
 freight—

Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
 Across her burning breast,
 For this refreshing incense from the
 West!—

—Where snakes and lions breed,
 Where towns and cities thick as stars ap-
 pear,

Wherever fruits are gathered, and
 where'er

The upturned soil receives the hopeful
 seed—

While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of
 night—

The unwearied arrow hath pursued its
 flight!

The eyes of good men thankfully give heed
 And in its sparkling progress read

Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless
 meed:

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty
 feats are done;

Even the proud Realm, from whose dis-
 tracted borders

This messenger of good was launched in air,
 France, humbled France, amid her wild dis-
 orders,

Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
 And utter England's name with sadly-
 plausive voice.

II.

O genuine glory, pure renown!
 And well might it beseech that mighty Town
 Into whose bosom earth's best treasures
 flow,

To whom all persecuted men retreat;
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow

High on the shore of silver Thames—to
 greet

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
Bright be the Fabric, as a star
Fresh risen, and beautiful within?—there
meet
Dependence infinite, proportion just;
A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can
trust
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III.

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
Where their serene progenitors are laid;
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-
like sages,
England's illustrious sons of long, long
ages;
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals;
Commemoration holy that unites
The living generations with the dead;
By the deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence,—
By visual pomp, and by the tie
Of sweet and threatening harmony
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,
And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness;
While the white-robed choir attendant,
Under mouldering banners pendent,
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled
With medicable wounds, or found their
graves
Upon the battle-field, or under ocean's
waves;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall cele-
brate!

IV.

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath;
The region that in hope was ploughed
His drought consumes, his mildew taints
with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,

And, drinking towns and cities, still can
drink
Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is
Thine!—
The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy
courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports,
For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
For these, and mourning for our errors,
And sins, that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we
laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent;
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling
mail,
And for thy righteous purpose they pre-
vail;
Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful
fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

V.

Forbear;—to Thee—
Father and Judge of all, with fervent
tongue
But in a gentler strain
Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong,
(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—
TO THEE—TO THEE
Just God of christianized Humanity
Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks
ascend,
That thou hast brought our warfare to an
end,
And that we need no second victory!
Blest, above measure blest,
If on thy love our Land her hopes shall
rest,
And all the Nations labor to fulfil
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in
pure good will.

XLVI.

O D E.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED
FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING. JANU-
ARY 18, 1816.

L.

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude

On hearts howe'er insensible or rude ;
Whether thy punctual visitations smute
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell ;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence
bright

Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's
cell !

Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendor, clear from mist or haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
— Well does thine aspect usher in this Day ;
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
Submitted to the chains

That bind thee to the path which God
ordains

That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass
away !

Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)

Do with the service of this Day accord.
— Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold :

Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights
has poured

Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale ;
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal
mould,

And for thy bounty were not unadored
By pious men of old ;

Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee
hail !

Bright be thy course to-day, let not this
promise fail !

II.

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in blithe succession from the
throats

Of birds, in leafy bower,
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower
— There is a radiant though a short-lived
flame,

That burns for Poets in the dawning east ;
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased ;

19

But He who fixed immovably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as
strong,

A solid refuge for distress—
The towers of righteousness ;
He knows that from a holier altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifi-
ce ;

Knows that the source is nobler whence
doth rise

The current of this matin song ;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III.

Have we not conquered?—by the venge-
ful sword ?

Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity ;
That curbed the baser passions, and left
free

A loyal band to follow their liege Lord
Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Com-
peers,

Along a track of most unnatural years ;
In execution of heroic deeds
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal
beads

Of morning dew upon the untrodden
meads,

Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
He, who in concert with an earthly string

Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell

Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell ;
Of One that mid the failing never failed—
Who paints how Britain struggled and pre-
vailed ;

Shall represent her laboring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity,

Shall show her clothed with strength and
skill,

All martial duties to fulfil ;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight ;

In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam ;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
To rouse the wicked from their giddy
dream—

Woe, woe to all that face her in the field !
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV.

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory
That can belong to human story !
At which they only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness
dive

The very humblest are too proud of heart;
 And one brief day is rightly set apart
 For Him who lifteth up and layeth low;
 For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
 Say not that we have vanquished—but that
 we survive.

v.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!
 Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
 That less than power unbounded could not tame
 That soul of Evil—which, from hell let loose,
 Had filled the astonished world with such abuse
 As boundless patience only could endure?
 —Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in flame—
 Who sees, may lift a streaming eye
 To Heaven;—who never saw, may heave a sigh;
 But the foundation of our natures shakes,
 And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
 When desolated countries, towns on fire,
 Are but the avowed attire
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind
 Against the life of virtue in mankind;
 Assaulting without ruth
 The citadels of truth;
 While the fair gardens of civility,
 By ignorance defaced,
 By violence laid waste,
 Perish without reprieve for flower or tree!

vi.

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
 Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,
 And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill;
 Opposed to dark, deep lots of patient skill,
 And to celerities of lawless force;
 Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—
 What could they gain but shadows of redress?
 —So bad proceeded propagating worse;
 And discipline was passion's dire excess.
 Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
 When will your trials teach you to be wise?
 —O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

vii.

No more—the guilt is banish'd,
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;

And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe
 hath vanish'd,
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!
 —No more—these lingerings of distress
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
 What robe can Gratitude employ
 So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?
 What steps so suitable as those that move
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
 Of glory, and felicity, and love,
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

viii.

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,
 If one there be
 Of all thy progeny
 Who can forget thy prowess, never more
 Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar,
 As springs the lion from his den,
 As from a forest-brake
 Upstarts a glistening snake,
 The bold Arch-despot re-appeared:—again
 Wild Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
 With all her armèd Powers,
 On that offensive soil, like waves upon a
 thousand shores.
 The trumpet blew a universal blast!
 But Thou art foremost in the field—there stand:
 Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!
 All States have glorified themselves;—their claims
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
 And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
 To Thee the exterminating sword is given,
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
 Exalted office, worthily sustained!

ix.

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
 The memory of thy favor,
 That else insensibly departs,
 And loses its sweet savor!
 Lodge it within us!—as the power of light
 Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
 Fixed on the front of Eastern cadems,
 So shine our thankfulness forever bright!
 What offering, what transcendent monument
 Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
 —Not work of hands; but trophies that
 may reach

To highest Heaven, the labor of the Soul ;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.
Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay
The outward service of this day ;
Whether the worshippers entreat
Forgiveness from God's mercy seat ;
Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend
That He has brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory !—
Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who
dwell,

For a brief moment, terrible ;
But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,
Before whom all things are that were,
All judgments that have been, or e'er shall
be,

Links in the chain of thy tranquillity !
Along the bosom of this favored Nation,
Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation !

Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of thy moving spirit !
Oh ! 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one
of pure delight ;

Bless Thou the hour, or e'er the hour arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down in
prayer,

And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

For thy protecting care,
Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal
Lord

For Tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

x.

But hark — the summons !—down the
placid lake
Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower
bells :

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams
would wake

The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;
Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to
shake

The drops that tip the melting icicles.

O, enter now his temple gate !

Inviting words—perchance already flung
(As the crowd press devoutly down the
aisle

Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring
blast,

And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
Forth towards empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await ;
But in the bosom, with devout respect
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our soul shall elevate ;
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim ;—
Awake ! the majesty of God revere !

Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice
aloud—

The Holy One will hear !

And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith
sincere,

Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate—
Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,
Which, in our time, the impious have dis-
closed ;

And of more arduous duties thence imposed
Upon the future advocates of right ;

Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed,
Of earthly revolution,
And final retribution,—

To his omniscience will appear
An offering not unworthy to find place,
On this high DAY OF THANKS, before the
Throne of Grace !

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

1820.

DEDICATION.

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS., TO—.)

DEAR Fellow travellers! think not that the
 Muse,
 To You presenting these memorial Lays,
 Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
 As on a mirror that gives back the hues
 Of living Nature; no—though free to choose
 The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
 The fairest landscapes and the brightest
 days—

RYDAL MOUNT, *Nov.*, 1821.

Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
 For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
 The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
 In that enjoyment which with You abides,
 Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
 Thus far contented, that for You her verse
 Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to
 pierce!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

I.

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'TIS said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
 The likeness of what'er on land is seen;
 But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
 Above whose heads the tide so long hath
 rolled,
 The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
 How fearful were it down through opening
 waves
 To sink, and meet them in their fretted
 caves,

Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
 And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear it not:
 For they Earth's fairest daughters do excel;
 Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
 Their voices into liquid music swell,
 Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
 The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs
 dwell!

II.

BRUGES.

BRUGES I saw attired with golden light
 (Streamed from the west) as with a robe of
 power:
 The splendor fled; and now the sunless
 hour,
 That, slowly making way for peaceful night,
 Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight

Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
 And sober graces, left her for defence
 Against the injuries of time, the spite
 Of fortune, and the desolating storms
 Of future war. Advance not—spare to hide,
 O gentle Power of darkness! these mild
 hues;
 Obscure not yet these silent avenues
 Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
 Of nun-like females, with sc't motion,
 glide;

III.

BRUGES.

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
 In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
 In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
 And with devout solemnities entwined—
 Mounts to the seat of grace within the mind:
 Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease
 along,
 Hence motions, even amid the vulgar
 throng,
 To an harmonious decency confined.
 As if the streets were consecrated ground,
 The city one vast temple, dedicate
 To mutual respect in thought and deed;
 To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
 To social cares from jarring passions freed;
 A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

IV.

INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

IN Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled,
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Flung from a Convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the Maiden at my side,
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gayly o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?

V.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATER-
LOO

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture
wrought
Of rainbow colors; One whose port was
bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely
hold

The glittering crowns and garlands which it
brought—

Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished; leaving prospect blank and
cold
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us
rolled

In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
And monuments that soon must disappear;
Yet a dread local recompense we found;
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-
zeal

Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should*
feel

With such vast hoards of hidden carnage
near,
And horror breathing from the silent
ground!

VI.

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy
choose?

Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and
plains,
War's favorite playground, are with crimson
stains

Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew?
The Morn, that now, along the silver
MEUSE,

Spreading, her peaceful ensigns, calls the
swains

To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bow whose mellow fruit
bestrews

The ripening corn beneath it. As mine
eyes

Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery
glade,

With its gray rocks clustering in pensive
shade—

That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene
and still!

VII.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charle-
maine?

To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may renew!

Why does this puny Church present to view
Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair!
This sword that one of our weak times
might wear!

Objects of false pretence, or meanly true !
 If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
 A palpable memorial of that day,
 Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
 That ROLAND clove with huge two-handed
 sway.

And to the enormous labor left his name,
 Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent
 bleach.

VIII.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of Angels to complete
 This temple—Angels governed by a plan
 Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by
 Man,

Studious that *He* might not disdain the seat
 Who dwells in heaven! But that aspiring
 heat

Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose
 gorgeous wings

And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
 But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
 For you on these unfinished shafts to try
 The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
 This vast design might tempt you to repeat
 Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
 Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
 Of penetrating hearts and voices sweet!

IX.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF
THE RHINE

AMID this dance of object sadness steals
 O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping
 by,

As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
 Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green
 Earth reels:

Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
 The venerable pageantry of Time,
 Each beetling rampart, and each tower
 sublime,

And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
 Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees
 espied

Near the bright River's edge. Yet why
 repine?

To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
 Such sweet way-faring—of life's spring the
 pride,

Her summer's faithful joy—*that* still is
 mine,

And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

X.

H Y M N,

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH
THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF
HEIDELBERG.

JESU! bless our slender Boat,
 By the current swept along;
 Loud its threatenings—let them not
 Drown the music of a song
 Breathed thy mercy to implore,
 Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, for our warning, seen
 Bleeding on that precious Rood;
 If, while through the meadows green
 Gently wound the peaceful flood,
 We forgot Thee, do not Thou
 Disregard thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
 Watching o'er the River's bed,
 Flung the shadow of thy power,
 Else we sleep among the dead;
 Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
 Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
 Through the rocks our passage
 smooth;

Where the whirlpool frets and raves
 Let thy love its anger soothe;
 All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine!

XI.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
 Doth DANUBE spring to life! The wander-
 ing Stream

(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's
 gleam

Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
 Slips from his prison walls; and Fancy,
 free

To follow in his track of silver light,
 Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's
 flight

Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy
 sea

Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbid to
 meet

In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their
 jars

To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
 When the first Ship sailed for the Golden
 Fleece—

ARGO—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with
stars.

XII

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,
LAUTER-BRUNNEN

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—
designed
For what strange service, does this concert
reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of man-
kind,
Mid fields familiarized to human speech?—
No Mermaids warble—to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous
beach—
More thrilling melodies, Witch answering
Witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical
Alas! that from the lips of abject Want
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free Fancy to
enthrall,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born
WATERFALL!

XIII.

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this River,
throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft
and chink.
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
They suck—from breath that, threatening
to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eye—
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but HE to whom you Pine-trees
nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's
God,
These numbler adorations will receive

XIV.

MEMORIAL,

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF
THUN.

“*DEM
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII.*”

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Cap-
tain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with
a courage and perseverance worthy of the
cause, opposed the flagitious and too success-
ful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their
country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway treading,
We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.
Well judged the Friend who placed it
there
For silence and protection;
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West,
And, while in summer glory
He sets, his sinking yields a type
Of that pathetic story:

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

XV

COMPOSED IN ODE OF THE CATHOLIC
CANTONS.

DOOMED as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane,
Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
And to the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity!—to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

XVI.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

OH Life! without thy checkered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's peace.

XVII.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"WHAT know we of the Blest above
But that they sing and that they love?"
Yet, if they ever did inspire
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
Now, where those harvest Damsels float
Homeward in their rugged Boat,
(While all the ruffling winds are fled—
Each slumbering on some mountain's head)
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
Been felt, that influence is displayed.
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
The rustic Maidens, every hand
Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—
To chant, as glides the boat along
A simple, but a touching, song;
To chant, as Angels do above,
The melodies of Peace in love!

XVIII

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
The work of Fancy from her willing hands;
And such a beautiful creation makes
As renders needless spells and magic wands,
And for the boldest tale belief commands.
When first mine eyes beheld that famous
Hill
The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
With intermingling motions soft and still,
Hung round its top, on wings that changed
their hues at will.

Clouds do not name those Visitants; they
were

The very Angels whose authentic lays,

Sung from that heavenly ground in middle
air,
Made known the spot where piety should
raise
A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
Resplendent Apparition! if in vain
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
And watch the slow departure of the train,
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted
to detain.

XIX.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star, upon the height
Of thy own mountain,* set to keep
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despairs,
Of many a deep and cureless pang
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this ærial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferers that no more rely
On mortal succor—all who sigh
And pine, of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,
Not only from the dreary strife
Of winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To summer-gladsomeness unkind:
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

* Mount Righi.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

XX.

EFFUSION,

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER
OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew
the Linden Tree against which his Son is said
to have been placed, when the Father's
archery was put to proof under circumstances
so famous in Swiss Story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought
not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valor, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy
show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors
old,
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Home-ward or school-ward, aye what e
behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy
bold!

And when that calm Spectatress from on
high
Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of
noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing Monk receive a
boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured
walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing
lustre falls.
How blest the souls who when their trials
come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal
doom,
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree:
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free;

Assured that Heaven its justice will pro-
claim,
And to his Father give its own unerring
aim.

XXI.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly
bred
To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equality by Prudence governed,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace,
serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows
green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian
steep,
Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble body's
HEAD;
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrench-
ments deep,
Its HEART; and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom
keep!*

XXII.

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES"
ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST.
GOTHARD.

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine
Avaits those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swis
affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die,—his sweet
breath'd kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures
decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not
reject
The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,
Mindful how others by this simple Strain
Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain
named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Yield to the Music's touching influence;
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of
the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for
the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon
the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose
upon it the laws of their governors.

XXIII.

FORT FUENTES.

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterized by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favored with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendor, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes; near the ruins were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-colored pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.—*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,

This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
To couch in this thicket of brambles alone;

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm

Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;

And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm

Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck;

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)
When winter the grove of its mantle be-
reaves,
Some bird (like our own honored redbreast)
may strew
The desolate Slumberer with moss and
with leaves.

FUENTES once harbored the good and the
brave,
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure
unknown;
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
While the thrill of her fifes thro' the
mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless
ascent;—
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy
sway,
When the whirlwind of human destruction
is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes
passed away!

XXIV.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN
FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The accent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord:
Why leap the fountain's from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?—

That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
Let all remind the soul of heaven ;
Our slack devotion needs them all ;
And Faith—so soft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Poms of this frail "spot
Which men call Earth," have yearned to
seek,

Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills !

He, too, of battle martyrs chief !
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears.*

XXV.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE
SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide !
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy ;
The wages of thy travel, joy !
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill ;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of Images in seemly row ;
The graceful form of milk white Steed,
Or Bird that soared with Ganymede ;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled ;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world !

* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sem-
pach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner.

Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy ;
The wages of thy travel, joy !

II.

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime :
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Though robbed of many a cherished dream
And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty !
Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recall a Sister's last embrace,
His Mother's neck entwine ;
Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright-haired
Boy !

III.

My Song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenious face,
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophecy a golden lot ;
Due recompense, and safe return
To COMO's steeps—his happy bourne !
Where he, aloft in garden glade,
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig ;
Or feed his eye in path sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof,
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.
—Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
To share his wanderings ! him whose look
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled—
As with a rapture caught from heaven—
For unasked alms in pity given

PART II.

I.

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest
Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
For Tell's dread archery renowned,
Before the target stood—to claim
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.

Loud was the rifle-gun's report—
 A startling thunder quick and short !
 But, flying through the heights around,
 Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
 Of hearts and hands alike " prepared
 The treasures they enjoy to guard !"
 And, if there be a favored hour
 When Heroes are allowed to quit
 The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
 With tutelary power,
 On their Descendants shedding grace—
 This was the hour, and that the place.

II.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
 When of an iron age they told,
 Which to unequal laws gave birth,
 And drove Astræa from the earth.
 —A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
 As noble as the best endowed,
 But seemingly a Thing despised ;
 Even by the sun and air unprized ;
 For not a tinge or flowery streak
 Appeared upon his tender cheek)
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,
 Apart, beside his silent goats,
 Sate watching in a forest shed,
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head ;
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,
 And, as the saint he prays to, still.
 Ah, what avails heroic deed ?
 What liberty ? if no defence
 Be won for feeble Innocence.
 Father of all ! though wilful Manhood read
 His punishment in soul-distress,
 Grant to the morn of life its natural blessed-
 ness.

XXVI.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA
 VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE
 CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA—
 MILAN.

Tho' searching damp and many an envious
 flaw
 Have marred this Work ; the calm ethereal
 grace,
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
 The Elements ; as they do melt and thaw
 The heart of the Beholder—and erase
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace
 Of disobedience to the primal law.
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth

Made to the Twelve survives : lip, forehead,
 cheek,
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth .
 Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
 Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
 A labor worthy of eternal youth !

XXVII.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

HIGH on her speculative tower
 Stood science waiting for the hour
 When Sol was destined to endure
 That darkening of his radiant face
 Which Superstition strove to chase,
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
 Through regions fair as Paradise
 We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
 A silent and unlooked-for change,
 That checked the desultory range
 Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling car,
 The waves danced round us as before,
 As lightly, though of altered hue,
 Mid recent coolness, such as falls,
 At noontide from umbrageous walls
 That screen the morning dew.

No vapor stretched its wings ; no cloud
 Cast fast or near a murky shroud ;
 The sky an azure field displayed ;
 'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
 Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
 And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between,
 Like moonshine—but the hue was greer
 Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
 On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,
 Where gazed the peasant from his doot
 And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay
 Lugano ! on thy ample bay ;
 The solemnizing veil was drawn
 O'er villas, terraces, and towers ;
 To Albogasio's olive bowers,
 Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
 Hath past to Milan's loftiest spire,
 And there alights 'mid that aerial host
 Of Figures human and divine,
 White as the snows of Appennine
 Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day ;
Angels she sees—that might from heaven
have flown,
And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
Each narrowing above each ;—the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height—
All steeped in this portentous light !
All suffering dim eclipse !

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared,

Lo ! while I speak, the laboring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun :
The cypress waves her sombre plume
More cheerily ; and town and tower,
The vineyard and the olive bower,
Their lustre re-assume !

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
While in far-distant lands we roam,
What countenance hath this Day put on for
you ?

While we looked round with favored eyes,
Did sullen mists hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view ?

Or was it given you to behold
Like vision, pensive thought not cold,
From the smooth breast of gay Windermere ?
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
Helvellyn's brow severe ?

I ask in vain—and know far less
Of sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour ;
Sad blindness ! but ordained to prove
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling power.

XXVIII.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

I.

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty—
Beats with a fancy running high,
Her simple cares to magnify ;

Whom Labor, never urged to toil,
Hath cherished on a healthful soil ;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf ;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty Self
Reflected in some crystal brook ;
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no
tear
But in sweet pity ; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

II.

Such (but O lavish Nature ! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own ?)
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness
Nice aid maternal fingers lend ;
A Sister serves with slacker hand ;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the
festal band.

III.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep !
—Say whence that modulated shout !
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng ?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong ?
Jubilant outcry ! rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetic Maid.

IV.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;
Her courage animates the flood ;
Her steps the elastic green-sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets ;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice !
Bliethe Paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art—for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race !
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, Life prepares ;
The fetters which the Matron wears ;
The patriot Mother's weight of anxious
cares !

v.

"Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
When thou didst flit before mine eyes,
Gay Vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough falls of Inversneyd!
Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen
No breach of promise in the fruit?
Was joy, in following joy, as keen
As grief can be in grief's pursuit?
When youth had flown did hope still bless
Thy goings—or the cheerfulness
Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?

vi.

But from our course why turn—to tread
A way with shadows overspread;
Where what we gladliest would believe
Is feared as what may most deceive?
Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned
But heath-bells from thy native ground.
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality;
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votress by Lugano's side;
And that intrepid Nymph on Uri's steep
descried!

XXIX.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE
FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN,
NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE
SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION—following down this far-famed
slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of kingdoms to be
won—
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone!
Memento unscribed of Pride o'erthrown;
Vanity's hieroglyphic; a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the
Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power
divine!
The Soul transported sees, from hint of
thine,
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand
provoke,

* See address to a Highland Girl, p. 255.

Hears combats whistling o'er the ensan-
guined heath:
What groans! what shrieks! what quietness
in death!

xxx.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA! I longed in thy shadiest
wood [floor,
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
To listen to ANIO'S precipitous flood,
When the stillness of evening hath deepened
its roar;
To range through the Temples of PÆSTUM,
to muse
In POMPEII preserved by her burial in earth;
On pictures to gaze where they drank in
their hues;
And murmur sweet songs on the ground of
their birth!

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of
Rome,
Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to
regret?
With a hope (and no more) for a season to
come,
Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent
debt?
Thou fortunate Region! whose Greatness
inurned
Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;
Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was
just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamœis
retires
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded
with snow,
Towards the mists that hang over the land
of my Sires,
From the climate of myrtles contented I go.
My thoughts become bright like yon edging
of Pines
On the steep's lofty verge how it blacken'd
the air!
But, touched from behind by the Sun, it
now shines
With threads that seem part of his own
silver hair.
Though the toil of the way with dear
Friends we divide,
Though by the same zephyr our temples be
fanned

As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
 A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand.
 Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—
 O joy when the girdle of England appears!
 What moment in life is so conscious of love,
 Of love in the heart made more happy by tears?

XXXI

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover?
 Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
 As multitudinous a harmony
 Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,
 When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain dew
 In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew,
 Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
 A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
 Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
 Of æry voices locked in unison,—
 Faint—far off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!—
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed!

XXXII.

PROCESSIONS.

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield;
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,
 Which in her breast Futurity concealed;
 And that the past might have its true intents
 Feelingly told by living monuments—
 Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
 Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
 That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
 Thick bows of palm, and willows from the brook,
 Marched round the altar—to commemorate
 How, when their course they through the desert took,
 Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
 They lodged in leaty tents and cabins low;
 Green boughs were borne, while, for the blasts that shook
 Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
 Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove
 Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
 The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove
 Provoked responses with shrill canticles;
 While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
 They round his altar bore the horned God,
 Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
 Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
 When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Poms; the haughty claims
 Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
 The feast of Neptune—and the Cereal Games,
 With images, and crowns, and empty cars;
 The dancing Sali—on the shields of Mars
 Smiting with fury; and a deeper dread
 Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
 Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
 Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
 Appeared—to govern Christian pageantries:
 The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
 Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
 Even such, this day, came waited on the breeze
 From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
 Enwrapt—and winding, between Alpine trees
 Spiry and dark, around their House of prayer,
 Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
 The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!
 Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,
 The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise
 For the same service, by mysterious ties
 Numbers exceeding credible account
 Of number, pure and silent Votaries

Issuing or issued from a wintry fount ;
The impenetrable heart of that exalted
Mount !

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
While they the Church engird with motion
slow,

A product of that awful Mountain seem,
Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow ;
Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance slow
Than the fair Forms, that in long order
glide,

Bear to the glacier land—those Shapes aloft
described.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind ;
And marvel not that antique Faith incline
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned ;
Such insolent temptations would'st thou
miss,

Avoid these sights ; nor brood o'er Fable's
dark abyss !

XXXIII

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

The lamented Youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighborhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at

Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overtaken in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küssnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen *
Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
" Our Lady of the Snow "

The sky was blue, the air was mild,
Free were the streams and green the
bowers ;

As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The gential spot had ever shown
A countenance that as sweetly smiled—
The face of summer hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease ;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed ; all we knew of care—
Our path that straggled here and there ;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze ;
Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale ;
Asleep on ZURICH'S shore !

Oh GODDARD! what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise ;
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
A sea-green river, proud to lave,
With current swift and undefiled,
The towers of old LUCERNE.

* Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted towards the unloading sky :
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,
That gives to common pleasures birth ;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathizing Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely grave to strew,
Whose turf may never know the care
Of *kindred* human hands !

Beloved by every gentle Muse
He left his Transatlantic home :
Europe, a realized romance,
Had opened on his eager glance .
What present bliss !—what golden views !
What stores for years to come !

Though lodged within no vigorous frame
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised—or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclame
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise ;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers mid GOLDAU's ruins bred ;
As evening's fondly-lingering rays
On RIGHI's silent brow.

Lamented Youth ! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid ;
And piety shall guard the Stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their prey—
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth ! a solitary Mother ;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend.
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.

XXXIV.

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF
FRANCE.

Lo ! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat ! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done !
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape ;
There, combats a huge crocodile—agape

A golden spear to swallow ! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing
town,

Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape !
Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose
Silently disappears, or quickly fades :
Meek Nature's evening comment on the
shows

That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth !

XXXV.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOR
OF IOULOGNE.

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves ! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her coast had
won,

His project crowned, his pleasant travel
o'er ?
Well—let him pace this noted beach once
more,

That gave the Roman his triumphal shells ;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror !—
Enough : my Country's cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory :
These local recollections ne'er can cloy ;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy !

XXXVI.

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF
DOVER. NOV., 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game
Which faction breeds ; the turmoil where ?
that passed

Through Europe, echoing from the news-
man's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for Eng-
land's shame
Peace greets us ;—rambling on without an
aim

We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea ;
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder
sound

Stirs not ; enrapt I gaze with strange de-
light,

While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this rural stillness more *pro-*
found.

XXXVII.

AT DOVER.

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and with
increase
Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side
Town,
Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,
Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath
peace:
The streets and quays are thronged, but
why disown
Their natural utterance. whence this
strange release
From social noise—silence elsewhere un-
known?—
A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease,
Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set
free
Thy sense from pressure of life's common
din;
As the dread Voice that speaks from out
the sea
Of God's eternal Word the Voice of Time
Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of
crime,
The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin."

DESULTORY STANZAS,

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING
SHEETS FROM THE PRESS.

Is then the final page before me spread
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be
read,
How can I give thee license to depart?
One tribute more. unbidden feelings start
Forth from their coverts, slighted objects
rise;
My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies

All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Recoiled—and wings alone could travel—
there
I move at ease; and meet contented themes
That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections, vivid as the dreams

Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and
mighty streams.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power—and
yet

What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish!—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons
of Time

Labor their proper greatness to subdue;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude
sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious
Rhône!

Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone
Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone,
And, from that arch, down-looking on the
Vale

The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and
Winter's icy mail!

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern
l'ORKS,*

Down the main avenue my sight can range:
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hut,
and grange,

For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;
Snows, torrents;—to the region's utmost
bound,

Life, Death, in amicable interchange;—
But hst! the avalanche—the hush profound
That follows—yet more awful than that
awful sound!

Is not the chamois suited to his place?
The eagle worthy of her ancestry?
—Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye dis-
grace

Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount, there judge of fit and
right.

In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—the
night

And purity of nature spread before your
sight!

* At the head of the Vallais.

From this appropriate Court, renowned
LUCERNE
Calls me to pace her honored Bridge—that
cheers
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and
stern,
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source, en-
dears
That work of kindred frame, which spans
the lake
Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a stream to take ;
Where it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a
snake.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral
rolled,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,
One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history ;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern
skies,
Announcing, ONE was born mankind' to
free ;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice ;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised
of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to
mould ;
Turning, for them who pass, the common
dust
Of servile opportunity to gold ;
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the
just !
No more ; Time halts not in his noiseless
march—
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid
flood ;
Life slips from underneath us, like that
arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neigh-
borhood.
Go forth, my little Book ! pursue thy way ;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the
good ;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace
some future Lay.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

COMPANION! by whose buoyant Spirit
cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither
feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb.* 14th, 1842.

These records take : and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can
know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of

Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

APRIL, 1837.

YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding
shores
Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your
claims
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great
deeds
Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—it
fled
Like vapor, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to
sadness;—
Yen snow-white torrent fall, plumb down it
drops
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
Lulling the leisure of that high perched
town,
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
Its neighbor and its namesake—town, and
flood
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this
lawn
Strewn with gray rocks, and on the hori-
zon's verge,
O'er intervenient waste, through glimmer-
ing haze,
Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped
hill
With fractured summit, no indifferent sight
To travellers, from such comforts as are
thine,
Bleak Radicofan! escaped with joy—
These are before me; and the varied scene
May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat
Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
Passive yet pleased. What! with this
Broom in flower
Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
With golden blossoms opening at the feet
Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting
given,

Given with a voice and by a look returned
Of old companionship, Time counts not
minutes
Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
The local Genius hurries me aloft,
Transported over that cloud-wooling hall,
Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,
With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's
top,
There to alight upon crisp moss, and range
Obtaining ampler boon, at every step.
Of visual sovereignty—his multitudinous,
(Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills
Pride of two nations, wood and lake and
plains,
And prospect right below of deep coves
shaped
By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's
trunk
Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual
moan
Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
The shepherd struggles with them. Onward
thence
And downward by the skirt of Greenside
fell,
And by Glenridding screes, and low Glen-
coign,
Places forsaken now, though loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards.—
But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
The simple rapture,—who that travels far
To feed his mind with watchful eyes could
share
Or wish to share it?—One there surely was,
"The Wizard of the North," with anxious
hope
Brought to this genial climate, when
disease
Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the
less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear
words
That spake of bards and minstrels; and his
spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's
brow
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

Years followed years, and when, upon the
 eve
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought
 turned,
 Or by another's sympathy was led,
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no
 friend,
 Knowledge no help, Imagination shaped
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep
 seats,
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed
 words
 To sadness not their own, when, with faint
 smile
 Forced by intent to take from speech its
 edge,
 He said, "When I am there, although 'tis
 fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow." Prophecy
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's
 shores
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills.
 Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering
 tombs ;
 And more than all, that Eminence which
 showed
 Her splendors, seen, not felt, the while he
 stood
 A few short steps (painful they were) apart
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired
 grave.

Peace to their Spirits ! why should Poesy
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
 In gloom on wings with confidence out-
 spread
 To move in sunshine !—Utter thanks, my
 Soul !
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by com-
 passion
 For them who in the shades of sorrow
 dwell
 That I—so near the term to human life
 Appointed by man's common heritage,
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
 Deserve a thought) but little known to
 fame—
 Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest
 looks,
 Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
 The whole world's Darling—free to rove at
 will
 O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
 Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth
 For what thus far hath blessed my wander-
 ings, thanks
 Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
 Where gladness seems a duty—let me
 guard
 Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
 Already gathered in this favored Land
 Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine
 That He who guides and governs all, ap-
 proves
 When gratitude, though disciplined to look
 Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear
 a crown
 Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand ;
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden
 beams,
 Reflected through the mists of age, from
 hours
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
 Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
 Into the doubtful future. Who would keep
 Power must resolve to cleave to it through
 life,
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels
 frown
 If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
 In a frail bark urged by two slender oars
 Over waves rough and deep, that, when they
 broke,
 Dashed their white foam against the palace
 walls
 Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
 To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
 However humble in themselves, with
 thoughts
 Raised and sustained by memory of Him
 Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's
 strength
 And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his
 ship
 To lay a new world open.
 Nor less prized
 Be those impressions which incline the
 heart
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
 Bend that way her desires. The dew, the
 storm—
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle
 drops
 On the small hyssop destined to become,
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
 A purifying instrument—the storm
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
 And as it shook, enabling the blind roots

Further to force their way, endowed its
trunk
With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
The glorious temple—did alike proceed
From the same gracious will, were both an
offspring
Of bounty infinite.

Between powers that aim
Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
By conflict and their opposites, that trust
In lowliness—a mid-way tract there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged,
and Old,

From century on to century must have
known

The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
And through each window's open fret-work
looked

O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply
delved

In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,
By hands of men, humble as brave, who
fought

For its deliverance—a capacious field
That to descendants of the dead i. holds
And to all living mute memento breathes,
More touching far than aught which on the
walls

Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
Of the changed City's long-departed power,
Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they
are,

Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
And, high above that length of cloistral
roof,

Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
To kindred contemplations ministers
The Baptistery's dome, and that which
swells

From the Cathedral pile; and with the
twain

Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
(As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.
Nor less remuneration waits on him
Who having left the Cemetery stands
In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall
Admonished not without some sense of
fear,

Fear that soon vanishes before the sight

Of splendor unextinguished, pomp un-
scathed,

And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
And for itself, the assemblage, grand and
fair

To view, and for the mind's consenting eye
A type of age in man, upon its front
Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
Struggling against the stream of destiny,
But with its peaceful majesty content.

—Oh what a spectacle at every turn
The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned
with moss,

Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest
foot

Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread;
Where Solitude with Silence paired stops
short

Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
Those images of genial beauty, oft
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves,
But by reflection made so, which do best
And fittest serve to crown with fragrant
wreaths

Life's cup when almost filled with years,
like mine.

—How lovely robed in forenoon light and
shade,

Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
Savona, Queen of territory fair

As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its
length

Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance
holds

As a selected treasure thy one cliff,
That, while it wore for melancholy crest

A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to
have

Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof

The breath of air can be where earth has
else

Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and
near,

Garden and field all decked with orange
bloom,

And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest
breeze

Expanding; and, along the smooth shore
curved

Into a natural port, a tideless sea,

To that mild breeze with motion and with
voice

Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
Those vernal charms of sight and sound,
appeared

Smooth space of turf which from the guard-
dian fort

Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April
green,

In coolest climes too fugitive, might even
here

Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer
stay

Than his unmitigated beams allow,
Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
From mortal change, aught that is born on
earth

Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink
Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
Modest Savona! over all did brood
A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine,
bright—

Thy gentle Chiabrera!—not a stone,
Mural or level with the trodden floor,
In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
Missed not the truth, retains a single name
Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,
To whose dear memories his sepulchral
verse

Paid simple tribute, such as might have
flowed

From the clear spring of a plain English
heart,

Say rather, one in native fellowship
With all who want not skill to couple grief
With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
The grief, the praise, are served from their
dust,

Yet in his page the records of that worth
Survive, uninjured;—glory then to words,
Honor to word-preserving Arts, and hail
Ye kindred local influences that still,
If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
Await my steps when they the breezy
height

Shall range of philosophic Tusculum;
Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish
To meet the shade of Horace by the side
Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke
His presence to point out the spot where
once

He sate, and eulogized with earnest pen
Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires;
And all the immunities of rural life
Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.

Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,
Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt,
Illustrated with never-dying verse,
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
Endeared.

And who—if not a man as cold
In heart as dull in brain—while pacing
ground

Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high
minds

Out of her early struggles well inspired
To localize heroic acts—could look
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
Though even to their last syllable the Lays
And very names of those who gave them
birth

Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost
depth,

Imagination feels what Reason fears not
To recognize, the latent virtue lodged
In those bold fictions, that, by deeds as-
signed

To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
And others like in fame, created Powers
With attributes from History derived,
By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous felicity of skill,
With something more propitious to high
aims

Than either, pent within her separate
sphere,

Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining
Union with those primeval energies

To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your
height

Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call
Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
As she survives in ruin, manifest
Your glories mingled with the brightest
hues

Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
But never to be extinct while Earth
endures.

O come, if undishonored by the prayer,
From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for my
feet

Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
Of the Devout, as, mid your glooms con-
vened

For safety, they of yore enclasped the
Cross

On knees that ceased from trembling, or
intoned

Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,

But sometimes heard, or fancied to be
heard,
Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,
Into that vault receive me from whose
depth

Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
Albeit, lifting human to divine,
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic
Keys

Grasped in his hand; and lo! with upright
sword

Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
Inflicted;—blessed Men, for so to Heaven
They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows—nor winds,
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought and brings
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out
From that which is and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as
be

Her conquests, in the world of sense made
known.

So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle's controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and
must,

Else more and more the general mind will
droop,

Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal
demands,

For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past,

If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous
staff

From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I
have served

This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
Then, not in vain, under these chestnut
boughs

Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to
both

Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have
striven,

By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in
verse

Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may
shed

Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighborhood
the light

And murmur issuing from yon pendent
flood,

And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent
Rome.

II.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised
high

'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line
Striving in peace each other to outshine
But when I won the Tree was living
there,

Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's
care,

Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so
bright

And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of
home,
Death-parted friends, and days too swift in
flight,

Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian
Height)

Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome.

III.

AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
The Traveller's expectation?—Could our
Will

Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
'Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves
wandering on,
Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught
skill.

Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,
From that depression raised, to mount on
high

With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent, though
stern.

IV.

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO
NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HIS-
TORIES.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, stript naked as a rock
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?
The glory of Infant Rome must disappear.
Her morning splendors vanish, and their
place

Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled
her face

With those bright beams yet hid it not,
must steer

Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and
slow;

One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we know
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

V.

CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the
same

Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it
came.

Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared

Such deeds to paint, such characters to
frame,

But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest
claim.

None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded
style:

Not in like sort the Runic Scald was
moved;

He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
Humanity, sang feasts that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riot-
ous Hall.

VI.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by sœmly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious
tooth

Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from the
skies

To vindicate the majesty of truth
Such was her office while she walked with
men,

A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might
be

Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the
lyre

Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.

VII.

AT ROME.

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's
scorn

Break forth at thought of laying down his
head,

When the blank day is over, garreted
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the desecrated floors are worn
By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—
who have read

In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's
shed,

How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
They—who have heard some learned Patriot
treat

Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole
theme

From ancient Rome, downwards through
that bright dream

Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of
Thee!

VIII.

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and
lawn;
O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
Is shed, the languor of approaching noon,
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant
fawn,
S've insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
Startling and shrill as that which roused the
dawn.
—Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the
nerve
Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed
thing,
Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden
singing,
His bitter tears, whose name the Papal
Chair
And yon resplendant Church are proud to
bear.

IX.

AT ALBANO.

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would not
clear
His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed
through
Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,
My dail forebodings in a Peasant's ear
Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good
cheer;
Our yesterday's procession did not sue
In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to
hear,
But not in scorn:—the Matron's Faith may
lack
The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
Fulfillment; but, we trust, her upward track
Stops not at this low point, nor wants the
lure
Of flowers the Virgin without fear may
own,
For by her Son's blest hand the seed was
sown.

X.

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her
cooing
'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were
wooing,
While all things present told of joy and
love.
But restless Fancy left that olive grove
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
Hope for the few, who, at the world's
undoing,
On the great flood were spared to live and
move.
O bounteous Heaven; signs true as dove
and bough
Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
Given though we seek them not, but, while
we plough
This sea of life without a visible shore,
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS LOOKING
TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep
sighs,
Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills
bestrewn
With monuments decayed or overthrown,
For all that tottering stands or prostrate
lies,
Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy
crown;
Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.
Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—
Fallen Power,
Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke
Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double
yoke,
And enter with prompt aid from the Most
High,
On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict
came,
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's
shock,
Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground did
rock,

Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—
 Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
 Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
 Save in this Rill that took from blood the name *
 Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
 So may all trace and sign of deeds afloat
 From the true guidance of humanity,
 Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
 Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
 Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
 That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

XIII.

NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

FOR action born, existing to be tried,
 Powers manifold we have that intervene
 To stir the heart that would too closely screen
 Her peace from images to pain allied.
 What wonder if at midnight, by the side
 Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymene,
 The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
 Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen;
 And singly thine, O vanquished Chief!
 whose corse,
 Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:
 But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would
 he force
 His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill
 and plain
 Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
 This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his
 hand

XIV.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25TH, 1837.

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo—O with what delight
 Heard I that voice! and catch it now,
 though faint,
 Far off and faint, and melting into air,
 Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
 Those louder cries give notice that the
 Bird,

Although invisible as Echo's self,
 Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, *hinc*
 Creature,
 For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured
 From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
 We have pursued, through various lands, a
 long
 And pleasant course; flower after flower
 has blown,
 Embellishing the ground that gave them
 birth
 With aspects novel to my sight; but still
 Most fair, most welcome, when they drink
 the dew
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
 For old remembrance sake. And oft—
 where Spring
 Display'd her richest blossoms among files
 Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
 Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and
 Thrush
 Blending as in a common English grove
 Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet
 might roam,
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the
 way,
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
 Was wanting;—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed
 Pile,
 High on the brink of that precipitous rock,
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
 It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
 In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
 By a few Monks, a stern society,
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-born
 joys,
 Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears
 that drove,
 St Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House,
 have ceased
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with ruics
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
 That made us) over those severe restraints
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing disci-
 pline,
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and
 works

* Sanguinetto.

By unsought means for gracious purposes ;
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by
changeful earth,
Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of
sense,
Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
Of that once sinful Being overflowed
On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections ; and with beast and bird
(Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or
grove

Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He went to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and de-
light,

As to be likened in his Followers' minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
From their high state darkened the Earth
with fear,

Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful
bowers.

Then question not that, 'mid the austere
Band,

Who breathe the air he breathed, tread
where he trod,

Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive, and, with those gentle
hearts

Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though
pale
With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by
years,

Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see
Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he was—
If they received into a conscious ear

The notes whose first faint greeting startled
me,
Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
My heart—may have been moved like me
to think,

Ah ! not like me who walk in the world's
ways,

On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of
One*

Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
Now that their snows must melt, their herbs
and flowers

Revive, their obstinate winter pass away.
That awful name to Thee, thee, simple
Cuckoo,

Wandering in solitude, and evermore
Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
To carry thy glad tidings over heights
Still loftier, and to climes more near the
Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well ; sweet
Bird !

If that substantial title please thee more,
Farewell !—but go thy way, no need hast
thou

Of a good wish sent after thee ; from bower
To bower as green, from sky to sky as
clear,

Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that meet
Thy course and sport around thee softly
fan—

Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

xv.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came be-
reft,

And seeking consolation from above ;
Nor grieve the less that skill to him was
left

To paint this picture of his lady-love :
Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve ?
And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
Destroy in pity, or with care remove.

That bloom—those eyes—can they assist to
bind

Thoughts that would stray from Heaven ?
The dream must cease

To be ; by Faith, not sight, his soul must
live ;

Else will the enamoured Monk too surely
find

How wide a space can part from inward
peace
The most profound repose his cell can give.

XVI.

CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
And stirring interests shunned with desper-
ate flight,
All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
Labor accomplishes, or patience bears—
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds
perceive
How subtly works man's weakness, sighs
may heave
For such a One beset with cloistral snares.
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
If with his vows this object ill agree;
Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue
Imperious passion in a heart set free:—
That earthly love may to herself be true,
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.

XVII.

AT THE EREMITES OR UPPER CONVENT
OF CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in
size
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they
sate,
By panting steers up to this convent gate?
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered
eyes,
Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humbles flesh and morti-
fies?
Strange contrast!—verily the world of
dreams,
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,
Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the ex-
tremes
That everywhere, before the thoughtful
mind,
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.

XVIII.

AT VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower.—PARADISE LOST.

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest
wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
floor!"
Fond wish that was granted at last, and the
Flood,
That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once
more.
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the
steep,
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat
high in air—
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to
keep
For converse with God, sought through
study and prayer.
The Monks still repeat the tradition with
pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit
is here;
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her gran-
deur abide,
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty
austere;
In the flower besprent meadows his genius
we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth
might confide,
That would yield him fit help while prefigur-
ing that Place
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never
had died.
When with life lengthened out came a de-
solate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed
him round,
With a thought he would flee to these haunts
of his prime,
And here once again a kind shelter be found.
And let me believe that when nightly the
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
Here also, on some favored height, he
would choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at will.
Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the
page
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for
my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter of
age
And the changes it brings had no power to
unbind.
And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to
part,

While your leaves I behold and the brooks
they will strew,
And the realized vision is clasped to my
heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we
may
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of
sense;
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the
day
When the Being of Beings shall summon
her hence
For he and he only with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever
they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity
flow.

XIX.

AT FLORENCE.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the
while,
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
The laurell'd Dante's favorite seat. A
throne,
In just esteem, it rivals: though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of great-
ness flown
As a true man, who long had served the
lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no
more.
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate
down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty
Throne.

XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST,
BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT
FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordained to
cry
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile,
wherein
His Father served Jehovah; but how win
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
Of ~~the~~ Jerusalem below, her sin

And folly, if they with united din
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert,
thence

To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
Crying with earnestness that might not
cease,

“Make straight a highway for the Lord—
repent!”

XXI.

AT FLORENCE — FROM MICHAEL AN-
GELO.

RAPT above earth by power of one fair
face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart de-
lights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure
heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a
place.
With Him who made the Work that Work
accords
So well, that by its help and through his
grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and
words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace.
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot
turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and
guide;
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines for
aye.

XXII.

AT FLORENCE — FROM M. ANGELO.

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
And loosened from the world, I turn to
Thee;
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and
flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon
the tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.

With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,

My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear ;
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe ;
Wash with thy blood my sins ; thereto incline

More readily the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN
THE APENNINES.

YE Trees ! whose slender roots entwine
Altars that piety neglects ;
Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
Which no devotion now respects ;
If not a straggler from the herd
Here ruminant, nor shrouded bird,
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
In aught that ye would grace or hide—
How sadly is your love misplaced,
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste !

Ye, too, young Flowers ! that no one heeds,
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
From fractured arch and mouldering wall—
Do but more touchingly recall
Man's headstrong violence and Time's
fleetness,

Making the precincts ye adorn
Appear to sight still more forlorn.

XXIV.

IN LOMBARDY.

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man
wins

Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves !—most
hard

Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's com-
pared,

For whom his toil with early day begins.
Acknowledging no task-master, at will

(As if her labor and her ease were twins)
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still ;—

And softly sleeps within the thread she
spins.

So fare they—the Man serving as her
Slave.

Ere long, their fates do each to each con-
form :

Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave ;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

XXV.

AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

FAIR Land ! Thee all men greet with joy
how few,

Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue,
fame,

Part from thee without pity dyed in shame ;
I could not—while from Venice we with-
drew,

Led on till an Alpine strait confined our
view

Within its depths, and to the shore we
came

Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder coloring
threw.

Italia ! on the surface of thy spirit,
(Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lake)

Shall a few partial breezes only creep ?—
Be its depths quickened ; what thou dost
inherit

Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil ; awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like
sleep !

XXVI.

CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spoke bitter words ; words that did ill agree
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
And divine Art, that fast to memory
clung—

Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
How beautiful ! how worthy to be sung

In streams of rapture, or subdued delight !
I feign not ; witness that unwelcome shock

That followed the first sound of German
speech,

Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
In that announcement, greeting seemed to
mock

Parting : the casual word had power to
reach

My heart, and filled that heart with conflict
strong.

XXVII.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING,
1838.

IF with old love of you, dear Hills ! I share
New love of many a rival image brought

From far, forgive the wanderings of my
thought :

Nor art thou wronged, sweet May ! when I
compare

Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,
 So rich to me in favors. For my lot
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
 Mingling with thy soft breath! That morn-
 ing too,
 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
 Amid the sunny, shadowy, Coliseum;
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of sadden-
 ing hue,
 For victories there won by flower-crowned
 Spring,
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te
 Deum.

 XXVIII.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unforbid-
 den weeds
 O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;
 And temples, doomed to milder change,
 unfold
 A new magnificence that vies with old;
 Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
 A votive Column, spared by fire and
 flood:—
 And, though the passions of man's fretful
 race
 Have never ceased to eddy round its base,
 Not injured more by touch of meddling
 hands
 Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,
 Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
 From death the memory of the good and
 brave,
 Historic figures round the shaft embost
 Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:
 Still as he turns, the charmed spectator
 sees
 Group winding after group with dream-like
 ease,
 Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed,
 Or softly stealing into modest shade.
 —So, pleased with purple clusters to en-
 twine
 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring
 vine;
 The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and
 breathes
 Wide-spreading odors from her flowery
 wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shep-
 herds' ears,
 Murmuring but one smooth story for all
 years,
 I gladly commune with the mind and heart
 Of him who thus survives by classic art,
 His actions witness, venerate his mien,
 And study Trajan as by Pliny seen;
 Behold how fought the Chief whose con-
 quering sword
 Stretched far as earth might own a single
 lord:
 In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
 How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled;
 Best of the good—in pagan faith allied
 To more than Man, by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar! 'mid the wrecks of
 Time
 Preserve thy charge with confidence sub-
 lime—
 The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,
 Whence half the breathing world received
 its doom;
 Things that recoil from language; that, if
 shown
 By apter pencil, from the light had flown.
 A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,
There greets an Embassy from Indian
 shores:
 Lo! he harangues his cohorts—*there* the
 storm
 Of battle meets him in authentic form!
 Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish
 horse
 Sweep to the charge; more high, the
 Dacian force,
 To hoof and finger mailed;—yet, high or
 low,
 None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the
 foe;
 In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
 Is Roman dignity inviolate;
 Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
 Supports, adorns, and over all presides;
 Distinguished only by inherent state
 From honored Instruments that round him
 wait;
 Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test
 Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
 On aught by which another is deprest.
 —Alas! that One thus disciplined could toil
 To enslave whole nations on their native
 soil;
 So emulous of Macedonian fame,
 That, when his age was measured with his
 aim.

He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
 And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn
 sighs; [Wise!
 O weakness of the Great! O folly of the
 Where now the haughty Empire that was
 spread
 With such fond hope? her very speech is
 dead;

Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
 And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
 Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies;
 Still are we present with the imperial Chief,
 Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
 Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
 Becomes with all her years a vision of the
 Mind.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

[For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
 Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
 The pleased Enchanter was aware
 Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in
 air,
 Yet was she work of mortal hands,
 And took from men her name — THE
 WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
 And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill
 ascendant,
 Grows from a little edge of light
 To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright
 Became, as nearer to the coast she drev,
 More glorious, with spread sail and streaming
 pendant.

Upon the wingèd Shape so fair
 Sage Merlin gazed with admiration.
 Her lineaments, thought he, surpass
 Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;
 Was ever built with patient care;
 Or, at a touch, produced by happiest trans-
 formation.

Now, though a Mechanist whose skill
 Shames the degenerate grasp of modern
 science,
 Grave Merlin (and belike the more

For practising occult and perilous lore)
 Was subject to a freakish will
 That sapped good thoughts, or scared them
 with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
 An altered look upon the advancing
 Stranger
 Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,
 "My Art shall help to tame her pride—"
 Anon the breeze became a blast,
 And the waves rose, and sky portended
 danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign
 Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer
 urges;
 The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed
 By Fiends of aspect more malign;
 And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer
 scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore
 Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley;
 Supreme in loveliness and grace
 Of motion, whether in the embrace
 Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
 The main flood roughened into hill and
 valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves
Her sides, the Wizard's craft confounding;
Like something out of Ocean sprung
To be forever fresh and young,
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebound-
ing!

But Ocean under magic heaves,
And cannot spare the Thing he cherished:
Ah! what avails that she was fair,
Luminous, blithe, and debonair?
The storm has stripped her of her leaves;
The Lily floats no longer!—She hath per-
ished.

Grieve for her,—she deserves no less;
So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature!
No heart had she, no busy brain;
Though loved, she could not love again;
Though pitied *feel* her own distress;
Nor ought that troubles us, the fools of
Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears,
So richly was this Galley laden;
A fairer than herself she bore,
And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
A lovely One, who nothing hears
Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless
Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
From mischief, caused by spells himself
had muttered:
And while, repentant all too late,
In moody posture there he sate,
He heard a voice, and saw, with half
raised head,
A Visitant by whom these words were ut-
tered:

“On Christian service this frail Bark
Sailed (hear me, Merlin!) under high pro-
tection,
Though on her prow a sign of heathen
power
Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily
flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

Her course was for the British strand;
Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless;
God reigns above, and Spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong
Done to the Princess, and her Land
Which she in duty left, sad but not cheer-
less.

And to Caerleon's loftiest tower
Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table
A cry of lamentation send;
And all will weep who there attend,
To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,
For whom the sea was made un navigable.

Shame! should a Child of royal line
Die through the blindness of thy malice!
Thus to the Necromancer spake
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
Who ne'er embittered any good man's
chalice.

“What boots,” continued she, “to
mourn?
To expiate thy sin endure:
From the bleak isle where she is laid,
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid
May yet to Arthur's court be borne
Cold as she is, ere life be fled forever.

My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
That brought me down that sunless river,
Will bear me on from wave to wave,
And back with her to this sea-cave;—
Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
Through air, to thee my Charge will I de-
liver.

The very swiftest of thy cars
Must, when my part is done, be ready
Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
Into thy own prophetic book;
And, if that fail, consult the Stars
To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt
and steady.”

This scarcely spoken, she again
Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
Or like a steed, without a rein,
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
That Isle without a house or haven;
Landing, she found not what she sought,
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble
graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!
For gently each from each retreating
With backward curve, the leaves revealed
The bosom half, and half concealed,
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greet-
ing.

No quest was hers of vague desire,
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken ;
Following the margin of a bay,
She spied the lonely Cast-away,
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom
forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
With tenderness and mild emotion,
The Damsel, in that trance embound ;
And, while she raised her from the ground,
And in the pearly shallow placed,
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
Of music opened, and there came a blend-
ing
Of fragrance, underived from earth,
With gleams that owed not to the sun
their birth,
And that soft rustling of invisible wings
Which Angels make, on works of love de-
scending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
Than if the Goddess of the flower had
spoken :
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame ! what
none
Less pure in spirit could have done ;
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice !
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success be-
token."

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster ;
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,
The self-illuminated Brigantine
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they
came
To the dim cavern, whence the river
Issued into the salt-sea flood,
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
Was thus accosted by the Dame ;
"Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver !

But where attends thy chariot—where ?"—
Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,
So have I done ; as trusty as thy barge
My vehicle shall prove—O precious
Charge !
If this be sleep, how soft ! if death, how
fair !
Much have my books disclosed, but the end
is hidden."

He spake ; and gliding into view
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of
 dusky white
Changed, as the pair approached the
light,
Drawing an ebon car, their hue
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber

Once more did gentle Nina lift
The Princess, passive to all changes
The car received her :—then up-went
Into the ethereal element
The Birds with progress smooth and
swift
As thought, when through bright regions
memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
Instructs the Swans their way to meas-
ure ;
And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
And notes of minstrelsy were heard
From rich pavilions spreading wide,
For some high day of long-expected pleas-
ure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and
Dames
Ere on firm ground the car alighted ;
Eftsoons astonishment was past,
For in that face they saw the last,
Last lingering look of clay, that tames
All pride ; by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,
Away with feast and tilt and tourney !
Ye saw, throughout this royal House,
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
Of turrets, and a clash of swords
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

Lo ! by a destiny well known
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow ;
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed
Where she by shipwreck had been thrown .
Ill sight ! but grief may vanish ere the mor-
row."

"Though vast thy power, thy words are
weak,"
Exclaimed the King, "a mockery hate-
ful ;
Dutiful Child, her lot how hard !
Is this her piety's reward ?
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek !
O winds without remorse ! O shore ungrate-
ful !

Rich robes are fretted by the moth ;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder ;
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
A Father's sorrow for her fate ?
He will repent him of his troth ;
His brain will burn, his stout heart split
asunder.

Alas ! and I have caused this woe ;
For, when my prowess from invading
Neighbors
Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
And his dear Daughter on a Knight be-
stow
Whom I should choose for love and match-
less labors.

Her birth was heathen ; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered
A Lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

Ask not for whom, O Champions true !
She was reserved by me, her life's be-
trayer ;
She who was meant to be a bride
Is now a corse ; then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observ-
ance due
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay
her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
Upon yer yet, earth hide her beauty ;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, Liege ! if I, whose skill
Wafted her hither, interpose
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keeping :
Here must a high attest be given,
What Bridegroom was for her ordained
by Heaven ;
And in my glass significants there are
Of things that may to gladness turn this
weeping.

For this, approaching One by One,
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of
the Virgin ; [bloom
So, for the favored One, the Flower may
Once more but, if unchangeable her
doom—

If life departed be forever gone, [ing
Some bliss assurance, from this cloud emerg-

May teach him to bewail his loss ;
Not with a grief that, like a vapor rises
And melts ; but grief devout that shall
endure,
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought shall
cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble entci-
prises."

"So be it," said the King ;—"anon,
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the
trial ;
Knights, each in order as ye stand
Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand
Sir Agravaime advanced ; no sign he won
From Heaven or earth ;—Sir Kaye had like
denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away ;
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure ;
Though he, devoutest of all Champions,
ere
He reached that ebon car, the bier
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel
lay,
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek com-
posure.

Imagine (but ye Saints ! who can ?)
How in still air the balance trembled—
The wishes, peradventure the despites
That overcame some not ungenerous
Knights ;
And all the thoughts that lengthened out
a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assem-
bled.

What patient confidence was here !
And there how many bosoms panted !
While drawing toward the car Sir
Gawaine, mailed
For tournament, his beaver veiled,
And softly touched ; but, to his princely
cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a
brother,
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there
ensued
No change ;—the fair Izondâ he had
wood
With love too true, a love with pangs too
sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread an
other.

Not so Sir Launcelot;—from Heaven's
grace

A sign he craved, tired slave of vain con-
trition;

The royal Guinever looked passing glad
When his touch failed.—Next came Sir
Galahad;

He paused, and stood entranced by that
still face

Whose features he had seen in noontide
vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream
He rested 'mid an arbor green and shady.

Nina, the good Enchantress, shed

A light around his mossy bed;

And, at her call, a waking dream

Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he
bowed,

And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred
with ermine,

As o'er the insensate Body hung

The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,

Belief sank deep into the crowd

That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth had worn
That very mantle on a day of glory,

The day when he achieved that matchless
feat,

The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,

Which whosoe'er approached of strength
was shorn,

Though King or Knight the most renowned
in story.

He touched with hesitating hand—

And lo! those Birds, far-famed through
Love's dominions,

The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;

And their necks play, involved in rings,

Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy
land;—

"Mine is she," cried the Knight;—again
they clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,
And to her name my soul shall cleave in
sorrow;"

Whereat a tender twilight streak

Of color dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;

And her lips, quickening with uncertain
red,

Seemed from each other a faint warmth to
borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high
Of love emboldened, hope with dread en-
twining,

When, to the mouth, relenting Death

Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,

Precursor to a timid sigh,

To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze

Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;

In silence watched the gentle strife

Of Nature leading back to life;

Then eased his soul at length by praise

Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the
blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,

Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,

Bound by indissoluble ties to thee

Through mortal change and immortality;

Be happy and unenvied, thou who art

A goodly Knight that hath no peer that
liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;

And sage tradition still rehearses

The pomp, the glory of that hour

When toward the altar from her bower

King Arthur led the Egypt an Maid,

And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses:

Who shrinks not from alliance

Of evil with good Powers

To God proclaims defiance,

And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted

From the Land of Nile did go;

Alas! the bright Ship floated,

An Idol at her prow.

By magic domination,

The Heaven-permitted vent

Of purblind mortal passion,

Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,

What served thee in her need?

Her port she could not win it,

Nor from mischief be freed.

The tempest overcame her,

And she was seen no more;

But gently, gently blame her—

She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,

And kept to him her faith,

Till sense in death was darkened,

Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a vjewless band ;
And, billow favoring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair ! whate'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love !
1830.

THE RIVER DUDDON.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

THE RIVER DUDDON rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire ; and, having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.)

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves ;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings :
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings ;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand !

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every Inmate's claim :
The greeting given, the music played,
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And " Merry Christmas " wished to all !

O Brother ! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills ;
And it is given thee to rejoice :
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite ;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light

Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
Is simple childhood, spread through ours !

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds ;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep !
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence ;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more.
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared !

Hail, ancient Manners ! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;
Remnants of love whose modest sense

Thus into narrow room withdraws ;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old !

Bear with me, Brother ! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns ;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to fit
Short leisure even in busiest days ;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy !

I.

NOT envying Latian shades—if ye they
throw
A grateful coolness round that crystal
Spring,
Blandusia, prattling as when long ago
The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to
sing ;
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains
cling ;
Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's
bow :
I seek the birthplace of a native Stream.—
All hail, ye mountains ! hail, thou morning
light !
Better to breathe at large on this clear
height
Than toil in heedless sleep from dream to
dream :
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free,
and bright,
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my
theme !

II.

CHILD of the clouds ! remote from every
taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast ;
Thine are the honors of the lofty waste ;

Not seldom, when with heat the valleys
faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue
quaint
Thy cradle decks ;—to chant thy birth, thou
hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint !
She guards thee, ruthless Power ! who
would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's
screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy
lair
Through paths and alleys roofed with
darkest green ;
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter
keen !

III.

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked
stone
My seat, while I give way to such intent ;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monu-
ment,
Make to the eyes of men thy features
known,
But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning naught that doth present
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's
care ;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a
gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness
rare ;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother,
Earth !

IV.

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain,
take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu !
A Protean change seems wrought while I
pursue
The curves, a loosely scattered chain doth
make ;
Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes,
through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake,

Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted
 Rill
 Robed instantly in garb of snow-white
 foam ;
 And laughing dares the Adventurer who
 hath clomb
 So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;
 Else let the dastard backward wend, and
 roam,
 Seeking less bold achievement, where he
 will !

v.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that
 played
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful
 sound
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—
 Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
 The sun in heaven !—but now, to form a
 shade
 For Thee, green alders have together wound
 Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms
 around ;
 And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade,
 And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
 'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and
 gray ;
 Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
 Carelessly watched, sport through the sum-
 mer day,
 Thy pleased associates :—light as endless
 May
 On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

vi.

FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social
 trees
 It lacked not old remains of hawthorn
 bowers,
 Where small birds warbled to their para-
 mours ;
 And, earlier still, was heard the hum of
 bees ;
 I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
 And caught the fragrance which the sundry
 flowers,
 Fed by the stream with soft perpetual
 showers,
 Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
 There bloomed the strawberry of the wilder-
 ness ;
 The trembling eyebright showed her sap-
 phire blue,
 The thyme her purple, like the blush of
 Even :

And if the breath of some to no caress
 Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
 All kinds alike seemed favorites of Heaven.

vii.

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breath-
 ing rose !"
 The love-sick Stripling fanc'fully sighs,
 The envied flower beholding, as it lies
 On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose ;
 Or he would pass into her bird, that throws
 The darts of song from out its wiry cage ;
 Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
 The thousandth part of what the Nymph
 bestows,
 And what the little careless innocent
 Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice !
 There are whose calmer mind it would con-
 tent
 To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,
 Fearless of plough and scythe ; or darkling
 wren
 That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender
 voice.

viii.

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or
 fled,
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who
 first
 In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst ?
 What hopes came with him ? What designs
 were spread
 Along his path ? His unprotected bed
 What dreams encompassed ? Was the in-
 truder nursed
 In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
 That thinned the living and disturbed the
 dead ?
 No voice replies ;—both air and earth are
 mute ;
 And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring
 yield'st no more
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
 Of ignorance thou might'st witness hereto-
 fore,
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and
 pollute !

ix.

THE STRUGGLING-STONES.

The struggling Rill insensibly is grown
 Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch ;
 And, for like use, lo ! what might seem a
 zone

Chosen for ornament—stone matched with
stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they
flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the
Child
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce
and wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and
here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how
near!

X.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spirits
dance
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-
lass;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
She ventures once again—another pause!
His outstretched hand He tauntingly with-
draws—
She sues for help with piteous utterance!
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling
touch
Both feel, when he renews the wished-for
aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too
much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be be-
trayed.
The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock,
see
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI.

THE FAIRY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age:
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very foot-marks unbereft
Which tiny Elves impressed;—on that
smooth stage
Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
In secret revels—haply after theft
Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and
coarse Weed left
For the distracted Mother to assuage
Her grief with, as she might!—But, where,
oh! where

Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances wild in char-
acter?—
Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where
floats
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?

XII.

HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

ON, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides
us—on!
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure,
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange com-
parison!
Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad oak drops, a leafless
skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust!—
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his
guide
Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set:
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we
must;
And, if thou canst, leave them without
regret!

XIII.

OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings
sprinkled o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill
Clustering, with barn and byre, and spout-
ing mill!
A glance suffices;—should we wish for
more,
Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak
winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard
ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts
that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten—then would I
Turn into port; and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling
ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

XIV.

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot
 Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
 Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
 A field or two of brighter green, or plot
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
 Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed
 These only, Duddon! with their paths
 renewed
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
 Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to
 leave,
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
 Though simple thy companions were and
 few;
 And through this wilderness a passage
 cleave
 Attended but by thy own voice, save when
 The clouds and fowls of the air thy way
 pursue!

XV.

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering
 sunbeams play
 Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
 A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and
 cold;
 A concave free from shrubs and mosses
 gray;
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
 Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
 Startling the flight of time! Yesterday!
 Was it by mortals sculptured?—weary
 slaves
 Of slow endeavor! or abruptly cast
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
 Tempestuously let loose from central caves?
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
 Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge
 pass'd?

XVI.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long be-
 guile
 Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured
 shows
 Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;
 There would the Indian answer with a smile
 Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the
 while,
 Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they
 rose,

Covered the plains, and, wandering where
 they chose,
 Mounted through every intricate defile,
 Triumphant,—Inundation wide and deep,
 O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and
 steep
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or
 prey;
 Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or
 deified! *

XVII.

RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted
 yew,
 Perched on whose top the Danish Raven
 croaks;
 Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
 Departed ages, shedding where he flew
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that be-
 strew
 The clouds and thrill the chambers of the
 rocks;
 And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
 That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling
 stars
 Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's
 height,
 Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove
 and Mars:
 Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight
 Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth
 breast it came!

XVIII.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion! "mother of form and
 fear,"
 Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
 New rites ordaining when the old are
 wrecked,
 Or cease to please the fickle worshipper:
 Mother of Love! (that name best suits thee
 here)
 Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright
 effect,
 Gifted to purge the vapory atmosphere
 That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
 When this low Pile a Gospel Teacher knew

* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

Whose good works formed an endless retinue :

A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays ;
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew ;
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise !

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with delight
When hope presented some far-distant good,
That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood

Of yon pure waters, from their æry height
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite ;
Who, 'mid a world of images imprest
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,
The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all !
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
Sworn by that voice—whose murmur musical
Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

The old inventive Poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
Thy waters, Duddon ! 'mid these flowery plains ;

The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium ! But these chains
Will soon be broken ;—a rough course remains,

Rough as the past ; where Thou, of placid mien,
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper ; and, with many a shock

Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrus wide and high !

XXI.

WHENCE that low voice ?—A whisper from the heart,

That told of days long past, when here I roved

With friends and kindred tenderly beloved ;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart

By Duddon's side ; once more do we unite,
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light ;

And smothered joys into new being start,
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory ;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free

As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recall
Aught of the fading year's inclemency !

XXX.

TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass

In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass ;
And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime

Derives its name, reflected as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound :
The starry treasure from the blue profound
She longed to ravish :—shall she plunge, or climb

The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air ?
Desperate alternative ! what fiend could dare
To prompt the thought ?—Upon the steep rock's breast

The lonely primrose yet renews its bloom !
Untouched memento of her hapless doom !

XXIII.

SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avault !—partake we their blithe cheer

Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock
To wash the fleece, where haply bands of rock,

Checking the stream, make a pool smooth and clear

As this we look on. Distant Mountains hear,

Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamor of boys with innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.

And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
Such wrong ; nor need we blame the licensed joys,

Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise :
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive

XXIV.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past ;—upon the sultry mead
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow
throws :

If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed !
This Nook—with woodbine hung and strag-
gling weed,

Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half arbor—proffers to enclose
Body and mind, from molestation freed,
In narrow compass—narrow as itself :
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhile ex-
empt

From new incitements friendly to our task,
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may
tempt

Loose Idleness to forego her wily mask.

XXV.

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat
Should some benignant Minister of air
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
With tenderest love ;—or, if a safer seat
Atween his downy wings be furnished, there
Would lodge her, and the cherished burden
bear

O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat !
Rough ways my steps have trod ;— too
rough and long

For her companionship ; here dwells soft
ease ;

With sweets that she partakes not some dis-
taste

Mingles, and looking consciousness of wrong :
Languish the flowers ; the waters seem to
waste

Their vocal charm ; their sparklings cease to
please.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content ! for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams—unheard,
unseen ;

Through tangled woods, impending rocks
between ;

Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold
brood—

Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous,
keen,

Green as the salt-sea billows, white and
green—

Poured down the hills, a choral multitude !
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty
gains ;

They taught me random cares and truant
joys,

That shield from mischief and preserve from
stains

Vague minds, while men are growing out of
boys,

Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile
reins.

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep
Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and
cold.

There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold ;
Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
Of winds—though winds were silent—struck
a deep

And lasting terror through that ancient Hold
Its line of Warriors fled ;—they shrunk when
tried

By ghostly power :—but Time's unsparing
hand

Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out
the land ;

And now, if men with men in peace abide,
All other strength the weakest may withstand,
All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat opprest,
Crowded together under rustling trees

Brushed by the current of the water-breeze ;
And for *their* sakes, and love of all that rest,

On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest ;
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink

Into his coverts, and each fearless link
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast ;

For these, and hopes and recollections worn
Close to the vital seat of human clay ;

Glad meetings, tender partings, that upstay
The drooping mind of absence, by vows
sworn

In his pure presence near the trysting thorn—
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired
domains ;

Tells that their turf drank purple from the
veins

Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
Of victory, that struck through heart and
reins

Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay ;
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring
scorn

Of power usurped ; with proclamation high,
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

XXX.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes
divorce

Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss : but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with re-
morse :

And oft-times he—who, yielding to the force
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful
friend—

In vain shall rue the broken intercourse
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River ! to thy
side :—

Through the rough copse wheel thou with
hasty stride :

I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet again

XXXI.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful
rent

Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky ;
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high ;
Or the parched waste beside an Arab's
tent ;

Or the Indian tree whose branches, down-
ward bent,

Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no
more

Than 'mid that wave-washed Church-yard
to recline,

From pastoral graves extracting thoughts
divine ;

Or there to pace, and mark the summits
hoar

Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII.

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to
steep ;

Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled
lands

And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands
Held, but in radiant progress toward the
Deep

Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink and forget their nature—*now* expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep !

Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him ;—hamlets, towers,
and towns,

And blue-topped hills, behold him from
afar ;

In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied,
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant
war.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale ;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendor ; lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread, the
sail ;

While, less disturbed than in the narrow
Vale

Through which with strange vicissitudes he
passed,

The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail.
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream ! be
free—

The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance—to advance like Thee,
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm
mind

And soul, to mingle with Eternity !

XXXIV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

*I thought of Thee, my partner and my
guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies !*

<p>For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my <i>eyes,</i> I see what was, and is, and will abide; Still glides the Stream, and shall forever glide; The Form remains, the Function never While we, the brave, the mighty, and the <i>wise,</i> We Men, who in our morn of youth defied</p>	<p>The elements, must vanish.—be it so Enough, if something from our hands have <i>power</i> To live, and act, and serve the future <i>hour,</i> And if, as toward the silent tomb we go, Through love, through hope, and faith's <i>transcendent dower,</i> We feel that we are greater than we know.</p>
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THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1807, I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of the WHITE DOE, founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION.

<p>In trellised shed with clustering roses gay, And, MARY! oft beside our blazing fire, When years of wedded life were as a day Whose current answers to the heart's de- <i>sire,</i> Did we together read in Spenser's Lay How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire, The gentle Una, of celestial birth, To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.</p> <p>Ah, then Belovèd! pleasing was the smart, And the tear precious in compassion shed For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart, Did meekly bear the pang unmerited; Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,— And faithful, loyal in her innocence, Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.</p>	<p>Notes could we hear as of a fairy shell Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught; Free Fancy prized each specious miracle, And all its finer inspiration caught; Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell, We by a lamentable change were taught That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide " How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!</p> <p>For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow, For us the voice of melody was mute. —But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow, And give the timid herbage leave to shoot, Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit, Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.</p>
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It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic
spell
And griefs whose airy motion comes not
near

The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel ;
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's
sake.

Then, too, this Song of mine once more
could please,
Where anguish, strange as dreams of rest-
less sleep,
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds ; whom forest-
trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the
sweep
Of the sharp winds ;—fair Creatures !—to
whom Heaven
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath
given.

This tragic Story cheered us ; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose ;
And, of the recompense that conscience
seeks,
A bright, encouraging, example shows ;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest
breaks,
Needful amid life's ordinary woes ;—
Hence, not for them unfitted who would
bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive .
O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they
give—
Vain aspiration of an earnest will !
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Belovèd Wife ! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

“ Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
’Tis done ; and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed .
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though
it seem
And irremovable) gracious opening lie,

By which the soul—with patient steps of
thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of
prayer—

May pass in hope, and though from the
mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.”

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,

April 20, 1815.

“ They that deny a God destroy Man's
nobility : for certainly Man is of kinn to the
Beast by his Body ; and if he be not of kinn to
God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Crea-
ture. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and
the raising of humane Nature . for take an ex-
ample of a Dogg, and mark what a generosity
and courage he will put on, when he finds
himself maintained by a Man, who to him is
instead of a God, or Melior Natura. Which
courage is manifestly such, as that Creature
without that confidence of a better Nature than
his own could never attain. So Man, when
he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine
protection and favour, gathereth a force and
faith which human Nature in itself could not
obtain.”

LORD BACON.

CANTO FIRST.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power ;
The sun shines bright ; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company !
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way
Like cattle through the budded brooms ;
Path, or no path, what care they ?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there ?—Full fifty years
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste ;
Its courts are ravaged ; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival ;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part ;

A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelude hymn is heard;—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel;
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal;
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
In great Eliza's golden time

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open
green,
Where is no living thing to be seen:
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares:
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for sabbath hours
If I with this bright Creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a Spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a sauntly show;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbors she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair,
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone,
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight
As a common preacher might.

If she be doomed to inward care,
 Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
 —But hers are eyes serenely bright,
 And on she moves—with pace how light !
 Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;
 And thus she fares, until at last
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
 In quietness she lays her down ;
 Gentle as a weary wave
 Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
 Against an anchored vessel's side ;
 Again so, without distress, doth she
 Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
 To a lingering motion bound,
 Like the crystal stream now flowing
 With its softest summer sound :
 So the balmy minutes pass,
 While this radiant Creature lies
 Couched upon the dewy grass,
 Pensively with downcast eyes.
 —But now again the people raise
 With awful cheer a voice of praise ;
 It is the last, the parting song ;
 And from the temple forth they throng,
 And quickly spread themselves abroad,
 While each pursues his several road.
 But some—a variegated band
 Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
 And little children by the hand
 Upon their leading mothers hung—
 With mute obeisance gladly paid
 Turn towards the spot, where, full in view,
 The white Doe to her service true,
 Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound :
 Which two spears' length of level ground
 Did from all other graves divide :
 As if in some respect of pride,
 Or melancholy's sickly mood,
 Still shy of human neighborhood ;
 Or guilt, that humbly would express
 A penitential loneliness.

“Look, there she is, my Child! draw
 near
 She fears not, wherefore should we fear ?
 She means no harm ;”—but still the Boy,
 To whom the words were softly said,
 Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for
 joy,
 A shame-faced blush of glowing red !
 Again the Mother whispered low,
 “Now you have seen the famous Doe ;

From Rylstone she hath found her way
 Over the hills thus sabbath day :
 Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
 And she will depart when we are gone ;
 Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
 Her sabbath morning, foul or fair.”

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
 The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright.
 But is she truly what she seems ?
 He asks with insecure delight,
 Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still
 The doubt returns against his will :
 Though he, and all the standers-by,
 Could tell a tragic history
 Of facts divulged, wherein appear
 Substantial motive, reason clear,
 Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
 Couchant beside that lonely mound ;
 And why she duly loves to pace
 The circuit of this hallowed place.
 Nor to the Child's inquiring mind
 Is such perplexity confined :
 For, spite of sober Truth that sees
 A world of fixed remembrances
 Which to this mystery belong,
 If, undeceived, my skill can trace
 The characters of every face,
 There lack not strange delusion here,
 Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
 And superstitious fancies strong,
 Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
 Who in his boyhood often fed
 Full cheerily on convent bread
 And heard old tales by the convent-fire,
 And to his grave will go with scars,
 Relics of long and distant wars—
 That Old Man, studious to expound
 The spectacle, is mounting high
 To days of dim antiquity ;
 When Lady Aaliza mourned
 Her Son, and felt in her despair
 The pang of unavailing prayer ;
 Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
 The noble Boy of Egremound.
 From which affliction—when the grace
 Of God had in her heart found place—
 A pious structure, fair to see,
 Rose up, this stately Priory !
 The Lady's work ;—but now laid low ;
 To the grief of her soul that doth come and
 go
 In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe,

Which, though seemingly doomed in its
breast to sustain
A softened remembrance of sorrow and
pain.
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and
bright,
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of
light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door ;
And, through the chink in the fractured
floor

Look down, and see a griesly sight ;
A vault where the bodies are buried up-
right !

There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand ;
And, in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A valiant man, and a name of dread
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red ;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury
church
And smote off his head on the stones of the
porch !

Look down among them, if you dare ;
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
Prying into the darkness rent ;
Nor can it be with good intent :
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
Who hath a Page her book to hold,
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.
Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree—
Who counts among her ancestry
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously !

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
From Oxford come to his native vale,
He also hath his own conceit :
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary :
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of Nature's hidden powers ;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that She all shapes could wear ;
And oftentimes before him stood,
Among the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair ;
And taught him signs, and showed him
sights,
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights ;
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A shepherd clad in homely gray ;
Nor left him at his later day.

And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow ;
The fatal end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrow.
But not in wars did he delight,
Thus Clifford wished for worthier might ;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state ;
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity ;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the stary sky ;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry
For other lore,—by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire ;
In quest belike of transmutations
Rich as the mine's most bright creations
But they and their good works are fled,
And all is now disquieted—
And peace is none, for living or dead !

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant Doe !
What quiet watch she seems to keep,
Alone, beside that grassy heap !
Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet ?
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning ;
Yea, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright ;
Which yet do unto some impart
An undisturbed repose of heart.
And all the assembly own a law
Of orderly respect and awe ;
But see—they vanish one by one,
And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp ! we have been full long beguiled
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild ;
To which, with no reluctant strings,
Thou hast attuned thy murmurings ;
And now before this Pile we stand
In solitude, and utter peace :
But, Harp ! thy murmurs may not cease—
A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
In soft and breeze-like visitings,
Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand :
A voice is with us—a command
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
A tale of tears, a mortal story !

CANTO SECOND.

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed ;
 And first we sang of the green-wood shade
 And a solitary Maid ;
 Beginning, where the song must end,
 With her, and with her sylvan Friend ;
 The Friend who stood before her sight*
 Her only unextinguished light ;
 Her last companion in a dearth
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For She it was—this Maid, who wrought
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,
 In vermeil colors and in gold
 An unblest work ; which, standing by,
 Her Father did with joy behold,—
 Exulting in its imagery ;
 A Banner, fashioned to fulfil
 Too perfectly his headstrong will .
 For on this Banner had her hand
 Embroidered (such her Sire's command)
 The sacred Cross ; and figured there
 The five dear wounds our Lord did bear ;
 Full soon to be uplifted high,
 And float in rueful company !

It was the time when England's Queen
 Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign
 dread ;
 Nor yet the restless crown had been
 Disturbed upon her virgin head ;
 But now the mly-working North
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
 A potent vassalage, to fight
 In Percy's and in Neville's right,
 Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
 Who gave their wishes open vent ;
 And boldly urged a general plea,
 The rites of ancient piety
 To be triumphantly restored,
 By the stern justice of the sword !
 And that same Banner, on whose breast
 The blameless Lady had exprest
 Memorials chosen to give life
 And sunshine to a dangerous strife ;
 That Banner, waiting for the Call,
 Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came ; and Francis Norton said,
 " O Father ! rise not in this fray—
 The hairs are white upon your head ;
 Dear Father, hear me when I say
 It is for you too late a day !
 Bethink you of your own good name :
 A just and gracious Queen have we,
 A pure religion, and the claim
 Of peace on our humanity.—

'Tis meet that I endure your scorn ;
 I am your son, your eldest born ;
 But not for lordship or for land,
 My Father, do I clasp your knees ;
 The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
 This multitude of men disband,
 And live at home in blameless ease,
 For these my brethren's sake, for me ;
 And, most of all, for Emily !"

Tumultuous noises filled the hall
 And scarcely could the Father hear
 That name—pronounced with a dying
 fall—

The name of his only Daughter dear,
 As on the banner which stood near
 He glanced a look of holy pride,
 And his moist eyes were glorified ;
 Then did he seize the staff, and say :
 " Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name :
 Keep thou this ensign till the day
 When I of thee require the same .
 Thy place be on my better hand ;—
 And seven as true as thou, I see,
 Will cleave to this good cause and me "

He spake, and eight brave sons straightway
 All followed him, a gallant band !

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came,
 The sight was hailed with loud acclaim
 And din of arms and minstrelsy,
 From all his warlike tenantry,
 All horsed and harnessed with him to
 ride,—
 A voice to which the hills replied !

But Francis, in the vacant hall,
 Stood silent under dreary weight,—
 A phantasm, in which roof and wall
 Shook, tottered, swam before his sight ;
 A phantasm like a dream of night !
 Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
 He found his way to a postern-gate ;
 And, when he waked, his languid eye
 Was on the calm and silent sky ;
 With air about him breathing sweet,
 And earth's green grass beneath his feet ;
 Nor did he fail ere long to hear
 A sound of military cheer,
 Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot ;
 He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance
 Which he had grasped unknowingly,
 Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
 That dimness of heart agony ;
 There stood he, cleansed from the despair
 And sorrow of his fruitless prayer

The past he calmly hath reviewed :
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree
And know that it is Emily ?

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling :
" Might ever son *command* a sire,
The act were justified to-day."
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
" Gone are they,—they have their desire ;
And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may."

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake :
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence ; then his thoughts turned
round,
And fervent words a passage found.

" Gone are they, bravely, though misled ;
With a dear Father at their head !
The Sons obey a natural lord ;
The Father had given solemn word
To noble Percy ; and a force
Still stronger bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons ;
Untried our Brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved ;
And now their faithfulness is proved :
For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.
—There were they all in circle—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
And those bright Twins were side by side,
And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower !
I, by the right of eldest born,
And in a second father's place,
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
And meet their pity face to face ;
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
I to my Father knelt and prayed ;
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
Methought, was yielding inwardly,
And would have laid his purpose by,
But for a glance of his Father's eye,
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

Then be we, each and all, forgiven !
Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their place.
Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
As that unhallowed Banner grew
Beneath a loving old Man's view.
Thy part is done—thy painful part
Be thou then satisfied in heart !
A further, though far easier task,
Than thine hath been, my duties ask ;
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
I cannot for such cause contend ;
Their names I utterly forswear ;
But I in body will be there,
Unarmed and naked will I go,
Be at their side, come weal or woe
On kind occasions I may wait,
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
Bare breast I take and an empty hand."*—
Therewith he threw away the lance,
Which he had grasped in that strong trance ;
Spurned it, like something that would stand
Between him and the pure intent
Of love on which his soul was bent.

" For thee, for thee, is left the sense
Of trial past without offence
To God or man ; such innocence,
Such consolation, and the excess
Of an unmerited distress ;
In that thy very strength must lie.
—O Sister, I could prophesy !
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well :
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee, a woman, and thence weak
Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly :
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss.
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon :
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that !
Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend ;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours—
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,

* See the Old Ballad,—“ The Rising of the North.”

Walks, pools, and arbors, homestead, hall—
 Our fate is theirs, will reach them all ;
 The young horse must forsake his manger,
 And learn to glory in a Stranger ;
 The hawk forget his perch ; the hound
 Be parted from his ancient ground :
 The blast will sweep us all away—
 One desolation, one decay !
 And even this Creature ;” which words
 saying,

He pointed to a lovely Doe,
 A few steps distant, feeding, straying ;
 Fair creature, and more white than snow !
 “ Even she will to her peaceful woods
 Return, and to her murmuring floods,
 And be in heart and soul the same
 She was before she hither came ;
 Ere she had learned to love us all,
 Herself beloved in Kylstone-hall.
 —But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
 The last leaf on a blasted tree ;
 If not in vain we breathed the breath
 Together of a purer faith ;
 If hand in hand we have been led,
 And thou, (O happy thought this day !)
 Not seldom foremost in the way ;
 If on one thought our minds have fed,
 If we have in one meaning read ;
 If, when at home our private weal
 Hath suffered from the shock of z
 Together we have learned to prize
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice ;
 If we like combatants have fared,
 And for this issue been prepared ;
 If thou art beautiful, and youth
 And thought endue thee with all truth—
 Be strong ;—be worthy of the grace
 Of God, and fill thy destined place ;
 A Soul, by force of sorrows high,
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed humanity !”

He ended,—or she heard no more ;
 He led her from the yew-tree shade,
 And at the mansion's silent door,
 He kissed the consecrated Maid,
 And down the valley then pursued,
 Alone, the armed Multitude.

CANTO THIRD.

Now joy for you who from the towers
 Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,
 Telling melancholy hours !
 Proclaim it, let your Masters hear
 That Norton with his band is near !

The watchmen from their station high
 Pronounced the word,—and the Earls descry,
 Well-pleased, the armed Company
 Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair
 Gone forth to greet him on the plain—
 “ This meeting, noble Lords ! looks fair,
 I bring with me a goodly train ;
 Their hearts are with you : hill and dale
 Have helped us : Ure we crossed, and Swale.
 And horse and harness followed—see
 The best part of their Yeomanry ! [mine,
 —Stand forth, my Sons !—these eight are
 Whom to this service I commend ;
 Which may soe'er our fate incline,
 These will be faithful to the end ;
 They are my all”—voice failed him here—
 “ My all save one, a Daughter dear !
 Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,
 The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
 I had—but these are by my side,
 These Eight, and this is a day of pride !
 The time is ripe. With festive din
 Lo ! how the people are flocking in,—
 Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
 When snow lies heavy upon the land.”

He spake bare truth ; for far and near
 From every side came noisy swarms
 Of Peasants in their homely gear ;
 And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came
 Grave Gentry of estate and name,
 And Captains known for worth in arms ;
 And prayed the Earls in self-defence
 To rise, and prove their innocence.—
 “ Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
 For holy Church, and the People's right !”

The Norton fixed, at this demand,
 H's eye upon Northumberland,
 And said : “ The Minds of Men will own
 No loyal rest while England's Crown
 Remains without an Heir, the bait
 O' strife and factions desperate ;
 Who, paying deadly hate in kind
 Through all things else, in this can find
 A mutual hope, a common mind ;
 And plot, and pant to overwhelm
 All ancient honor in the realm.
 —Brave Earls ! to whose heroic veins
 Our noblest blood is given in trust,
 To you a suffering State complains,
 And ye must raise her from the dust.
 With wishes of still bolder scope
 On you we look, with dearest hope ;
 Even for our Altars—for the prize
 In Heaven, of life that never dies ;

For the old and holy Church we mourn,
 And must in joy to her return.
 Behold!"—and from his Son whose stand
 Was on his right, from that guardian hand
 He took the Banner, and unfurled
 The precious folds—"behold," said he,
 "The ransom of a sinful world;
 Let this your preservation be;
 The wounds of hands and feet and side,
 And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died
 —This bring I from an ancient hearth,
 These Records wrought in pledge of love
 By hands of no ignoble birth,
 A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
 Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
 While she the holy werk pursued."
 "Uplift the standard!" was the cry
 From all the listeners that stood round,
 "Plant it,—by this we live or die."
 The Norton ceased not for that sound,
 But said; "The prayer which ye have heard,
 Much injured Earls! by these preferred,
 Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
 Of tens of thousands, secretly."
 "Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
 And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
 "Uplift it!" said Northumberland—
 Whereat from all the multitude
 Who saw the Banner reared on high
 In all its dread emblazonry,
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
 The transport was rolled down the river of
 Were,
 And Durham, the time-honored Durham,
 did hear,
 And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were
 stirred by the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
 At Percy's voice: and Neville sees
 His Followers gathering in from Tees,
 From Were, and all the little rills
 Concealed among the forked hills—
 Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
 Of Neville, at their Master's call
 Had sate together in Raby Hall!
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore:
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed chivalry.
 —Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
 And greet the old paternal shield,
 They heard the summons;—and, further-
 more,
 Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,
 Appeared, with free and open hate

Of novelties in Church and State;
 Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;
 And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
 And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
 Proceeding under joint command,
 To Durham first their course they bear;
 And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
 Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,
 And trod the bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free

"They mustered their host at Wetherby,
 Full sixteen thousand fair to see;"*
 The Choicest Warriors of the North!
 But none for beauty and for worth
 Like those eight sons—who, in a ring,
 (Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
 Each with a lance, erect and tall,
 A falchion, and a buckler small,
 Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
 To guard the Standard which he bore.
 On foot they girt their Father round;
 And so will keep the appointed ground
 Where'er their march: no steed will he
 Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly,
 He stands upon the grassy sod,
 Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire;
 Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
 No shape of man in all the array
 So graced the sunshine of that day,
 The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly Personage;
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to loftier height;
 Magnific limbs of withered state;
 A face to fear and venerate;
 Eyes dark and strong; and on his head
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
 Which a brown morion half concealed,
 Light as a hunter's of the field;
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,
 Whereon the Banner-staff might rest
 At need, he stood, advancing high
 The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and One
 With unparticipated gaze;
 Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hath
 none,
 And treads in solitary ways,
 He, following, wheresoe'er he might,

* From the old ballad.

Hath watched the Banner from afar,
 As shepherds watch a lonely star,
 Or mariners the distant light
 That guides them through a stormy night.
 And now, upon a chosen plot
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!
 He takes alone his far-off stand,
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
 Bold is his aspect; but his eye
 Is pregnant with anxiety,
 While, like a tutelary Power,
 He there stands fixed from hour to hour:
 Yet sometimes in more humble guise,
 Upon the turf-clad height he lies
 Stretched herdsman-like, as if to bask
 In sunshine were his only task,
 Or by his mantle's help to find
 A shelter from the nipping wind:
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,
 His weary spirits gather rest.
 Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
 The pageant glancing to and fro;
 And hope is wakened by the sight,
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent,
 But what avails the bold intent?
 A Royal army is gone forth
 To quell the RISING OF THE NORTH;
 They march with Dudley at their head,
 And, in seven days' space, will to York be
 led!—
 Can such a mighty Host be raised
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near?
 The Earls upon each other gazed,
 And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;
 For, with a high and valiant name,
 He bore a heart of timid frame;
 And bold if both had been, yet they
 "Against so many may not stay." *
 Back therefore will they hie to seize
 A strong Hold on the banks of Tees;
 There wait a favorable hour,
 Until Lord Dacre with his power
 From Naworth come; and Howard's aid
 Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to
 man,
 A rumor of this purpose ran,
 The Standard trusting to the care
 Of him who heretofore did bear
 That charge, impatient Norton sought
 The Chieftains to unfold his thought,

* From the old Ballad.

And thus abruptly spake;—"We yield
 (And can it be?) an unfought field!—
 How oft has strength, the strength of
 heaven,
 To few triumphantly been given!
 Still do our very children boast
 Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
 He conquered!—Saw we not the Plain
 (And flying shall behold again)
 Where faith was proved?—while to battle
 moved
 The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
 That bore it, compassed round by a bold
 Fraternity of Barons old;
 And with those gray-haired champions
 stood,
 Under the stately ensigns three,
 The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood
 All confident of victory!—
 Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?
 Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
 Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
 In that other day of Neville's Cross?
 When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
 Raised, as the Vision gave command,
 Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near
 Kenned on the point of a lofty spear;
 While the Monks prayed in Maiden's
 Bower
 To God descending in his power.
 Less would not at our need be due
 To us, who war against the Untrue;—
 The delegates of Heaven we rise,
 Convoled the impious to chastise:
 We, we, the sanctities of old
 Would re-establish and uphold:
 Be warned"—His zeal the Chiefs con-
 founded,
 But word was given and the trumpet
 sounded;
 Back through the melancholy Host
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.
 Alas! thought he, and have I borne
 This Banner raised with joyful pride,
 This hope of all posterity,
 By those dread symbols sanctified;
 Thus to become at once the scorn
 Of babbling winds as they go by,
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
 To the light clouds a mockery!
 —"Even these poor eight of mine would
 stem"—
 Half to himself, and half to them
 He spake—"would stem, or quell a force
 Ten times their number, man and horse:
 This by their own unaided might,
 Without their father in their sight,

Without the Cause for which they fight ;
 A Cause, which on a needful day
 Would breed us thousands brave as they " —
 —So speaking, he his reverend head
 Raised towards that Imagery once more :
 But the familiar prospect shed
 Dependency unfelt before :
 A shock of intimations vain,
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought
 Of her by whom the work was wrought .—
 Oh wherefore was her countenance bright
 With love divine and gentle light ?
 She would not, could not, disobey,
 But her Faith leaved another way,
 Ill tears she wept ; I saw them fall,
 I overheard her as she spake
 Sad words to that mute Animal,
 The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake :
 She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
 This Cross in tears : by her, and One
 Unworthier far we are undone—
 Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
 Over that tender spirit—assailed
 Too oft, alas ! by her whose head
 In the cold grave hath long been laid ;
 She first in reason's dawn beguiled
 Her docile, unsuspecting Child :
 Far back—far back my mind must go
 To reach the well-spring of this woe !

While thus he brooded, music sweet
 Of border tunes was played to cheer
 The footsteps of a quick retreat ;
 But Norton lingered in the rear,
 Stung with sharp thoughts ; and ere the
 last

From his distracted brain was cast,
 Before his Father, Francis stood,
 And spake in firm and earnest mood.

" Though here I bend a suppliant knee
 In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
 In your indignant thoughts my share ;
 Am grieved this backward march to see
 So careless and disorderly.
 I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
 And yet want courage at their need :
 Then look at them with open eyes !
 Deserve they further sacrifice ?—
 If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
 In open field their gathering foes,
 (And fast, from this decisive day,
 Yon multitude must melt away ;)
 If now I ask a grace not claimed
 While ground was left for hope ; un-
 blamed

Be an endeavor that can do
 No injury to them or you.
 My Father ! I would help to find
 A place of shelter, till the rage
 Of cruel men do like the wind
 Exhaust itself and sink to rest ;
 Be Brother now to Brother joined !
 Admit me in the equipage
 Of your misfortunes, that at least,
 Whatever fate remain behind,
 I may bear witness in my breast
 To your nobility of mind !"

" Thou Enemy, my banè and blight !
 Oh ! bold to fight the Coward's fight
 Against all good"—but why declare,
 At length, the issue of a prayer
 Which love had prompted, yielding scope
 Too free to one bright moment's hope ?
 Suffice it that the Son, who strove
 With fruitless effort to allay
 That passion, prudently gave way ;
 Nor did he turn aside to prove
 His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
 But calmly from the spot withdrew ;
 His best endeavors to renew,
 Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

CANTO FOURTH.

'Tis night : in silence looking down,
 The Moon, from cloudless ether, sees
 A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
 And Castle like a stately crown
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees ;—
 And southward far, with moor between,
 Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
 The bright Moon sees that valley small
 Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
 A venerable image yields
 Of quiet to the neighboring fields,
 While from one pillared chimney breathes
 The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
 —The courts are hushed ;—for timely sleep
 The grey-hounds to their kennel creep ;
 The peacock in the broad ash tree
 Aloft is roosted for the night,
 He who in proud prosperity
 Of colors manifold and bright
 Walked round, affronting the daylight ;
 And higher still, above the bower
 Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
 The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
 With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah ! who could think that sadness here
 Hath any sway ? or pain, or fear ?

A soft and lulling sound is heard
 Of streams inaudible by day,
 The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
 By the night insects in their play,
 Breaks into dimples small and bright,
 A thousand thousand rings of light
 That shape themselves and disappear
 Almost as soon as seen—and lo!
 Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
 The same who quietly was feeding
 On the green herb, and nothing heeding,
 When Francis, uttering to the Maid
 His last words in the yew-tree shade,
 Involved whate'er by love was brought
 Out of his heart, or crossed his thought.
 Or chance presented to his eye,
 In one sad sweep of destiny—
 The same fair Creature, who hath found
 Her way into forbidden ground;
 Where now—within this spacious plot
 For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
 With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
 Of trellis-work in long arcades,
 And cirque and crescent framed by wall
 Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
 Converging walks, and fountains gay,
 And terraces in trim array—
 Beneath yon cypress spring high,
 With pine and cedar spreading wide
 Their darksome boughs on either side,
 In open moonlight doth she lie
 Happy as others of her kind,
 That, far from human neighborhood,
 Range unrestricted as the wind,
 Through park, or chase, or savage wood

But see the consecrated Maid
 Emerging from a cedar shade
 To open moonshine, where the Doe
 Beneath the cypress-spire is laid;
 Like a patch of April snow—
 Upon a bed of herbage green,
 Lingered in a woody glade
 Or behind a rocky screen—
 Lonely relic! which, if seen
 By the shepherd, is passed by
 With an inattentive eye.
 No more regard doth She bestow
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe
 Now couched at ease, though oft this day
 Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
 When she had tried, and tried in vain,
 Approaching in her gentle way,
 To win some look of love, or gain
 Encouragement to sport or play;
 Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
 Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed,—the breeze
 Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
 As she approached yon rustic Shed
 Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
 Along the walls and overhead,
 The fragrance of the breathing flowers
 Revived a memory of those hours
 When here, in this remote alcove,
 (While from the pendent woodbine came
 Like odors, sweet as if the same)
 A fondly-anxious Mother strove
 To teach her salutary fears
 And mysteries above her years.
 Yes, she is soothed; an Image faint,
 And yet not faint—a presence bright
 Returns to her—that blessed Saint
 Who with mild looks and language mild
 Instructed here her darling Child,
 While yet a prattler on the knee,
 To worship in simplicity
 The invisible God, and take for guide
 The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
 Of that beguiling influence;
 “But oh! thou Angel from above,
 Mute Spirit of maternal love,
 That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
 Than ghosts are fabled to appear
 Sent upon embassies of fear;
 As thou thy presence hast to me
 Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
 Descend on Francis; nor forbear
 To greet him with a voice, and say;—
 ‘If hope be a rejected stay,
 Do thou, my Christian Son, beware
 Of that most lamentable snare,
 The self-reliance of despair!’”

Then from within the embowered retreat
 Where she had found a grateful seat
 Perturbed she issues. She will go!
 Herself will follow to the war,
 And clasp her Father's knees;—ah, no!
 She meets the insuperable bar,
 The injunction by her Brother laid;
 His parting charge—but ill obeyed—
 That interdicted all debate,
 All prayer for this cause or for that;
 All efforts that would turn aside
 The headstrong current of their fate:
Her duty is to stand and wait;
 In resignation to abide
 The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
 O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE,
 —She feels it, and her pangs are checked.

But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was
chased,
Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and greeting her, thus spake ;
" An old man's privilege I take !
Dark is the time—a woeful day !
Dear daughter of affliction, say
How can I serve you ? point the way."

" Rights have you, and may well be bold :
You with my father have grown old
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming we :
This would I beg ; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid ;
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine."

" Hope," said the old Man, " must abide
With all of us, whate'er betide.
In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men :
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave :
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed !"

" Ah, tempt me not !" she faintly sighed ;
" I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my condition satisfied ;
But you, at least, may make report
Of what befalls ;—be this your task—
This may be done ;—'tis all I ask !"

She spake—and from the Lady's sight
The Sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a Page
Bound on some errand of delight.
—The noble Francis—wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to save.
With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field,
Him will I seek—the insurgent Powers
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers,—
" Grant that the moon which shines this
night
May guide them in a prudent flight !"

But quick the turns of chance and
change,
And knowledge has a narrow range ;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—

The Moon may shine, but cannot be
Their guide in flight—already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made ;—
But dark and dismal is the vault
Where Norton and his sons are laid :
Disastrous issue !—he had said
" This night yon faithless Towers must
yield

Or we forever quit the field.
—Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard's aid ;
And Dacre to our call replies
That he is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick ;—this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to our cause.
The breach is open—on the wall,
This night, the Banner shall be planted !"
—'Twas done: his sons were with him—
all ;

They belt him round with hearts un-
daunted,
And others follow ;—Sire and Son
Leap down into the court ;—" 'Tis won"—
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
That with their joyful shout should close
The triumph of a desperate deed
Which struck with terror friends and foes !
The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
From Norton and his filial band ;
But they, now caught within the toils,
Against a thousand cannot stand ;—
The foe from numbers courage drew,
And overpowered that gallant few.
" A rescue for the Standard !" cried
The Father from within the walls ;
But, see, the sacred Standard falls !—
Confusion through the camp spread wide :
Some fled ; and some their fears detained :
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest
In her pale chambers of the west,
Of that rash levy naught remained.

CANTO FIFTH.

HIGH on a point of rugged ground
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—
It fronts all quarters and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream
Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent—
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
From wind, or frost, or vapors wet—
Had often heard the sound of glee
When there the youthful Nortons met,
To practise games and archery:
How proud and happy they! the crowd
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the Tower withdrew, and there
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall,
Was happiest, proudest, of them all!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
Upon the height walks to and fro;
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,
Received the bitterness of woe:
For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
Such rights did feeble nature claim;
And oft her steps had hither steered,
Though not unconscious of self-blame;
For she her brother's charge revered,
His farewell words; and by the same
Yea by her brother's very name,
Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood
That gray-haired Man of gentle blood,
Who with her Father had grown old
In friendship; rival hunters they,
And fellow warriors in their day:
To Rylstone he the tidings brought;
Then on this height the Maid had sought,
And, gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned; "You sa
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?"

"Your noble brother hath been spared—
To take his life they have not dared;
On him and on his high endeavor
The light of praise shall shine forever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Not vainly struggled in the night
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

I witnessed when to York they came—
What, Lady, if their feet were tied;
They might deserve a good Man's blame;
But marks of infamy and shame—

These were their triumph, these their pride;
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
'A Prisoner once, but now set free!
'Tis well, for he the worst defied
Through force of natural piety;
He rose not in this quarrel, he,
For concord's sake and England's good,
Suit to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed—
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose—then did he divide,
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity,
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!

And so in Prison were they laid—
O hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams through your distress
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service, making hold,
Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

Your Father gave me cordial greeting;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned:
He was commanding and entreating,
And said—'We need not stop, my Son!
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on,—
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

'Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green—
The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then—had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory;
The voice restored, the eye of Truth
Re-opened that inspired my youth;
To see her in her pomp arrayed—
This Banner (for such vow I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest:
I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory!

A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time ;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being—bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.

Hear then, said he, ' while I impart,
My Son, the last wish of my heart.
The Banner strive thou to regain ;
And, if the endeavor prove not vain,
Bear it—to whom if not to thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign ?—
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine
To wither in the sun and breeze
'Mid those decaying sanctities.
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed :
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,
I helmeted a brow though white,
And took a place in all men's sight ;
Yea, offered up this noble Brood,
Thus fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son !
And left—but be the rest unsaid,
The name untouched, the tear unshed ;—
My wish is known, and I have done :
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest !'

Then Francis answered—' Trust thy Son,
For, with God's will, it shall be done !'

The pledge obtained, the solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And Officers appeared in state
To lead the prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh ! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear ?
They rose—embraces none were given
They stood like trees when earth and
heaven
Are calm ; they knew each other's worth,
And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that rueful Banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment :
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command,
Inspiring universal awe,

He took it from the soldier's hand ;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath ;
Together died, a happy death !—
But Francis, soon as he had braved
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Athwart the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his charge away."

These things, which thus had in the sight
And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower high
In Rylstone's woeful neighborhood,
He told ; and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice ;
For deepest sorrows that aspire
Go high, no transport ever higher,
" Yes—God is rich in mercy," said
The old Man to the silent Maid.
" Yet, Lady ! shines, through this black
night,
One star of aspect heavenly bright ;
Your Brother lives—he lives—is come
Perhaps already in his home ;
Then let us leave this dreary place."
She yielded, and with gentle pace,
Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

CANTO SIXTH.

Why comes not Francis?—From the dolo-
ful City
He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell ;
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity !
To Ambrose that ! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower !
For all—all dying in one hour !
—Why comes not Francis? Thoughts of
love
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove ;
Yea, like a heavenly messenger
Of speediest wing, should he appear.
Why comes he not?—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past ;
Reckless of what impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on ;—nor heeds
The sorrow, through the Villages,
Spread by triumphant cruelties

Of vengeful military force,
 And punishment without remorse
 He marked not, heard not, as he fled ;
 All but the suffering heart was dead
 For him abandoned to blank awe,
 To vacancy, and horror strong :
 And the first object which he saw,
 With conscious sight, as he swept along—
 It was the Banner in his hand !
 He felt—and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed :
 What hath he done ? what promise made ?
 Oh weak, weak moment ! to what end
 Can such a vain oblation tend,
 And he the Bearer ?—Can he go
 Carrying this instrument of woe,
 And find, find anywhere, a right
 To excuse him in his Country's sight ?
 No ; will not all men deem the change
 A downward course, perverse and strange ?
 Here is it ;—but how ? when ? must she,
 The unoffending Emily,
 Again this piteous object see ?

Such conflict long did he maintain,
 Nor liberty nor rest could gain :
 His own life into danger brought
 By this sad burden—even that thought,
 Exciting self-suspicion strong,
 Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
 And how—unless it were the sense
 Of all-disposing Providence,
 Its will unquestionably shown—
 How has the Banner clung so fast
 To a palsied and unconscious hand :
 Clung to the hand to which it passed
 Without impediment ? And why
 But that Heaven's purpose might be known
 Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,
 No intervention, to withstand
 Fulfilment of a Father's prayer
 Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
 When all resentments were at rest,
 And life in death laid the heart bare ?—
 Then, like a spectre sweeping by,
 Rushed through his mind the prophecy
 Of utter desolation made
 To Emily in the yew-tree shade :
 He sighed, submitting will and power
 To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.
 " No choice is left, the deed is mine—
 Dead are they, dead !— and I will go,
 And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
 Will lay the Relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will
 He went, and traversed plain and hill :

And up the vale of Wharf his way
 Pursued ;—and, at the dawn of day,
 Attained a summit whence his eyes
 Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
 There Francis for a moment's space
 Made halt—but hark ! a noise behind
 Of horsemen at an eager pace !
 He heard, and with misgiving mind.
 —'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the
 Band :

They come, by cruel Sussex sent ;
 Who, when the Nortons from the hand
 Of death had drunk their punishment,
 Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
 How Francis, with the Banner claimed
 As his own charge, had disappeared,
 By all the standers-by revered.
 His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
 Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
 All censure, enterprise so bright
 That even bad men had vainly striven
 Against that overcoming light)
 Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,
 That to what place soever fled
 He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the
 height
 Where Francis stood in open sight.
 They hem him round—" Behold the proof,"
 They cried, " the Ensign in his hand !
 He did not arm, he walked aloof !
 For why ?—to save his Father's land ;
 Worst Traitor of them all is he,
 A Traitor dark and cowardly !"

" I am no Traitor," Francis said,
 " Though this unhappy freight I bear :
 And must not part with. But beware ;—
 Err not, by hasty zeal misled,
 Nor do a suffering spirit wrong,
 Whose self-reproaches are too strong !"
 At this he from the beaten road
 Retreated toward a brake of thorn,
 That like a place of vantage showed ;
 And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
 In self-defence with warlike brow
 He stood,—nor weaponless was now ;
 He from a Soldier's hand had snatched
 A spear,—and, so protected, watched
 The Assailants, turning round and round,
 But from behind with treacherous wound
 A Spearman brought him to the ground.
 The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
 Dropped from him ; but his other hand
 The Banner clenched ; till, from out the
 Band,

One, the most eager for the prize,
Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;
But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the brodered Banner showed,
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as
good;

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay
There was he left alone, unwept,
And for two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewildering fear
Possessed the country, far and near;
But, on the third day, passing by,
One of the Norton Tenantry
Espied the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrunk as he recognized the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
This was the instant thought of all!
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be, to her they cannot bear
This weight of anguish and despair.
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And no one hinder their intent,
Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,
In holy ground a grave would make;
And straightway buried he should be
In the Church-yard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
The grave where Francis must be laid.
In no confusion or neglect
This did they,—but in pure respect
That he was born of gentle blood;
And that there was no neighborhood
Of kindred for him in that ground,
So to the Church-yard they are bound,
Bearing the body on a bier;
And psalms they sing—a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,
And is again disquieted;
She must behold!—so many gone,
Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
To seek her Brother forth she went,
And tremblingly her course she bent
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.

She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot—
And darting like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground received the rest,—
The consummation, the whole ruth
And sorrow of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH.

“Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to per-
ceive,
No soul to dream of.”

THOU Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp a strong command,
Called the submissive strings to wake
In glory for this Maiden's sake,
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled
To hide her poor afflicted head?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her?—is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat?
Some island which the wild waves beat—
Is that the Sufferer's last retreat?
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?
High-climbing rock, low sunless dale,
Sea, desert, what do these avail?
Oh take her anguish and her fears
Into a deep recess of years!

'Tis done,—despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,
Or have given way to slow mutation,
While, in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly Mansion of its pride
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the Spring!
And, with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being,
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.
Upon a primrose bank, her throne
Of quietness, she sits alone;
Among the ruins of a wood,
Erewhile a covert bright and green,
And where full many a brave tree stood,
That used to spread its boughs, and ring
With the sweet bird's carolling.

Behold her, like a virgin Queen,
 Neglecting in imperial state
 These outward images of fate,
 And carrying inward a serene
 And perfect sway, through many a thought
 Of chance and change, that hath been brought
 To the objection of a holy,
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy !
 The like authority, with grace
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—
 There hath she fixed it ; yet it seems
 To o'ershadow by no native right
 That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
 Lose utterly the tender gleams,
 Of gentleness and meek delight,
 And loving-kindness ever bright :
 Such is her sovereign mien :—her dress
 (A vest with woollen cincture tied,
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
 Is homely,—fashioned to express
 A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,
 Beneath the light of sun and star ;
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,
 Yea like a ship at random blown
 To distant places and unknown.
 But now she dares to seek a haven
 Among her native wilds of Craven ;
 Hath seen again her Father's roof,
 And put her fortitude to proof :
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
 And she is thoroughly forlorn :
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
 Sustained by memory of the past
 And strength of Reason ; held above
 The infirmities of mortal love ;
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
 A self-surviving leafless oak
 Of unregarded age from stroke
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
 There did she rest, with head reclined,
 Herself most like a stately flower,
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
 Hath separated from its kind,
 To live and die in a shady bower,
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
 A troop of deer came sweeping by ;
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder !
 For One, among those rushing deer,
 A single One, in mid career
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye

Upon the Lady Emily ;
 A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
 A radiant creature, silver-bright !

Thus checked, a little while it stayed ;
 A little thoughtful pause it made ;
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
 Drew softly near her, and more near—
 Looked round—but saw no cause for fear ;
 So to her feet the Creature came,
 And laid its head upon her knee,
 And looked into the Lady's face,
 A look of pure benignity,
 And fond unclouded memory.
 It is, thought Emily, the same,
 The very Doe of other years !—
 The pleading look the Lady viewed,
 And, by her gushing thought subdued,
 She melted into tears—
 A flood of tears, that flowed apace,
 Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest ! O Pair
 Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
 This was for you a precious greeting ;
 And may it prove a fruitful meeting !
 Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
 Can she depart ? can she forego
 The Lady, once her playful peer,
 And now her sainted Mistress dear ?
 And will not Emily receive
 This lovely chronicler of things
 Long past, delights and sorrows ?
 Lone Sufferer ! will not she believe
 The promise in that speaking face ;
 And welcome, as a gift of grace,
 The saddest thought the Creature brings ?

That day, the first of a re-union
 Which was to teem with high communion,
 That day of balmy April weather,
 They tarried in the wood together.
 And when, ere fall of evening dew,
 She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,
 The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
 The Lady to her dwelling-place ;
 That nook where, on paternal ground,
 A habitation she had found,
 The Master of whose humble board
 Once owned her Father for his Lord ;
 A hut, by tufted trees defended,
 Where Rylstone brook with Wharfe is blended

When Emily by morning light
 Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight.
 She shrank —with one frail shock of pain.
 Received and followed by a prayer,
 She saw the Creature once again ;
 Shun will she not, she feels, will bear ;—

But, wheresoever she looked round,
 All now was trouble-haunted ground ;
 And therefore now she deems it good
 Once more this restless neighborhood
 To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
 The White Doe followed up the vale,
 Up to another cottage, hidden
 In the deep fork of Amerdale ;
 And there may Emily restore
 Herself, in spots unseen before.
 —Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
 By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
 Haunts of a strengthening amity
 That calmed her, cheered, and fortified ?
 For she hath ventured now to read
 Of time, and place, and thought, and deed—
 Endless history that lies
 In her silent Follower's eyes ;
 Who with a power like human reason
 Discerns the favorable season,
 Skilled to approach or to retire,—
 From looks conceiving her desire ;
 From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
 That vary to the heart within.
 If she too passionately wretched
 Her arms, or over deeply breathed,
 Walked quick or slowly, every mood
 In its degree was understood ;
 Then well may their accord be true,
 And kindest intercourse ensue.
 —Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing
 When she by sudden glimpse espied
 The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
 Or in the meadow wandered wide !
 How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
 Beside her, on some sunny bank !
 How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed.
 They, like a nested pair, reposed !
 Fair Vision ! when it crossed the Maid
 Within some rocky cavern laid,
 The dark cave's portal gliding by,
 White as whitest cloud on high
 Floating through the azure sky.
 —What now is left for pain or fear ?
 That Presence, dearer and more dear,
 While they, side by side, were straying,
 And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
 Did now a very gladness yield
 A morning to the dewy field,
 And with a deeper peace endued
 The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame
 Of mind, to Rylstone back she came ;
 And, ranging through the wasted groves,
 Received the memory of old loves,
 Undisturbed and undistrest,

Into a soul which now was blest
 With a soft spring-day of holy,
 Mild, and grateful, melancholy :
 Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
 But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone played
 Their Sabbath music—"God us ayde !"
 That was the sound they seemed to speak,
 Inscriptive legend which I ween
 May on those holy bells be seen,
 That legend and her Grandsire's name ;
 And oftentimes the Lady meek
 Had in her childhood read the same ;
 Words which she slighted at that day ;
 But now, when such sad change was wrought,
 And of that lonely name she thought,
 The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
 While she sate listening in the shade,
 With vocal music, "God us ayde ;"
 And all the hills were glad to bear
 Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power ;
 But with the White Doe at her side
 Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
 And thence look round her far and wide,
 Her fate there measuring :—all is stilled,—
 The weak One hath subdued her heart ;
 Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
 Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !
 But here her Brother's words have failed ;
 Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;
 That she, of him and all bereft,
 Hath yet this faithful Partner left,
 This one Associate that disproves
 His words, remains for her, and loves,
 If tears are shed, they do not fall
 For loss of him—for one, or all ;
 Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep,
 Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep ;
 A few tears down her cheek descend
 For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
 And bless for both this savage spot ;
 Which Emily doth sacred hold
 For reasons dear and manifold—
 Here hath she, here before her sight,
 Close to the summit of this height,
 The grassy rock-encircled Pound
 In which the Creature first was found.
 So beautiful the timid Thrall
 (A spotless Youngling white as foam)
 Her youngest Brother brought it home ;
 The youngest, then a lusty boy,
 Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
 With heart brimful of pride and joy !

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
 On favoring nights, she loved to go ;
 There ranged through cloister, court, and
 aisle,
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe ;
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine ;
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.
 For that she came ; there oft she sate
 Forlorn, but not disconsolate :
 And, when she from the abyss returned
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned.
 Was happy that she lived to greet
 Her mute Companion as it lay
 In love and pity at her feet ;
 How happy in its turn to meet
 The recognition ! the mild glance
 Beamed from that gracious countenance ;
 Communication, like the ray
 Of a new morning, to the nature
 And prospects of the inferior Creature !

A mortal Song we sing, by dower
 Encouraged of celestial power ;
 Power which the viewless Spirit shed
 By whom we were first visited ;
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand and
 wings
 Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
 When, left in solitude, erewhile
 We stood before this ruined Pile,
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
 Sang in this Presence kindred themes ;
 Distress and desolation spread
 Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
 Dead—but to live again on earth,
 A second and yet nobler birth ;
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high
 The re-ascent in sanctity !
 From fair to fairer ; day by day
 A more divine and loftier way !
 Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,
 By sorrow lifted towards her God ;
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed mortality.
 Her own thoughts loved she ; and could bend
 A dear look to her lowly Friend ;
 There stopped ; her thirst was satisfied
 With what this innocent spring supplied ;
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,
 And stood apart from human cares :

But to the world returned no more,
 Although with no unwilling mind
 Help did she give at need, and joined
 The Wharfedale peasants in their prayers.
 At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
 To earth, she was set free, and died.
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,
 Maid of the blasted family,
 Kose to the God from whom it came !
 —In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
 Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset ! and a ray
 Survives—the twilight of this day—
 In that fair Creature whom the fields
 Support, and whom the forest shields ;
 Who, having filled a holy place,
 Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace ;
 And bears a memory and a mind
 Raised far above the law of kind ;
 Haunting the pots with lonely cheer
 Which her dear Mistress once held dear :
 Loves most what Emily loved most—
 The enclosure of this church-yard ground ;
 Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
 And every sabbath here is found ;
 Comes with the people when the bells
 Are heard among the moorland dells,
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
 Lies open on the sabbath-day ;
 Here walks amid the mournful waste
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
 And floors encumbered with rich show
 Of fret-work imagery laid low ;
 Paces softly, or makes halt,
 By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault ;
 By plate of monumental brass
 Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
 And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave :
 But chiefly by that single grave,
 That one sequestered hillock green,
 The pensive visitant is seen.
 There doth the gentle Creature lie
 With those adversities unmoved ;
 Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
 In their benignity approved !
 And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
 Subdued by outrage and decay,
 Looks down upon her with a smile,
 A gracious smile, that seems to say—
 " Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
 But Daughter of the Eternal Prime ! "

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

IN SERIES.

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

“A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
 Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
 Convert delight into a Sacrifice.”

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I, WHO accompanied with faithful pace
 Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,
 And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
 Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's grace;
 I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
 Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string
 Till the checked torrent, proudly triumph-
 ing,
 Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
 Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
 Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are
 found
 Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that
 have crowned
 Full off the unworthy brow of lawless
 force;
 And, for delight of him who tracks its
 course,
 Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II.

CONJECTURES.

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
 Past things, revealed like future, they can
 tell
 What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred
 well
 Of Christian Faith, this savage Island
 blessed
 With its first bounty. Wandering through
 the west,
 Did holy Paul a while in Britain dwell,
 And call the Fountain forth by miracle,

And with dread signs the nascent Stream
 invest?
 Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose
 prison doors
 Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?
 Or some of humbler name, to these wild
 shores
 Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of
 woe
 Pass from their Master, sojourned here to
 guard
 The precious Current they had taught to
 flow?

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the
 sea-mew *—white
 As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic
 ring
 Where Augurs stand, the Future question-
 ing,
 Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
 Portending ruin to each baleful rite
 That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
 Haughty the Bard: can these meek doc-
 trines blight
 His transports? wither his heroic strains?
 But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spear
 A way first opened; and, with Roman
 chains,

* This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

The tidings come of Jesus crucified ;
They come—they spread—the weak, the
suffering, hear ;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy
road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of
fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed !
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to
God,
Ancient of days ! that to the eternal Sire,
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence wisdom
flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were
shaped ;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal
truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious
form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us ; seeking, we are
lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
Of Time and shadows of Tradition, crost ;
And where the boatman of the Western
Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those holy
piles
Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led ;
Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-
head
In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI.

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT ! for Diocletian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning, but instinct

With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon
linked,
Which God's ethereal store-houses afford
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
It rages ;—some are smitten in the field—
Some pierced to the heart through the in-
effectual shield
Of sacred home—with pomp are others
gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban
tried,
England's first Martyr, whom no threats
could shake ;
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith ; nor shall his name for
sake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to
rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.

VII.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds re-
gain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain ;
Even so, in many a reconstructed fane,
Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude ;
And solemn ceremonies they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance :
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild
countenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and
cheer ;
For all things are less dreadful than they
seem.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm ! for soul-subduing
vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods—may yet
suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of him upon whose forehead sate
The crown of thorns ; whose life-blood
flowed, the price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious
arts

That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
 Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
 Language, and letters ;—these, though fondly viewed
 As humanizing graces, are but parts
 And instruments of deadliest servitude !

IX.

DISSENSIONS.

Let heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
 Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
 As natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
 Lo ! Discord at the altar dares to stand
 Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,
 A cherished Priestess of the new baptized !
 But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
 The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
 By Rome abandoned ; vain are suppliant cries,
 And prayers that would undo her forced farewell ;
 For she returns not.—Awed by her own knell,
 She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
 Soon to become more dreaded enemies
 Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

RISE !—they *have* risen : of brave Aneurin ask
 How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends
 The Spirit of Caractacus descends
 Upon the Patriots, animates their task,—
 Amazement runs before the towering casque
 Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
 The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield—
 Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
 The Host that followed Urien as he strode
 O'er heaps of slain ;—from Cambrian wood and moss
 Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross ;
 Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
 Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
 And everlasting deeds to burning words !

XI

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
 Of hallelujahs tost from hill to hill—
 For instant victory But Heaven's high will
 Permits a second and a darker shade
 Of Pagan night Afflicted and dismayed,
 The Rehes of the sword flee to the mountains
 O wretched Land ! whose tears have flowed
 like fountains,
 Whose arts and honors in the dust are laid
 By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
 For other monuments than those of Earth ;
 Who, as the fields and woods have given
 them birth,
 Will build their savage fortunes only there ;
 Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
 Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.

THE *oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—*
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—
 Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
 The song of Talesin ;—Ours shall mourn
 The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers
 would turn
 The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard
 the store
 Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
 And Christian monuments, that now must burn
 To senseless ashes Mark ! how all things
 swerve
 From their known course, or vanish like a dream ;
 Another language spreads from coast to coast ;
 Only perchance some melancholy Stream
 And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
 When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost !

XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,

Where Tiber's stream the immortal City
laves :

ANGEL by name ; and not an ANGEL waves
His wing who could seem lovelier to man's
eye

Than they appear to holy Gregory ;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation
craves

For Them, and for their Land. The
earnest Sire,

His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies ;
DE-IRIANS—he would save them from God's
IRE ;

Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
Glad HALLE-lujahs to the Eternal King !

XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOREVER hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye
tread,

And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear ;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in
air,

The pictured Saviour !—By Augustin led,
They come—and onward travel without
dread,

Chanting in barbarousears a tuneful prayer—
Sung for themselves, and those whom they
would free !

Rich conquest waits them :—The tempestuous
sea

Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
And heeded not the voice of clashing
swords,

These good men humble by a few bare
words,

And calm with the fear of God's divinity.

XV.

PAULINUS.

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the
school

Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical ?

Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature
tall,

Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak ;

A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The Monarch

LEANS

Toward the pure truths this Delegate pro-
pounds,

Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Councillors :—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear !

XVI.

PERSUASION.

"MAN'S life is like a Sparrow, mighty King !
That—while at banquet with your Chiefs
you sit

Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit
Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
Here did it enter ; there, on hasty wing,
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold ;
But whence it came we know not, nor be-
hold

Whither it goes. Even such, that transient
Thing,

The human Soul ; not utterly unknown
While in the Body lodged, her warm abode ;
But from what world She came, what woe
or weal

On her departure waits, no tongue hath
shown ;

This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
His be a welcome cordially bestowed !"

XVII.

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel
Lore ;

The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a
spear

To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
Is overturned ; the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was
achieved,

Drops, and the God himself is seen no
more.

Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds. "O come to me,
Ye heavy laden'" such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams ; and thousands,
who rejoice

In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth
lend

The Soul's eternal interests to promote

Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot ;
 And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
 For aught the wisest know or comprehend ;
 Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
 Of elevation ; let their odors float
 Around these Converts ; and their glories
 blend,
 The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden
 cords
 Of good works, mingling with the visions,
 raise
 The Soul to purer worlds : and *who* the
 line
 Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
 That even imperfect faith to man affords ?

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God ! who not a thought will
 share
 With the vain world ; who, outwardly, as
 bare
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit
 divine !
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
 Has called him forth to breathe the common
 air,
 Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
 Descended :—happy are the eyes that meet
 The Apparition ; evil thoughts are stayed
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks en-
 treat
 A benediction from his voice or hand ;
 Whence grace, through which the heart can
 understand,
 And vows, that bind the will, in silence
 made.

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

AlI, when the Body, round which in love we
 clung,
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service
 fail ?
 Is tender pity then of no avail ?
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
 A waste of hope ?—From this sad source
 have sprung
 Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
 Which ill can brook more rational relief .
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges
 sung

For Souls whose doom is fixed ! The way
 is smooth
 For Power that travels with the human
 heart :
 Confession ministers the pang to soothe
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
 Of your own mighty instruments beware !

XXI.

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished— at
 his side
 A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,
 Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's
 crook,
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to
 hide
 His thin autumnal locks where Monks
 abide
 In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
 In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
 Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent
 hour,
 Do penitential cogitations cling ;
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they
 twine
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine ;
 Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they
 bring,
 For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
 My feet would rather turn—to some dry
 nook
 Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
 Hurl'd down a mountain-cove from stage to
 stage,
 Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling
 rage
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool ;
 Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
 Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equi-
 page
 Would elevate my dreams. A beechen
 bowl,
 A maple dish, my furniture should be ;
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed ; the hooting
 owl
 My night-watch ; nor should e'er the crested
 fowl
 From thorp or vill his matins sound to
 me,
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat

On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt

Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life, and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath!*

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they beheve, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains

Or needful sunshine, prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet also rise

The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.

The Sensual think with reverence of the palms

Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave;

If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOT sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores

Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors

* He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.

To seek the general mart of Christendom;
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come

To their belovèd cells:—or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge
their way,

To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh

That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre,
are gone

With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on

By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown

Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,

And awes like night with mercy tempered frown.

Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.

Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,

Ot Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,

In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII.

HIS DESCENDANTS

WHEN thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,

Darling of England! many a bitter shower
Fell on thy tomb, but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins.

The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!

But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive

With the fierce tempests, while, within the round

Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive ;
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open
ground.

Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple
bloom.

XXVIII

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest
skill

Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a
dupe

Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to his will.
Such DUNSTAN—from its Benedictine
coop

Issues the master Mind, at whose fell
swoop

The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The Might of spiritual sway ! his thoughts,
his dreams,

Do in the supernatural world abide :

So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with
pride

In what they see of virtues pushed to ex-
tremes,

And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl
obey !

Dissension, checking arms that would re-
strain

The incessant Rovers of the northern main,
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway.

But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage ; and soon the cruel
Dane

Feels, through the influence of her gentle
reign,

His native superstitions melt away

Thus, often, when the thick gloom the east
o'ershrouds,

The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth
appear

Silently to consume the heavy clouds ;

How no one can resolve ; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a
clear

And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
While-as Canute, the King is rowing by :
“ My Oarsmen,” quoth the mighty King,
“ draw near,

That we the sweet song of the Monks may
hear ! ”

He listens (all past conquests and all
schemes

Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a
tear.

The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
While his free Barge skims the smooth
flood along,

Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.
O suffering Earth ! be thankful ; sternest
clime

And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
The evanescence of the Saxon line.

Hark ! 'tis the tolling Curfew !—the stars
shine ;

But of the lights that cherish household
cares

And festive gladness, burns not one that
dares

To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to
Tyne,

Of force that daunts, and cunning that en-
snares !

Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and
fires,

Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires ;
Even so a thralldom, studious to expel

Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

XXXII.

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons over-
powered

By wrong triumphant through its own ex-
cess,

From fields laid waste, from house and
home devoured

By flames, look up to heaven and crave re-
dress

From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
 Though men be, there are angels that can
 feel
 For wounds that death alone has power to
 heal,
 For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
 And has a Champion risen in arms to try
 His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes
 no more ;
 Him in their hearts the people canonize ;
 And far above the mine's most precious ore
 The least small pittance of bare mould they
 prize
 Scooped from the sacred earth where his
 dear relics lie.

XXXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the pontiff asks, "profane-
 ness flow
 From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
 From Bethlehem, from the Mounnts of
 Agony
 And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
 With prayers and blessings we your path
 will sow ;
 Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
 Have chased far off by righteous victory
 These sons of Amalek, or laid them
 low!"—
 "GOD WILLETH IT" the whole assembly
 cry ;
 Shout which the enraptured multitude as-
 tounds !
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers
 reply ;—
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and
 nigh,
 Through "Nature's hollow arch" that voice
 resounds.*

XXXIV.

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thicken-
 ing swarms
 Along the west ; though driven from Aquit-
 taine,
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of
 Spain ;
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ;
 The cimeter, that yields not to the charms

* The decision of this Council was believed
 to be instantly known in remote parts of Eu-
 rope

Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain ;
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills
 detain
 Their tents, and check the current of their
 arms.
 Then blame not those who, by the mightiest
 lever
 Know to the moral world, Imagination,
 Upheave, so seems it, from her natural
 station
 All Christendom :—they sweep along (was
 never
 So huge a host!)—to tear from the Unbe-
 liever
 The precious Tomb, their haven of salva-
 tion.

XXXV.

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
 I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to equip
 Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip ;
 I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine ;
 In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
 Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
 And see love-emblems streaming from thy
 ship,
 As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
 My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the
 press
 Of war, but duly summons her away
 To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
 Of those Enthusiasts, a subservient friend,
 To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal
 sway.

XXXVI.

AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns ; proud Arbitress
 of grace,
 The Church, by mandate shadowing forth
 the power
 She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
 Closes the gates of every sacred place.
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's em-
 brace
 All sacred things are covered : cheerfu-
 morn
 Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is
 worn,
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
 With natural smiles of greeting. Bells are
 dumb ;
 Ditches are graves—funeral rites denied ;

And in the church-yard he must take his
bride
Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly
come
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident;
Uncouth proximities of old and new;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's
shrine?

Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia:—
crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid
down

At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that
line

Baronial halls the opprobrious insult feel;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred
head,
To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake:
"Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy
neck
Levelled with earth this foot of mine may
tread."

Then he, who to the altar had been led,
He, whose strong arm the Orient could not
check,

He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,
Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
And even the common dignity of man!—
Amazement strikes the crowd; while many
turn

Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature; but the sense of
most

In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX.

PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to
blow,

What future empire would it have? for
now

A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love as-
signed,

Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
Through earth and heaven to bind and to
unbind!—

Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—
rebuff

Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are
stuff

For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether
rough

Or smooth his front, our world is in his
hand!

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN
THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

I.

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—
By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
Prescribed to do:—woeful forfeiture
He made by wilful breach of law divine.

With like perverseness did the Church ab-
jure

Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,
'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye
endure,

Weeds on whose front the world had fixed
her sign.

O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
If good can smooth the way to evil choice,
From all rash censure be the mind kept
free;

He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And, in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

II.

FROM false assumption rose, and fondly
hail'd

By superstition, spread the Papal power;
Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevail'd
Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.

She daunts, forth-thundering from her
spiritual tower

Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames
Justice and Peace through Her uphold their
claims;

And Chastity finds many a sheltering
bower.

Realm there is none that if controll'd or
s.way'd

By her commands partakes not, in degree,
Of good, o'er manners, arts, and arms,
diffused:

Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
Tho' miserably, oft monastically, abused
By blind ambition, he this tribute paid.

III.

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

"HERE *Man more purely lives, less oft
doth fall,*

*More promptly rises, walks with stricter
heed,*

More safely rests, dies happier, is freed

*Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains
withal*

A brighter crown."—On yon Cistercian
wall

That confident assurance may be read;
And, to like shelter, from the world have
fled

Increasing multitudes. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's
desires;

Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
And airy harvests crown the fertile lea.

IV.

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
His whole life long tills it, with heartless
toil

Of villain-service, passing with the soil
To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;
But mark how gladly, through their own
domains,

The Monks relax or break these iron chains;
While Mercy, uttering, through their voice,
a sound

Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs,
abate

These legalized oppressions! Man—whose
name

And nature God disdained not; Man—whose
soul

Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high
claim

To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

V.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet: unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they
bear,

How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

VI.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;
From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's
height

Down to the humbler altar, which the
Knight

And his Retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted
round,

Who teach the intrepid guardians of the
place—

Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
And suffering under many a perilous
wound—

How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

VII.

CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times pre-
vail!

And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!
What heartfelt: fragrance mingles with the
gale

That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not
fail?—

Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the
world!

I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love ;
And meekness tempering honorable pride ;
The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VIII.

CRUSADERS.

FURL we the sails, and pass with tarqy oars
Through these bright regions, casting many
a glance

Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
Of many-colored life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labors end ; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem
chanted

By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies ;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice
undaunted,

When she would tell how Brave, and Good,
and Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have
panted !

IX.

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feeblar means had fail'd to give, one
aim
Diffused thro' all the regions of the West ;
So does her Unity its power attest
By works of Art, that shed, on the outward
frame
Of worship, glory and grace, which who
shall blame

That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
Hail countless Temples! that so well befit
Your ministry ; that, as ye rise and take
Form, spirit, and character, from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and
make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X.

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed the
root
In the best soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.

Witness the Church that oft-times, with
effect

Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
Her bane, her vital energies recruit.

Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine
When such good work is doomed to be un-
done,

The conquests lost that were so hardly won
All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will
shine

In light confirmed while years their cours-
shall run,

Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH ! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn ; the odorous incense
feeds

A greedy flame ; the pompous mass pro-
ceeds ;

The Priest bestows the appointed consecra-
tion ;

And, while the HOST is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds ;

And all the people bow their heads, like
reeds

To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.

This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of
Rhone

He taught, till persecution chased him
thence,

To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.

Nor are his followers loth to seek defence,
'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy
throne,

From rites that trample upon soul and
sense.

XII.

THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour
Lord

Have long borne witness as the Scriptures
teach?—

Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach

In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,

Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats

Where that pure Church survives, though
summer heats

Open a passage to the Romish sword,

Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut

wood,
Nourish the sufferers then ; and mists, that
brood

O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles be-
 strown,
 Protect them; and the eternal snow that
 daunts
 Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

XIII.

PRaised be the Rivers, from their moun-
 tain springs
 Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners
 here!"

To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
 And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled
 wings!"

Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
 Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's
 ear—

'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes
 drear,

Their own creation. Such glad welcomings
 As Po was heard to give where Venice rose
 Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth di-
 vine

Who near his fountains sought obscure re-
 pose,

Yet came prepared as glorious lights to
 Shine,
 Should that be needed for their sacred
 Charge;

Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at
 large!

XIV.

WALDENSES.

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the lark
 Springs from the ground the morn to grat-
 ulate;

Or rather rose the day to antedate,

By striking out a solitary spark,

When all the world with midnight gloom
 was dark.—

Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom
 Hate

In vain endeavors to exterminate,
 Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark:

But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,
 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage
 woods

Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
 Through courts, through camps, o'er limi-
 tary floods;

Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
 Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

"WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured
 field

The lively beauty of the leopard shows?

What flower in meadow-ground or garden
 grows

That to the towering lily doth not yield?

Let both meet only on thy royal shield!

Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth
 bestows;

Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes

Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to
 wield,

And Heaven will crown the right." The
 mitred Sire

Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul ad-
 drest,

Ploughs her bold course across the wonder-
 ing seas;

For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast

Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,

But one that leaps to meet the fanning
 breeze.

XVI.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

THUS is the storm abated by the craft

Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect

The Church, whose power hath recently
 been checked,

Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the
 shaft

Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—

Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!

For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal

power

Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual
 truth

Maintains the else endangered gift of life;

Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;

And, under cover of this woful strife,

Gathers unblighted strength from hour to
 hour.

XVII.

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with sud-
 den fear,

And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:

Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed

And flung into the brook that travels near;

Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams
 can hear

Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon
 the wind,

Though seldom heard by busy human
 kind)—

"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies
 How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the
 world dispersed."

XVIII.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY

"WOE to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
 And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your
 estate; [await
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains
 Of pompous horses; whom vain titles
 please;
 Who will be served by others on their
 knees,
 Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
 Pastors who neither take nor point the way
 To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
 And speak the word—"Alas! of fearful
 things
 'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
 And taught the general voice to prophesy
 Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XIX.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted
 thong;
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with
 prayer,
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,
 And rob the people of his daily care,
 Scorning that world whose blindness makes
 her strong?
 Inversion strange! that, unto One who
 lives
 For self, and struggles with himself alone,
 The amplest share of heavenly favor gives;
 That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
 Of God and man, place higher than to him
 Who on the good of others builds his own!

XX.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a Convent's blaz-
 ing fire
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;

There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a
 Friar,
 Pours out his choicest beverage high and
 higher
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
 An instant kiss of masterful desire—
 To stay the precious waste. Through every
 brain
 The domination of the sprightly juice
 Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy
 dear,
 'Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
 Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KING-
 DOM'S HERE!"

XXI.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

TREATS some which no submission may
 assuage,
 No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
 The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries
 mute,
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish
 rage,
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
 The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
 And the green lizard and the gilded newt
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
 The owl of evening and the woodland fox
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham
 choose:
 Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
 To stoop her head before these desperate
 shocks—
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story
 tells,
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more
 meek
 Through saintly habit than from effort due
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue
 With equal wrath the steps of strong and
 weak)
 Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
 While through the Convent's gate to open
 view
 Softly she glides another home to seek.
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
 An Apparition more divinely bright!

Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance
shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober
light!

XXIII.

CONTINUED.

YET many a novice of the cloistral shade,
And many chained by vows, with eager
glee
The warrant hail, exulting to be free;
Like ships before whose keels, full long em-
bayed
In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed.
Hope guides the young; but when the old
must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to
find
The hospitality—the alms (alas!
Alms may be needed) which that House be-
stowed?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the
mind
To keep this new and questionable road?

XXIV. -

SAINTS.

YE, too, must fly before a chasing band,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the
Land:
Her adoration was not your demand,
The fond heart proffered it—the servile
heart;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose
flaming brand
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

XXV.

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was un-
cross
With the least shade of thought to sin
allied;

Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak
strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished
moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue
coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I
ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might
bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee.
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

XXVI.

APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aërial keystone haughtily secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the scaf-
fold some—
Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
“Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
Upon his throne;” unsoftened, undis-
mayed
By aught that mingled with the tragic
scene
Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius
playea
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and
keen.

XXVII.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone
From Sages justly honored by mankind;
But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous
groan
Issues from that dominion overthrown:
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges,
blind
As his own worshippers, and Nile, reclined
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
Renews. Through every forest, cave, and
den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath
sorrow past—

Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native
Waste,
Where once his airy helpers schemed and
planned
'Mid spectral lakes bemoeking thirsty men,
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT that by this unsparing hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn
away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;
'Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to
detain,
With hands stretched forth in mollified dis-
dain,
The "trumpery" that ascends in bare dis-
play—
Bulls, pardons, relics, cows black, white,
and gray—
Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal
plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not
choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bonds are hardest to disown;
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty trans-
ferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred
Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
And he who guides the plough, or wields
the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that
the wrong,
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could
calmly brook.
Transcendent boon! noblest that earthly
King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
But passions spread like plagues, and thou-
sands wild
With bigotry shall tread the Offering
Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXX.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise?—for nothing
less
Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds
of Sense,
And to her God restored by evidence
Of things not seen, drawn forth from their
recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her holi-
ness;—
For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dis-
pense
Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was heedful round men thirsting to trans-
gress;—
For Faith, more perfect still, with which
the Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
The temples of their hearts who, with his
word
Informed, were resolute to do his will,
And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI.

EDWARD VI.

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth"—so
felt
Time-honored Chaucer speaking through
that Lay
By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did
melt.
Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often
dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, child, and seraph, blended in the
mien
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius,
skilled
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXXII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR
THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources; gently overflow
From blissful transport some—from clefts
of woe

Some with ungovernable impulse rush ;
 And some, coëval with the earliest blush
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
 Their pearly lustre—coming but to go ;
 And some break forth when others' sorrows
 crush
 The sympathizing heart. Nor these, nor
 yet
 The noblest drops to admiration known,
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have
 wet
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs
 driven
 To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

XXXIII.

REVIVAL OF POKERY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, dis-
 crowned
 By unrelenting Death. O People keen
 For change, to whom the new looks always
 green !
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
 Their Gods of wood and stone ; and, at the
 sound
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen !)
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound
 Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
 The Creature, to the Creature glory give ;
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke
 Like those the Heathen served ; and mass
 is sung ;
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
 Runs through blind channels of an unknown
 tongue.

XXXIV.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !
 See Latimer and Ridley in the might
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common
 fight !
 One (like those prophets whom God sent of
 old)
 Transfigured, from this kindling hath fore-
 told
 A torch of unextinguishable light ;
 The Other gains a confidence as bold ;
 And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
 Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
 Of saintly Friends the "murderer's chain
 partake,

Corded, and burning at the social stake : "
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair !

XXXV.

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided
 hand
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom re-
 peat !)
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer
 stand ;
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band
 His frame is tied ; firm from the naked feet
 " the bare head. The victory is com-
 plete ;
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
 Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
 Through all her nerves with finer sense
 endued,
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration :
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous at-
 testation !

XXXVI.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF
THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of
 light,
 Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust
 (While we look round) that Heaven's de-
 crees are just ;
 Which few can hold committed to a fight
 That shows, ev'n on its better side, the
 might
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
 Which showers of blood seem rather to in-
 cite
 Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
 From both sides ; veteran thunders (the
 brute test
 Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
 Tartarean flags are caught at and un-
 furled—
 Friends strike at friends—the flying shall
 pursue—
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to
 rest !

XXXVII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand;
 Most happy, re-assembled in a land
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
 Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
 Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
 Ere hope declines:—their union is beset
 With speculative notions rashly sown,
 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds;
 Their forms are broken staves; their passions, steeds
 That master them. How enviably blest
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
 The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXVIII.

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar
 Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous wile!
 All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
 Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar
 Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;
 And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:
 Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
 Back as the clouds its beams dispersed,
 While shone,
 By men and angels blest, the glorious light:

XXXIX.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,

Were mine the trusty staff that JEWELL gave

To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile:
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil?—

More sweet than odors caught by him who sails

Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
 From fields where good men walk, or
 bowers wherein they rest.

XL.

THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
 With what entire affection do they prize
 Their Church reformed! laboring with earnest care

To baffle all that may her strength impair;
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat;

In their afflictions a divine retreat;
 Source of their liveliest hope and tenderest prayer!—

The truth exploring with an equal mind,
 In doctrine and communion they have sought

Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
 To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XLI.

DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy

Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed, and split

With morbid restlessness;—the ecstatic fit
 Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply;

The Saints must govern, is their common cry;

And so they labor, deeming Holy Writ
 Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit

Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
 The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws
 From the confusion, craftily incites

The overweening, personates the mad—
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :
Totters the Throne ; the new-born Church
is sad
For every wave against her peace unites.

XLII.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart : and there is
one
(Nor idlest that !) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were *meant*
to be.
Ag'ast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the
sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling
power :
Merciless act of sorrow infinite !
Worse than the product of that dismal
night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris
streamed.

XLIII.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE
RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin Mountain,* wearing like a
Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and
green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine ; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more
keen ;
Till madness seizes on the whole wide
Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils
breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith
he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies ;
And doth in more conspicuous torment
writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

* The Jung-frau.

XLIV.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we
move,
To the mind's eye Religion doth present ;
Now with her own deep quietness content ;
Then, like the mountain, thundering from
above
Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now
her mood
Recalls the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will ! Can this be Piety ?
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her
name,
And scourges England struggling to be
free :
Her peace destroyed ! her hopes a wilder-
ness !
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to
shame.

XLV.

LAUD.

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to
spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown
aside,
Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings
forbear
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why carries then thy chariot ? Wherefore
stay,
O Death ! the ensanguined yet triumphant
wheels,
Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
(What time a State with madding faction
reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay ?

XLVI.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP ! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest
string,
The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it pass'd
O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing

Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and
waste
Fear also of that name, and mercy cast
Oft to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh!
weep,
Weep with the good, beholding King and
Priest
Despised by that stern God to whom they
raise
Their suppliant hands; but holy is the
feast
He keepeth; like the firmament his ways:
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

◆
PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRE-
SENT TIMES.

I.

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
No spirit was she; *that* my heart betrayed,
For she was one I loved exceedingly;
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy
played?)
The bright corporeal presence—form and
face—
Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist;—at length the golden
hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keep-
ing pace
Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision
spoke
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might
seem
Wholly discovered from our present theme;
Yet, my beloved country! I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight
dream;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore

With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven
restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is re-
newed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

WHO comes—with rapture greeted, and
caress'd
With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!
But for what gain? if England soon must
sink
Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
That bigotry may swallow the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood:
misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians
shrink!

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the
wind
Charged with rich words poured out in
thought's defence;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic Piety confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind;
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind;
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry
sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—"that he may see
and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

V.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the
pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these
good men,

Dropped from an Angel's wing. With
moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and
bright;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer
night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

VI.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous
day
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
And some to want—as if by tempests
wrecked
On a wild coast; how destitute! did They
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their altars they forego, their homes they
quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they
daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving
wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause
of God.

VII.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant
cry,
The majesty of England interposed
And the sword stopped; the bleeding
wounds were closed;
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
For England's shame, O Sister Realm!
from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street,
where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw

From councils senseless as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-
law;
But who would force the Soul tilts with a
straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VIII.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands
sent,
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and
spire;
For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
The Fathers urge the People to be still.
With outstretched hands and earnest speech
—in vain!
Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
And to Religion's self no friendly will,
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

IX

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw
Millions of waves into itself, and run,
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
Swerves not, (how blest if by religious awe
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world's commotions) from its
end
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with steadfast
hope,
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast
eye.

X.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his
head,
And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet;

But these had fallen for profitless regret
 Had not thy holy Church her champions
 bred,
 And claims from other worlds inspirited
 The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual
 things
 Be lost through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchise support,
 However hardly won or justly dear:
 What came from heaven to heaven by
 nature clings,
 And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

XI.

SACHEVEREL.

A SUDI EN conflict rises from the swell
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
 Spread through all ranks; and lo! the
 Sentinel
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
 Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
 Lavished on *Him*—that England may rebel
 Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and
 Low,
 Watch-words of Party, on all tongues are
 rife;
 As if a Church, though sprung from heaven,
 must owe
 To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XII.

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold
 design
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
 Than his who sees, borne forward by the
 Rhine,
 The living landscapes greet him, and depart;
 Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start!
 And strives the towers to number, that
 recline
 O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
 Striding with shattered crests his eye
 athwart.
 So have we hurried on with troubled pleas-
 ure:
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
 That slackens, and spreads wide a watery
 gleam,
 We, nothing loth a lingering course to
 measure,

May gather up our thoughts, and mark at
 leisure
 How widely spread the interests of our
 theme.

XIII.

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
 Who, with sad hearts, of friends and coun-
 try took
 A last farewell, their loved abode forsook,
 And hallowed ground in which their fathers
 lay;
 Then to the new-found World explored their
 way,
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to
 brook
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering
 nook
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey
 In freedom. Men they were who could not
 bend;
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for
 guide
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods
 ascend
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
 But is His glory who for Sinners died.

XIV.

II. CONTINUED.

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
 To Wilds where both were utterly un-
 known;
 But not to them had Providence foreshown
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred,
 In worship neither raised nor limited
 Save by Self-will. Lo! from that distant
 shore,
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth and
 Love
 By Conscience governed do their steps re-
 trace.—
 Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of
 grace,
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus ap-
 prove.
 Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

XV.

III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light
 Were they, who, when their Country had
 been freed,
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church
 their sight,
 And strove in filial love to reunite
 What force had severed. Thence they
 fetched the seed
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed
 Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O
 saintly WHITE,
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall
 turn,
 Whether they would restore or build—to
 Thee,
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should
 burn,
 As one who drew from our Faith's holiest
 urn
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

XVI.

BISHOPS and Priests, blessed are ye, if
 deep
 (As yours above all offices is high)
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and
 keep
 From wolves your portion of his chosen
 sheep:
 Laboring as ever in your Master's sight,
 Making your hardest task your best delight,
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall
 reap!—
 But, in the solemn Office which ye sought
 And undertook premonished, if unsound
 Your practice prove, faithless though but in
 thought,
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf pro-
 found
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives
 disowned!

XVII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
 Is to the sky while we look up in love;
 As to the deep fair ships which though they
 move

Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from
 afar;
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,
 With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native
 falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war—
 Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
 Each linked to each other for kindred
 services;
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glitter-
 ing vanes
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among
 trees,
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XVIII.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion, where, his flock
 among,
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful
 Lord.
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed
 sword;
 Though pride's least lurking thought ap-
 pears a wrong
 To human kind; though peace be on his
 tongue,
 Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
 Conjures, implores, and labors all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?)

XIX.

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
 Distinct with signs, through which in set
 career,
 As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
 Of England's Church; stupendous mys-
 teries!
 Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story
 We only dare to cast a transient glance.

Trusting in hope that Others may advance
With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains
hoary.

XX.

BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er
the needs

Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower
A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of
weeds!—

Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministrations; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now
pleads.

There, should vain thoughts outspread their
wings and fly

To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs—which hear and answer that
brief cry,

The Infant's notice of his second birth—
Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet
fears from Earth.

XXI.

SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual
care

Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may
thrive

For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This Ordinance, whether loss it would sup-
ply,

Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure,
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXII.

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought
vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,

We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears be-
trayed;

And some a bold unerring answer made:
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for
me,

Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful
tie:

Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-
appear;

O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

XXIII.

CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and
dale,

With holiday delight on every brow:
'Tis passed away; far other thoughts pre-
vail;

For they are taking the baptismal Vow
Upon their conscious selves; their own lips
speak

The solemn promise. Strongest sinews
fail,

And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
While on each head his lawn-robed Servant
lays

An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble Souls; and bear with *his*
regrets,

Who, looking round the fair assemblage,
feels

That ere the Sun goes down their childhood
sets.

XXIV.

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint:
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or
Saint!

Tell what rushed in, from what she was re-
lieved—

Then, when her Child the hallowing touch
received,

And such vibration through the Mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams
appear?

Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power
given
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt,
and ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to
Heaven.

XXV.

SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side;
But not till They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of grace, whose Son for sinners
died.

Ye, who have duly weighed the summons,
pause

No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite
The Altar calls; come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread
its weight)

Armor divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXVI.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
Of God and chosen friends, your troth to
plight

With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands,
O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing
give,

That mutually assisted they may live
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
"The which would endless matrimony
make;"

Union that shadows forth and doth partake
A mystery potent human love to endow
With heavenly, each more prized for the
other's sake;

Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid
brow.

XXVII.

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

WOMAN! the Power who left his throne on
high,
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we
wear,

The Power that thro' the straits of Infancy
Did pass dependent on maternal care,
His own humanity with Thee will share,
Pleased with the thanks that in his People's
eye

Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
From childbirth's perilous throes. And
should the Heir

Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
To courses fit to make a mother rue
That ever he was born, a glance of mind
Cast upon this observance may renew
A better will; and, in the imagined view
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;
Glad music! yet there be that, worn with
pain

And sickness, listen where they long have
lain,

In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to
kneel

Beside the afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
And soothe the heart confession hath laid
bare—

That pardon, from God's throne, may set its
seal

On a true Penitent. When breath departs
From one disburthened so, so comforted,
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's
arts.

XXIX.

THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

SHUN not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred,
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and
appalling.)

Go thou and hear the threatenings of the
Lord;

Listening within his Temple see his sword
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's
head,

Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.

Two aspects bears Truth needful for salva-
tion;

Who knows not *that*? — yet would this
delicate age

Look only on the Gospel's brighter page :
Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ ;
So shall the fearful words of Commination
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

XXX.

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling worshippers no earthly floor
Gives holier invitation than the deck
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from
Wreck
(When all that man could do avail'd no
more)
By him who raised the Tempest and re-
strains :
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
Forth for his mercy, as the Church ordains,
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath
To words the Church prescribes aiding the
lip
For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile
ship
Encounters, armed for work of pain and
death.
Suppliants ! the God to whom your cause ye
trust
Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and
woe,
The Church extends her care to thought and
deed ;
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, " I
know
That my Redeemer liveth," — hears each
word
That follows — striking on some kindred
chord
Deep in the thankful heart ; — yet tears will
flow.
Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
Grows green, and is cut down and withereth
Ere nightfall — truth that well may claim a
sigh,
Its natural echo ; but hope comes reborn
At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, " O Death,
Where is thy Sting ? — O Grave, where is thy
Victory ? "

XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY.

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has
fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay ;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still church-yard, each with
garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-
door,
Charged with these offerings which their
fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent Procession softly moves : —
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's
pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves !

XXXIII.

REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared
to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;
Giving to Memory help when she would
weave
A crown for Hope ! — I dread the boasted
lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort
bring.
The counter Spirit found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud and sate from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial spring.

XXXIV.

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail.
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with
crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care,
Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that
bear

The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; deep like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain

Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes, following my downward
way,

Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others— gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable
seals?

Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live

XXXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY,

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of
France

Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
From altars threatened, leveled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and
test

Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity:—distrest
They came—and, while the moral tempest
roars

Throughout the Country they have left, our
shores
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured
By THEM who blessed the soft and happy
gale

That landward urged the great Deliverer's
sail,

Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
Propitious hour! have we, like them, en-
dured

Sore stress of apprehension, with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse de-
signed,

From month to month trembling and un-
assur'd,

How had we then rejoiced! But we have
It,

As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for, we
have seen;

A State whose generous will through earth
is dealt;

A State—which, balancing herself between
License and slavish order, dares be free.

XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laurelled armies, not to be withstood—
What serve they? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)
Forbear to shape due channels which the
Flood

Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian
plain

The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the
time

Is conscious of her want; through England's
bounds,

In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all
sounds

That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

XXXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site; the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to
God.

Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the
rod

Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this
band

Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
 May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand
 For kneeling adoration ;—while—above,
 Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
 That shall protect from blasphemy the
 Land.

XL.

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk sub-
 dued,
 Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
 When each pale brow to dread hosannas
 bowed
 While clouds of incense mounting veiled the
 rood,
 That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
 Through Alpine vapors. Such appalling
 rite
 Our Church prepares not, trusting to the
 might
 Of simple truth with grace divine imbued ;
 Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
 Like men ashamed : the Sun with his first
 smile
 Shall greet that symbol crowning the low
 Pile :
 And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
 Shall woingly embrace it ; and green moss
 Creep round its arms through centuries un-
 born.

XLI.

NEW CHURCH-YARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf ar-
 rayed,
 Is now by solemn consecration given
 To social interests, and to favoring Heaven,
 And where the rugged colts their gambols
 played,
 And wild deer bounded through the forest
 glade,
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and
 even ;
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's
 spade
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture
 small,
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe !
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and
 flow ;—
 The spousal trembling, and the "dust to
 dust,"
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the
 trust
 That to the Almighty Father looks through
 all,

XLII.

CATHEDRALS.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles !
 Types of the spiritual Church which God
 hath reared ;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous
 aisles
 To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower
 grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the
 will
 By a bright ladder to the world above.
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divine ! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !
 Thou, stately York ! and Ye, whose splen-
 dors cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear !

XLIII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who
 planned—
 Albeit laboring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence !
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects
 the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the
 sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching
 roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand
 cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music
 dwells
 Lingering—and wandering on as loth to
 die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth
 proof
 That they were born for immortality. }

XLIV.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our
 sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows
 hide

Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
 In the soft checkerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—
 But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
 The music bursteth into second life;
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV.

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours
 of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to
 roam;
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing
 foam
 melts, if it cross the threshold; where the
 wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my
 path
 lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like
 dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall
 spread
 As now, when She hath also seen her breast
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVI.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came
 on nial duty, clothed with love divine,

That made his human tabernacle shine
 Like Ocean burning with purpleal flame;
 Or like the Alpine Mount that takes its
 name
 From roseate hues, far kened at morn and
 even,
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is
 driven
 Along the nether region's rugged frame!
 Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek
 the light,
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun
 When first our infant brows their lustre won;
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more
 bright
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
 At the approach of all-involving night.

XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the
 WORD
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith ex-
 plored,
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall
 unfold
 His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that
 Stream behold,
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have
 passed
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
 Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my
 Soul!
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
 The living Waters, less and less by gunt
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
 Till they have reached the eternal City--
 built
 For the perfected Spirits of the just!

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS.

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON
THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL
OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1834.

I.

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.]

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow ;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet
day,

Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling ;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden ;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden,

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on
In foamy agitation ;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation :

No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthraling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the morn of youth
With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy ;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment !
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
For hope and calm enjoyment ;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded ;
And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot

For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;
 May classic Fancy, linking
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O! while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,
 May Health return to mellow Age
 With strength her venturous brother ;
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill
 Renowned in song and story,
 With unimagined beauty shine,
 Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
 By tales of love and sorrow,
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
 Wherever they invite Thee,
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine
 Such looks of love and honor
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me
 When first I gazed upon her ;
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days,
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer ?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localized Romance
 Plays false with our affections ;
 Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
 For fanciful dejections :
 Oh, no ! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is—our changeful Life,
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred ;
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark enter'd ;
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last !)
 Ere he is Tale recounted.

Flow on forever, Yarrow Stream !
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future Bards should chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty ;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine,
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine !

II.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER
 SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping
 rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple
 height :
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
 For kindred Power departing from their
 sight ;
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a
 blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for
 the night
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him
 goes ;
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror
 knows,
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !

III.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF
 SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged
 steep
 That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard
 lies ;
 The hare's best couching-place for fearless
 sleep ;
 Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous
 eyes,
 Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
 No vestige now remains ; yet thither creep
 Bereft ones, and in lowly anguish weep
 Their prayers out to the wind and naked
 skies.

Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured
knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are
seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighboring thickets
ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

IV.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE
SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing
hills—
Among the happiest-looking homes of men
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep
glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark
that trills
His sky-born warblings—does aught meet
your ken
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the
Abode
Of the good Priest? who, faithful through
all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and
flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

V.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING
A STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist;—a clank
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell
To mark some change of service. As the
swell
Of music reached its height, and even when
sank
The notes in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous
roof,
Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-proof,
Though Christian rites be wanting! From
what bank
Came these live herbs? by what hand were
they sown
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem
unknown?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche

Share with their sculptured fellows, that,
green-grown,
Copy their beauty more and more, and
preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into
one.

VI.

THE TROSACHS.

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn
Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn
gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at Eve. From scenes of art
which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watch
ful eyes
Feed it mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear
than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice
happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The Pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught
lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest

VII.

The pibroch's note, discountenanced or
mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
The target mouldering like ungathered
fruit;
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's
head— [root,
All speak of manners withering to the
And of old honors, too, and passions high:
Then may we ask, though pleased that
thought should range
Among the conquests of civility,
Survives imagination—to the change
Superior? Help to virtue does she give?
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

VIII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.
"THIS Land of Rainbows spanning glens
whose walls,
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-colored
mists—

Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood
never rests—

Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls—
Of Mountains varying momentarily their
crests—

Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts
are halls

Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;
While native song the heroic Past recalls.”

Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must
hide

Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of
pride

Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to
tread.

IX.

EAGLES.—COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CAS-
TLE IN THE BAY OF OBAN.

DISHONORED Rock and Ruin! that, by
law

Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.

Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last
I saw

Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with
awe

Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort
paired,

From a bold headland, their loved aery's
guard,

Flew high above Atlantic waves to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when
his plumes

The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes

His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live
free,

His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

X.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion,
throw

Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by
the ancient tongue

On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
Spots where a word, ghost like, survives to
show

What crimes from hate, or desperate love,
have sprung:

From honor misconceived, or fancied
wrong,

What feuds, not quenched but fed by mu-
tual woe.

Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, un-
tamed

By civil arts and labors of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce
Men,

Who, to spread wide the reverence they
claimed

For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering Peaks, “Shepherds of Etive
Glen?”*

XI.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian
creek,

And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!

Ours couch on naked rocks,—will cross a
brook

Sworn with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought

More than by smoothest pathway may be
brought

Into a vacant mind. Can written book

Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Moun-
taineer!

And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One

Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,

On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and
hear

To what dread powers He delegates his
part

On earth, who works in the heaven of
heavens, alone.

XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED
MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE,
NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave,
in strains

Thoughtful and sad, the “narrow house.”
No style

Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile

Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he de-
tains

The sleeping dust, stern Death. How rec-
oncile

With truth, or with each other, decked re-
mains

Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile

* In Gaelic, *Buachail Eite*.

For the departed, built with curious pains,
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand
 Together,—mid trim walks and artful
 bowers,
 To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
 That, for the living and the dead, demand
 And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
 Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

XIII.

“REST AND BE THANKFUL.”—AT THE
 HEAD OF GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious
 walk,
 Who, that has gained at length the wished-
 for Height,
 This brief, this simple way-side Call can
 slight,
 And rests not thankful? Whether cheered
 by talk
 With some loved friend, or by the unseen
 hawk
 Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams,
 that shine
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
 Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
 Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs re-
 pose,
 Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
 And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's
 sweep,—
 So may the Soul, through powers that
 Faith bestows,
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss
 that Angels share.

XIV.

HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-
 built Cot,
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how
 it may,
 Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
 Like wreaths of vapor without stain or
 blot.
 The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;
 And why shouldst thou?—If rightly trained
 and bred,
 Humanity is humble, finds no spot
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to
 tread.
 The walls are racked, sunk is the flowery
 roof,

Undressed the pathway leading to the door;
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
 Search, for their worth, some gentle heart
 wrong-proof,
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials
 fewer,
 Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof!

XV.

THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

The exact resemblance which the old Broach
 (still in use, though rarely met with, among
 the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula
 must strike every one, and concurs, with the
 plaid and kilt, to recall to mind the com-
 munication which the ancient Romans had
 with this remote country.

IF to Tradition faith be due,
 And echoes from old verse speak true,
 Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,
 No common light of nature blessed
 The mountain region of the west,
 A land where gentle manners ruled
 O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,
 That raised, for centuries, a bar
 Impervious to the tide of war:
 Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
 Where haughty Force had striven in vain;
 And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,
 By wanderers brought from foreign lands
 And various climes, was not unknown
 The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;
 The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
 Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
 The silver Broach of massy frame,
 Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
 On road or path, or at the door
 Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor:
 But delicate of yore its mould,
 And the material finest gold;
 As might beseem the fairest Fair,
 Whether she graced a royal chair,
 Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
 No fancied lustre on the wall
 Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
 While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired—it slept
 Deep in its tomb:—the bramble crept
 O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod
 Grew on the floors his sons had trod:
 Malvina! where art thou? Their state
 The noblest-born must abdicate;

The fairest, while with fire and sword
Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
By ruder hands in homelier vest.
Yet still the female bosom lent,
And loved to borrow, ornament ;
Still was its inner world a place
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace ;
Still pity to this last retreat
Clove fondly ; to his favorite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age ;
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man ;
For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as might befall—
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial :
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow ;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay ;
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
In which the castle once took pride !
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared ;
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.

Lo ! busy towns spring up, on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
Among the novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapors, years have rolled and spread ;
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shall yield no light of love or praise ;
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might
Entombs, or forces into light ;
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriended Antiquity,

And clears Oblivion from reproach,
May render back the Highland Broach.*

XVI.

THE BROWNIE.

Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighborhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "The Brownie." See "The Brownie's Cell," p. 265, to which the following is a sequel.

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt
and toad ;
Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell
How he was found, cold as an icicle,
Under an arch of that forlorn abode ;
Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering
flood
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared
to try
Privation's worst extremities, and die
With no one near save the omnipresent God
Verily so to live was an awful choice—
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom ;
But in the mould of mercy all is cast
For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice ;
And this forgotten Taper to the last
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful
gloom.

XVII.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING
STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the
birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Day-light, fled
from earth,

* How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

In the gray sky hath left his lingering
 Ghost,
 Perplexed as if between a splendor lost
 And splendor slowly mustering. Since the
 Sun,
 The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
 Relinquished half his empire to the host
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee
 Touching, as now, in thy humility
 The mountain borders of this seat of care,
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,
 Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

XVIII.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(PASSED UNSEEN ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY
 WEATHER.)

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times
 the Brave
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
 Once on those steeps / roamed at large, and
 have
 In mind the landscape, as if still in sight ;
 The river glides, the woods before me wave ;
 Then why repine that now in vain I crave
 Needless renewal of an old delight ?
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day
 For joy its sunny hours were free to give
 Than blame the present, that our wish hath
 crost.
 Memory, like sleep, hath powers which
 dreams obey,
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive :
 How little that she cherishes is lost !

XIX.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN,
 AT HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood
 And fresh with rivers, well did it become
 The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
 To naturalize this tawny Lion brood ;
 Children of Art, that claim strange brother-
 hood
 (Couched in their den) with those that roam
 at large
 Over the burning wilderness, and charge
 The wind with terror while they roar for
 food.
 Sate are *these* ; and stilled to eye and
 ear ;

Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring
 fear !
 Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
 Daunt him—if his Companions, now be-
 drowsed
 Outstretched and listless, were by hunger
 roused ;
 Man placed him here, and God, he knows,
 can save.

XX.

THE AVON.

(A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.)

AVON—a precious, an immortal name !
 Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
 Like this unheard-of, and their channels
 wear
 Like this contented, though unknown to
 Fame :
 For great and sacred is the modest claim
 Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they
 flow :
 And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they
 go,
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding with-
 out blame.
 But Praise can waste her voice on work of
 tears,
 Anguish, and death : full oft where innocent
 blood
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears :
 Never for like distinction may the good
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with un-
 pleased ears.

XXI.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMI-
 NENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
 Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to
 flood :
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has
 shone ;
 Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be
 none,
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell
 might reign
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive
 again,
 To kill for merry feast their venison.
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
 His church with monumental wreck be
 strown ;

The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
That he may watch by night, and lessons
con
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

XXII.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne
affixed
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
Among its withering topmost branches
mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part
Each desperately sustaining, till at last
Both sank and died, the life veins of the
chased
And chaser bursting here with one dire
smart.
Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!
High was the trophy hung with pitiless
pride;
Sav, rather, with that generous sympathy
That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a
seat;
And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-
HORN TREE!

XXIII.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove
Their last embrace; beside those crystal
springs
The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings
For instant flight; the sage in yon alcove
Sate musing, on that hill the Bard would
rove,
Not mute, where now the linnet only sings:
Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,
Or Fancy localizes Powers we love.
Were only History licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments
Would ill suffice for persons and events:
There is an ampler page for man to quote,
A readier book of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIV.

COUNTESS' PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby,
there stands a pillar with the following in-
scription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656,

by Ame Countess Dowager of Pembroke,
&c., for a memorial of her last parting with
her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dow-
ager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616:
in memory whereof she hath left an annuity
of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the
parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April
forever, upon the stone table placed hard by
Laus Deo!"]

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the end
of time

May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest
clime!

"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *forever!*

"LAUS DEO." Many a Stranger passing
by

Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavor;
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-
glazed,

Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God be
praised!"

XXV.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD
PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull!
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
To have no seat for thought were better
doom,

Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are
they?

Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?—
Mere Fibulae without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals

XXVI.

APOLOGY

FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
Abrupt—as without preconceived design
Was the beginning; yet the several *Lays*

Have moved in order, to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent—like those Shapes distinct

That yet survive ensculptured on the walls
Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,
As might beseech a stately embassy,
In set array; these bearing in their hands
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gitt to be presented at the throne
Of the Great King; and others, as they go
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.

Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred
Power,
The Spirit of humanity, disdain
A ministration humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by every Muse
Its impuise took—that sorrow-stricken door,
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,

Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings
flowed,
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
From kindred sources; while around us
sighed

(Life's three first seasons having passed
away)

Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprink-
lings fell

(Foretaste of winter) on the moorland
heights;

And every day brought with it tidings new
Of rash change, ominous for the public
weal.

Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
Which may itself be cherished and caressed
More than enough; a fault so natural

(Even with the young, the hopeful, or the
gay)

For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

I.

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with fall-
ing dews.

Look for the stars, you'll say that there are
none;

Look up a second time, and, one by one,
You mark them twinkling out with silvery
light,

And wonder how they could elude the sight!
The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
Warbled awhile with faint and fainter
powers,

But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
Nor does the village Church-clock's iron
tone

The time's and season's influence disown:
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
On fireside listeners, doubting what they
hear!

The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
Had closed his door before the day was
done,

And now with thankful heart to bed doth
creep,

And joins his little children in their sleep.

The bat, lured forth where trees the lane
o'ershade,

Flits and reflits along the close arcade;
The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
With burring note, which Industry and
Sloth [both

Might both be pleased with, for it suits them
A stream is heard—I see it not, but know
By its soft music whence the waters flow:

Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no
more; [shore

One boat there was, but it will touch the
With the next dipping of its slackened oar;
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
Might give to serious thought a moment's

sway,
As a last token of man's toilsome day!

1832.

II.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUM-
BERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY
THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a streaming
fire,

Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams,
 Look round;—of all the clouds not one is moving;
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.
 Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie:—
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?
 No; 'tis the earth voice of the mighty sea,
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to rebuke
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
 And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood
 Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
 Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
 For the brief course that must for me remain;
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
 In admonitions of thy softest voice!
 What'er the path these mortal feet may trace,
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,
 Glad to expand; and, for a season, free
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!
 1833.

III.

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest;
 Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer strives,
 Only a heaving of the deep survives,
 A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,
 And by the tide alone the water swayed.
 Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild
 Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
 Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
 The soothing recompense, the welcome change,

Where now the ships that drove before the blast,
 Threatened by angry breakers as they passed;
 And by a train of flying clouds bemocked;
 Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
 As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,
 Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease;
 And some, too heedless of past danger, court
 Fresh gales to wait them to the far-off port;
 But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
 Not one of all those winged powers is seen,
 Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard;
 Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred
 By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,

Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;
 A sea-born service through the mountain felt
 Till into one loved vision all things melt;
 Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound

The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
 And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
 With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.
 Hush, not a voice is here! but why forpeth,
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine

On British waters with that look benign?
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
 May silent thanks at least to God be given
 With a full heart; "our thoughts are heard
 in heaven!"

1833.

IV.

NOT in the lucid intervals of life
 That come but as a curse to party strife;
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave—

Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
 Which practised talent readily affords,
 Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;

Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
 With genuine rapture and with fervent love
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
 Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake;

Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent

Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who is innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.

To all that Earth from pensive hearts is
stealing,
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes re-
vealing,

Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo—
Care may be respited, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts
cease,

Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To all the distempered Intellect refuse
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

1834.

v.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

The linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and
again

The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the
copse

Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig
or nest,

(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of mazy hoverings
Around their ancient grove) with cawing
noise

Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so
strong

That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where word or stream by thee was never
greeted.

Surely, for fairest spots of favored lands,
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous
hands,

This hour of deepening darkness here would
be

As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of
Night:

A dawn she has both beautiful and bright,
When the East kindles with the full moon's
light

Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow
Of solemn splendor, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress
led,

For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green
Vale

Fairer than a Temple! Yet, sweet Nightingale!
From the warm breeze that bears thee on,
alight

At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk content with Nature's way,
God's goodness—measuring bounty as it
may:

For whom the gravest thought of what they
miss,

Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

1834.

vi.

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the
Mere

Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!

But, from the process in that still retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;

Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green,
That, while the sun rode high, was lost be-
neath their dazzling sheen.

—An emblem this of what the sober Hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!
Thus oft, when we in vain have wish'd away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his
post)

And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time and place,
 When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace;
 Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
 Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend;
 If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,
 "I come to open out, for fresh display,
 The elastic vanities of yesterday?"
 1834.

VII.

TIME leaves that rustied on this oak-crowned hill,
 And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;
 Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower
 Soft shades and dews have shed their blended
 On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;
 Sound is there none at which the faintest heart
 Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;
 Save when the Owllet's unexpected scream
 Pierces the ethereal vault; and (mid the gleam
 Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,
 From the hushed vale's realities, transferred
 To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
 Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave Creature!—whether, while the moon shines bright
 On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
 Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
 Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;
 Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy mew
 At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
 Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod
 Deep in a forest, thy secure abode
 Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,
 A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts—
 May the night never come, nor day be seen,
 When I shall scorn thy voice, or mock thy mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul
 Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!
 Thee Athens revered in the studious grove;

And, near the golden sceptre grasped by
 Love,
 His Eagle's favorite perch, while round him sate
 The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
 Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side:—
 Hark to that second larum!—far and wide,
 The elements have heard, and rock and cave
 replied.
 1834.

VIII.

[This *Impromptu* appeared, many years ago, among the Author's poems, from which, in subsequent editions, it was excluded. It is reprinted, at the request of the Friend in whose presence the lines were thrown off.]

THE sun has long been set,
 The stars are out by twos and threes,
 The little birds are piping yet
 Among the bushes and trees;
 There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
 And a far-off wind that rushes,
 And a sound of water that gushes,
 And the cockoo's sovereign cry
 Fills all the hollow of the sky.
 Who would "go parading"
 In London, "and masquerading,"
 On such a night of June
 With that beautiful soft half-moon,
 On all these innocent blisses?
 On such a night as this is!
 1804.

IX.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY

I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared
 With flying haste, I might have sent,
 Among the speechless clouds, a look
 Of blank astonishment;
 But 'tis endued with power to stay,
 And sanctify one closing day,
 That frail Mortality may see—
 What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!
 Time was when field and watery cove
 With modulated echoes rang,
 While choirs of fervent Angels sang
 Their vespers in the grove;
 Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign
 height,
 Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
 Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,

Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimier transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

II.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony prevades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purple Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is
spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III.

And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend!
—Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heavenward
raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look
abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are
bound!
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy
ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,

Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness
serve

No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From THEE if I would swerve;
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth!
—'Tis past, the visionary splendor fades;
And night approaches with her shades.*
1818.

X.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued ro-
gret,
How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is
cast
On the relentless sea that holds him fast
On chance dependent, and the fickle star
Of power, through long and melancholy
war.
O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
Daily to think on old familiar doors,
Hearthis loved in childhood, and ancestral
floors;
Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
To ruminate on that delightful home
Which with the dear Betrothèd *was* to
come;
Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye
Never but in the world of memory;
Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest
range

* The multiplication of mountain-ridges, de-
scribed at the commencement of the thirds
Stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Lad-
der, leading to Heaven, is produced either by
watery vapors, or sunny haze;—in the present
instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the
Ode, entitled "Intimations of Immortality,"
pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem

is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of
change,
And if not so, whose perfect joy makes
sleep
A thing too bright for breathing man to
keep.
Flail to the virtues which that perilous life
Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;
And welcome glory won in battles fought
As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.
But to each gallant Captain and his crew
A less imperious sympathy is due,
Such as my verse now yields, while moon-
beams play
On the mute sea in this unruffled bay;
Such as will promptly flow from every
breast,
Where good men, disappointed in the
quest
Of wealth and power and honors, long for
rest;
Or, having known the splendors of success,
Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

XI.

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between—
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the
Queen?

XII.

TO THE MOON.

(COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,—ON THE
COAST OF CUMBERLAND.)

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and
com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and silence to par-
take,
So might it seem, the cares of them that
wake;
And, through the cottage-lattice softly
peeping,
Dost shield from harm the humblest of the
sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those
sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat
shore

Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S
FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through thee
made known
By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and
mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in life's
prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to
clime,
Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labor's
sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding
Streams,
Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy
beams;
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, checkering peaceably the minster's
gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's
tomb;
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated
cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet
hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapory streaks and clouds
that move
Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of
day,
And make the serious happier than the
gay?
Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly
bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human
heart,
For healing and composure.—But, at least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea

Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty ;
 So shines that countenance with especial grace
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace
 Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
 With some internal lights to memory dear,
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek ;
 A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
 Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave ;
 Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
 Swept by a favoring wind that leaves thought free,
 Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
 And nothing save the moving ship's own light
 To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
 Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
 And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S
 FRIEND !
 1835.

◆
XIII.

TO THE MOON.

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,
 That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
 When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
 Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
 Alternate empire in the shades below—
 A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
 Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
 With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
 From the close confines of a shadowy vale.

Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
 Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
 Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
 And all those attributes of modest grace,
 In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
 Down to the green earth fetched thee from thy sphere,
 To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear !

O still below'd (for thine, meek Power, are charms
 That fascinate the very Babe in arms
 While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
 Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)
 O still below'd, once worshipp'd ! Time, that frowns
 In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
 Spares thy mild splendor ; still those far-shot beams
 Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
 With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
 Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays :
 And through dark trials still dost thou explore
 The way for increase punctual as of yore,
 When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith
 In mysteries of birth and life and death
 And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed
 Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
 What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains ;
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
 Love to promote and purity and peace :
 And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress ! let us—not blind
 To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
 Of Science laid them open to mankind—
 Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
 God's glory ; and acknowledging thy share
 In that blest charge ; let us—without offence
 To aught of highest, holiest, influence—

Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.

May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,

Learn from thy course, where'er their own
be taken,

"To look on tempests, and be never
shaken;"

1835.

To keep with faithful step the appointed
way

Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range

Gently to brook decline and fatal change ;
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier
scope,

Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope !

POEMS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven, thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona, and back towards England by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-shire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

I.

ADIEU Rydalian Laurels ! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might
come

When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic
crown

To sue the God ; but, haunting your green
shade

All seasons through, is humbly pleased to
braid

Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship,
self-sown.

Farewell ! no Minstrels now with harp new
strung

For summer wandering quit their household
bowers ;

Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II.

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying
through this Isle

Repine as if his hour were come too late ?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,

Antiquity salutes him with a smile,

'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund
toil,

And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined
Co-mate

Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.

Fair Land ! by time's parental love made
free,

By Social Order's watchful arms embraced ;
With unexampled union meet in thee,

For eye and mind, the present and the past ;
With golden prospect for futurity,

If that be revered which ought to last.

III.

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in
old time ;

A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime ;

And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st
the same

Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief ; though some

there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a
snare

For inattentive fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can

I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask

For discontent, and poverty, and crime ;
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless
 will?
 Forbid it, Heaven!—and MERRY ENGLAND
 still
 Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and
 rhyme!

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge
 stones
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block :
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the
 groans :
 But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert
 named
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
 And the habitual murmur that atones
 For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as
 Spring
 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand
 thrones,
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie
 With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony :
 To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

V.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed,
 loved Stream!
 Thou near the eagle's nest—within brief
 sail,
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
 Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint
 the beam
 Of human life when first allowed to gleam
 On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though
 frail,
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
 Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath en-
 twined
 Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was
 worn,
 Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph
 borne
 With captives chained; and shedding from
 his car
 The sunset splendors of a finished war
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKER-
MOUTH.

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's
 remains are laid.)

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust,
 And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;
 And to those graves looking habitually
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
 Death to the innocent is more than just,
 And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
 So may I hope, if truly I repent
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
 And You, my Offspring! that do still re-
 main
 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual
 pain
 We breathed together for a moment's space,
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love ar-
 raign,
 And only love keep in your hearts a place.

VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKER-
MOUTH CASTLE.

"THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly
 think,
 Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
 We, differing once so much, are now Com-
 peers,
 Prepared, when each has stood his time, to
 sink
 Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
 United us; when thou, in boyish play,
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
 To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
 Of light was there;—and thus did I, thy
 Tutor,
 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with
 the grave;
 While thou wert chasing the wing'd butter-
 fly
 Through my green courts; or climbing, a
 bold suitor,
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty
 wave."

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle crowding round this beverage
 clear
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs
 have trod

The encircling turf into a barren clod ;
 Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
 Born to be lost on Derwent flowing near ;
 Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-stone cell
 Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's Well,"
 Name that first struck by chance my startled ear).
 A tender Spirit broods—the pensive shade
 Of ritual honors to this fountain paid
 By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer ;
 Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
 Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
 Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

IX.

TO A FRIEND.

(ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

PASTOR and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise
 These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
 For one who comes to watch them and to feed,
 A fixed Abode—keep down presageful sighs,
 Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,
 Perplex the Church ; but be thou firm,—be true
 To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
 Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
 Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke
 Of thy new hearth ; and sooner shall its wreaths,
 Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
 From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
 And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
 This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
 The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore ;
 And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore

Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed !
 And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
 Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
 When a soft summer gale at evening parts
 The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
 She smiled ; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
 Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
 With step preclusive to a long array
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay !

XI.

STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAM-BOAT OFF SAINT BEES' HEAD, ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

IF Life were slumber on a bed of down,
 Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
 Sad were our lot : no hunter of the hare
 Exults like him whose javelin from the lair
 Has roused the lion ; no one plucks the rose,
 Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blooms
 Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
 With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,
 For some rare plant, yon Headland of St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,
 This new indifference to brsr ze or gale,
 This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,
 And regular as if locked in certainty—
 Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the storm !
 That Courage may find something to perform ;
 That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze
 At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,
 Firm as the towering Headlands of St. Bees.
 Dread cliff of Baruth ! *that* wild wish may sleep,
 Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep
 Breathed the same element ; too many wrecks
 Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks

Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
Should here be welcome, and in verse en-
wrought :

With thy stern aspect better far agrees
Utterance of thanks that we have past with
ease,
As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of
St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her
store,
What boots the gain if Nature should lose
more,—

And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian
place

In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian
coast,

Tempestuous winds her holy errand
cross'd :

She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath
appease ;

And, from her vow well weighed in
Heaven's decrees,

Rose, where she touched the strand, the
Chantry of St. Bees.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,"
Who in these Wilds then struggled for
command ;

The strong were merciless, without hope
the weak ;

Till this bright Stranger came, fair as day-
break,

And as a cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength ;
Guidin' 'h mariner through troubled seas,
And cheering oft i' peaceful reveries,
Liked the fixed Light that crowns yon
Headland of St. Bees.

To aid the Votress, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles
achieved ;

So piety took root ; and Song might tell
What humanizing virtues near her cell
Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide
around ;

How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through
close trees,
From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of
love,
Was glorified, and took its place, above

The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly ; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot, that witnessed them,
with seeds

Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their
mute pleas,

And lo ! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St
Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry
fed ;

And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents ; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else
have slept,

Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred
ties

Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart ?

The prayer for them whose hour is past
away

Says to the Living, profit while ye may !
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the
keys

That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes
astray.

Ah scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify ;
Consume with zeal, in winged ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succor and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast ; nor do they grudge the
boon

Which staff and cockle hat and sandal
shoon

Claim for the pilgrim ; and, though chidings
sharp

May sometimes greet the strolling min-
strel's harp,

It is not then when, swept with sportive
ease,
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St.
Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Brethren's
voice,
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds
aside,
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!
Flaming till thou from Panyon hands re-
lease
That tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds from
far
Follow the fortunes which they may not
share.
While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere in-
vites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden
rights;
And wedded Life, through scriptural mys-
teries,
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St.
Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to
fill
With love of God, throughout the Land
were raised
Churches on whose symbolic beauty gazed
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious
awe;
As at this day men seeing what they saw,
Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
Aspire to more than earthly destinies;
Witness yon Pile that greets us from St.
Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches, gathered
Towns
Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty
frowns;
Peaceful abodes, where Justice might up-
hold
Her scales with even hand, and culture
mould

The heart to pity, train the mind in care
For rules of life, sound as the Time could
bear.

Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease,
Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
To bear thy part in this good work, St.
Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren
moors,
And to green meadows changed the swampy
shores?

Thinned the rank woods; and for the
cheerful grange
Made room where wolf and boar were used
to range?

Who taught, and showed by deeds, that
gentler chains
Should bind the vassal to his lord's do-
mains?

The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to
please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympa-
thies
Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St.
Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given
Through lawless will the Brotherhood was
driven

Forth from their cells; their ancient House
laid low

In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
But now once more the local Heart revives,
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.
Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy
seas,

And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age from Schools
Less humble draws her lessons, aims, and
rules.

To Prowess guided by her insight keen
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
She in her own would merge the eternal
will:

Better, if Reason's triumphs match with
these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teachings of St.
Bees.*

1833.

* See Excursion, seventh part; and Eccle-
siastical Sketches, second part, near the be-
ginning.

XII.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST
OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF
MAN.

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-
comb,
In his lone course the Shepherd oft will
pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or
gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he
draws
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the
cause,
He will take with him to the silent tomb.
Or, by his fire, a child upon his kneec,
Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith
was strong
And doubts and scruples seldom teased the
brain,
That no adventurer's bark had power to
gain
These shores if he approached them bent
on wrong ;
For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search,
though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song !
That age, when not by *laves* inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses
held ;
But element and orb on *acts* did wait
Of *Powers* endued with visible form, in-
stinct
With will, and to their work by passion
linked.

XIV.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall ?
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn
aside ?

No,—let this Age, high as she may, instab.
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's
fall,
The universe is infinitely wide ;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new
wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith ! canst overleap,
In progress toward the fount of Love,—the
throne
Of Power whose ministers the records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

XV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF
MAN.

“ Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.”

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Fides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
Just limits ; but yon Tower, whose smiles
adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all of-
fence ;
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms !
Spare, too, the human helpers ! Do they
stir
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to
die ?
No ; their dread service nerves the heart it
warms,
And they are led by noble HILLARY.

XVI.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling
Brine,
With wonder smit by its transparency
And all-enraptured with its purity ?—
Because the unstained, the clear, the crys-
talline,
Have ever in them something of benign ;
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain
well.
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm ;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle

To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee.*

XVII.

ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright
sea,

To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee
Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid
He, by the alluring element betrayed,
Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs
(and with sighs

Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was
frank,

Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
Nor aught that makes men's promises a
blank,
Or deadly snare: and he survives to bless
The Power that saved him in his strange
distress.

XVIII.

ISLE OF MAN.

DID pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
Grief that devouring waves had caused—or
guilt

Which they had witnessed, sway the man
who built

This Homestead, placed where nothing
could be seen,

Naught heard, of ocean troubled or serene!
A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,
That o'er the channel holds august com-
mand,

The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.
He, in disgust, turned from the neighboring
sea

To shun the memory of a listless life
That hung between two callings. May no
strife

More hurtful here beset him, doomed though
Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and
sky!

XIX.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless
Main,

My mind as restless and as apt to change;

* The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of
Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length a competence to gain:
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still re-
main.

Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
And hardships manifold did I endure,
For Fortune on me never deign'd to smile;
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
With just enough life's comforts to procure,
In a snug Cove on this our favored Isle,
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts
abound;

Then sure I have no reason to complain,
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still
remain.

XX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.)

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent pile en-
close,*

In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A gray-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly
fire

Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when
I note

The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the
beams

Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance
wrought,

I thank the silent Monitor, and say
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the
day!"

XXI.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal
mount

(Still marked with green turf circles narrow
ing

Stage above stage) would sit this Island's
King,

The laws to promulgate, enrobed and
crowned;

While, compassing the little mount around,
Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:
Now, like to things within fate's easiest
reach,

* Rushen Abbey.

The power is merged, the pond a grave has found.
 Off with yon cloud, old Snafell! that thine eye
 Over three Realms may take its widest range;
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
 If the whole State must suffer mortal change,
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXII.

DESPOND who will—I heard a voice exclaim,
 "Though fierce the assault, and shatter'd the defence,
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
 The glorious work of time and providence,
 Before a flying season's rash pretence,
 Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
 Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
 The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of doom
 To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:
 Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams,
 sweep on,
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

XXIII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG,
 DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY
 17.

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
 Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's
 eclipse,
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
 Towering above the sea and little ships;
 For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
 Each for her haven; with her freight of
 Care,
 Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom
 looks
 Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;

Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth
 of books,
 Or aught that watchful Love to Nature
 owes
 For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or
 transient Shows.

XXIV.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE,
 (IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
 A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,
 Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
 Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
 Built for the air, or wingèd Hippogriff?
 That he might fly, where no one could
 pursue,
 From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
 And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
 impotent wish! which reason would despise
 If the mind knew no union of extremes,
 No natural bond between the boldest schemes
 Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.
 Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale
 lies,
 And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams

XXV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

(See former series, p. 385.)

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or
 moor
 Perchance had flown, delivered by the
 storm;
 Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the
 worm;
 Him found we not: but, climbing a tall
 tower,
 There saw, impav'd with rude fidelity
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
 An Eagle with stretched wings, but beam-
 less eye—
 An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
 Effigy of the Vanished—(shall I dare
 To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
 And of the 'towering courage which past
 times
 Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share
 Not undeserv'd, of the memorial rhymes
 That animate my way where'er it leads!

XXVI.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew,
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped
 Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.

Now, near his master's house in open view
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests
 howl,
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic
 fowl,
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
 Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The
 roe,
 Flect as the west wind, is for *him* no
 quarry;
 Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
 Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird!
 even so
 Doth man of brother man a creature make
 That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVII.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MAC-
 PHERSON'S OSSIAN.

OFt have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
 Fragments of far-off melodies,
 With ear not coveting the whole,
 A part so charmed the pensive soul
 While a dark storm before my sight
 Was yielding, on a mountain height
 Loose vapors have I watched, that won
 Prismatic colors from the sun;
 Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
 The image of its perfect bow.
 What need, then, of these finished Strains,
 Away with counterfeit Remains!
 An abbey in its lone recess,
 A temple of the wilderness,
 Wrecks though they be, announce with
 feeling

The majesty of honest dealing
 Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
 In language thou may'st yet be found,
 If aught (intrusted to the pen
 Or floating on the tongues of men,
 Albeit shattered and impaired)
 Subsist thy dignity to guard,
 In concert with memorial claim
 Of old gray stone, and high-born name
 That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
 Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
 Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
 Interpret that Original,
 And for presumptuous wrongs atone;
 Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
 Pyramid pointing to the stars,
 Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
 On all that marked the primal flight
 Of the poetic ecstasy

Into the land of mystery.
 No tongue is able to rehearse
 One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;
 Mææus, stationed with his lyre
 Supreme among the Elysian quire,
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
 Why grieve for these, though past away
 The music, and extinct the lay?
 When thousands, by severer doom,
 Full early to the silent tomb
 Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
 From hope and promise, self betrayed;
 The garland withering on their brows;
 Stung with remorse for broken vows;
 Frantic—else how might they rejoice?
 And friendless, by their own sad choice!

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
 I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
 Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
 Whose lofty genius could survive
 Privation, under sorrow thrive;
 In whom the fiery Muse revered
 The symbol of a snow-white beard,
 Bedewed with meditative tears
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul! though distant times
 Produced you nursed in various climes,
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
 A plenitude of love retained:
 Hence, while in you each sad regret
 By corresponding hope was met,
 Ye lingered among human kind,
 Sweet voices for the passing wind;
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
 Though smiling on the last hill top!
 Such to the tender-hearted maid
 Even ere her joys begin to fade;
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
 The Son of Fingal; such was blind
 Mæonides of ampler mind;
 Such Milton, to the fountain head
 Of glory by Urania led!

1824.

XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
 Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight,
 How *could* we feel it? each the other's
 blight,
 Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.

O for those motions only that invite
 The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
 By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
 Softly embosoming the timid light!
 And by *one* Votary who at will might stand
 Gazing and take into his mind and heart,
 With undistracted reverence, the effect
 Of those proportions where the almighty
 hand
 That made the worlds, the sovereign Arch-
 itect,
 Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

XXIX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED

THANKS for the Lessons of this Spot—fit
 school
 For the presumptuous thoughts that would
 assign
 Mechanic laws to agency divine;
 And, measuring heaven by earth, would
 over-rule
 Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
 Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
 Might seem designed to humble man, when
 proud
 Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
 Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic
 weight
 Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
 And flashing to that Structure's topmost
 height,
 Ocean has proved its strength, and of its
 grace
 In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
 Of softest music some responsive place.

XXX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and
 claims
 In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
 Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the
 spot,
 Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin
 Frames,
 And, by your mien and bearing, knew your
 names;
 And they could hear *his* ghostly song who
 trod
 Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
 While he struck his desolate harp without
 hopes or aims.
 Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;

Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread
 law
 Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they
 saw,
 Not by black arts but magic natural!
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a
 Chief.

XXXI.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS
 AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,
 Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers
 that brave
 What Summer here escapes not, the fierce
 wave,
 And whole artillery of the western blast,
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn
 nave
 Smiting, as if each moment were their last,
 But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and archi-
 trave
 Survive, and once again the Pile stands
 fast:
 Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure
 With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
 Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his
 hours,
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXXII.

IONA.

ON to Iona!—What can she afford
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
 Heaved over ruin with stability
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and
 Time's Lord)
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom; but
 why,
 Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their des-
 tiny?
 And when, subjected to a common doom
 Of mutability, those farfamed Piles
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
 While heaven's vast sea of voices chants
 their praise.

XXXIII.

IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the
shore

Where once came monk and nun with gentle
stir,

Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Phi-
losopher!

Fallen though she be, this Glory of the
west,

Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine;
And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright
than thine,

A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine,
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."

XXXIV.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's Voyage among the Western
Isles.]

HERE on their knees men swore: the stones
were black,

Black in the people's minds and words, yet
they

Were at that time, as now, in color gray.
But what is color, if upon the rack

Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that
lack

Concord with oaths? What differ night and
day

Then, when before the Perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance
crack

Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead
whom

He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane?
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a
doom;

And, from invisible worlds at need laid
bare,

Come links for social order's awful chain.

XXXV.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's
Cell,

Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark

(Kindled from Heaven between the light
and dark

Of time) shone like the morning-star, fare-
well!—

And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark
For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
When with more hues than in the rainbow
dwell

Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil.
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold
with fold,

Makes known, when thou no longer canst
be seen,

Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching
sail.

XXXVI.

GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

WE have not passed into a doleful City,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named "the Jaws of
Hell:"

Where be the wretched ones, the sights for
pity?

These crowded streets resound no plaintive
ditty:—

As from the hive where bees in summer
dwell,

Sorrow seems here excluded; and that
knell,

It neither damps the gay, nor checks the
witty.

Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,

Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks
were thrones;

Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy
stones,

The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and
pride.

XXXVII.

"THERE!" said a Stripling, pointing with
meet pride

Towards a low roof with green trees half
concealed,

"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very
field

Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy." Far
and wide

A plain below stretched seaward, while,
descried
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose ;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath "the random *field* of clod or
stone"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural
hour
Have passed away ; less happy than the
One
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to
prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

XXXVIII.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN ! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying
mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet
name :
Yet fetched from Paradise that honor came,
Rightfully borne ; for Nature gives thee
flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers ;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their
fame.
Measuring thy course, fair Stream ! at
length I pay
To my life's neighbor dues of neighbor-
hood ;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by this thought
restrained,—
For things far off we toil, while many a
good
Not sought, because too near, is never
gained.

XXXIX.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD

(by Nollekens.)

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY,
ON THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap, lies
dead
Her new-born Babe ; dire ending of bright
hope !
But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised
that head

So patiently ; and through one hand has
spread
A touch so tender for the insensate Child—
(Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled)—
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled and
cheered ;
Feel with the Mother, think the severed
Wife
Is less to be lamented than revered ;
And own that Art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

XL.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.

TRANQUILLITY ! the sovereign aim wert
thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lore ;
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
The Tragic Muse thee served with thought-
ful vow ;
And what of hope Elysium could allow
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the Mourner. But when He who
wore
The crown of thorns around the bleeding
brow
Warmed our sad being with celestial light,
Then Arts which still had drawn a softening
grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that Idea face to face :
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XLI.

NUNNFY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be
weary ;
Down from the Pennine Alps * how fierce-
ly sweeps
CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary !
He raves, or through some moody passage
creeps
Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through regions
airy,
That voice which soothed the Nuns while on
the steps
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful
Mary.
That union ceased : then, cleaving easy walks

* The chain of Crossfell.

Through crags, and smoothing paths beset
with danger,
Came studious Taste; and many a pensive
stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery
Dell?
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!

XLII.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at
war

With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace

Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and
Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother
Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered
crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sub-
lime.

XLIII.

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED
LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS,
NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and
stature scorn

The power of years — pre-eminent, and
placed

Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of
Night;

Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the
infinite,

The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

XLIV.

LOWTHER.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic Pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the sword
Of ancient honor; whence that goodly state
Of polity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking thoughts
is scorned.

Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolize; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's
Glory!

XLV.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of
signs

On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame agree
Fortitude, and that Christian Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.
And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS
THE MAN;"

That searching test thy public course has
stood;

As will be owned alike by bad and good,
Soon as the measuring of life's little span
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.

XLVI.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower*
At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!

* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.

And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site, whereon
The Pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days
A stern-brow'd house appeared;
Foil to a Jewel rich in light
There set, and guarded well;
Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cage,
To make this Gem their own,
Came Barons bold, with store of gold,
And Knights of high renown;
But one She prized, and only one;
Sir Eglamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
That all but love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play;
Doubt came not, nor regret—
To trouble hours that winged their ray,
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long
Sequester'd with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of foes.
“A conquering lance is beauty's test,
And proves the Lover true;”
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
The drooping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread regions errant;
A knight of proof in love's behoof,
The thirst of fame his warrant:
And She her happiness can build
On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and
shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
Her Champion's praise recounted;

Though brain would swim, and eyes grow
dim,
And high her blushes mounted;
Or when a bold heroic lay
She warbled from full heart;
Delighted blossoms for the *May*
Of absence! but they will not stay,
Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
Whatever path he chooses;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
Received the light hers loses.
He comes not back; an ampler space
Requires for nobler deeds;
He ranges on from place to place,
Till of his doings is no trace,
But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
Her spirit finds its centre;
Clear sight She has of what he was,
And that would now content her.
“Still is he my devoted Knight?”
The tear in answer flows;
Month falls on month with heavier weight.
Day sickens round her, and the night
Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,
Deep sighs with quick words blending,
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
With fancied spots contending;
But *she* is innocent of blood,—
The moon is not more pure
That shines aloft, while through the wood
She thrids her way, the sounding Flood
Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
And owls alone are waking,
In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
The downward pathway taking,
That leads her to the torrent's side
And to a holly bower;
By whom on this still night descried?
By whom in that lone place espied?
By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
His coming step has thwarted,
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
Within whose shade they parted.
Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!
Perplexed her fingers seem,
As if they from the holly tree
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
 To violate the Tree,
 Thought Eglamore, by which I swore
 Unfading constancy?
 Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
 To her I left, shall prove
 That bliss is ne'er so surely won
 As when a circuit has been run
 Of valor, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
 He moved with stealthy pace;
 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
 He recognized the face;
 And whispers caught, and speeches small,
 Some to the green-leaved tree,
 Some muttered to the torrent-fall;—
 "Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
 I heard, and so may He!"

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
 If Emma's Ghost it were,
 Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
 Her very self stood there.
 He touched; what followed who shall tell?
 The soft touch snapped the thread
 Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
 And the Stream whirled her down the dell
 Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight!—when on firm
 ground
 The rescued Maiden lay,
 Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
 Confusion passed away;
 She heard, ere to the throne of grace
 Her faithful Spirit flew,
 His voice—beheld his speaking face;
 And, dying, from his own embrace,
 She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
 Brief words may speak the rest;
 Within the dell he built a cell,
 And there was Sorrow's guest;
 In hermits' weeds repose he found,
 From vain temptations free,
 Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,
 And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
 Nor fear memorial lays,
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
 Are edged with golden rays!
 Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
 Though minister of sorrow;

Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow I
 1833.

XLVII.

TO CORDELIA M——, HALLSTEAD'S, ULLS-
 WATER

NOT in the mines beyond the western main,
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
 Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has
 wrought
 Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
 Nor is it silver of romantic Spain,
 But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was
 brought,
 Our own domestic mountain. Thing and
 thought
 Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,
 Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler
 being.
 Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
 (Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright
 cord,
 What witchery, for pure gifts of inward
 seeing,
 Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's
 Lord,
 For precious tremblings in your bosom
 found!

XLVIII.

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or
 none,
 While a fair region round the traveller lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon;
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
 If Thought and Love desert us, from that
 day
 Let us break off all commerce with the
 Muse:
 With Thought and Love companions of
 our way,
 Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her
 dews
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

I.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"WHY, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?"

Where are your books? — that light be-
queathed

To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind

You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply.

"The eye — it cannot choose but see:
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking!

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

1798.

II.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUB-
JECT.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

1798.

III.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green
bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreathes ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?
1798.

IV.

A CHARACTER.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find
space
For so many strange contrasts in one human
face :
There's thought and no thought, and there's
paleness and bloom
And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure and
gloom.

There's weakness, and strength both redun-
dant and vain ;
Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain
Could pierce through a temper that's soft to
disease,
Would be rational peace—a philosopher's
ease.

There's indifference, altho when he fails or
succeeds,
And attention full ten times as much as
there needs ;
Pride where there's no envy, there's so much
of joy :
And mildness, and spirit both forward and
coy.

There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident
stare
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that
she's there,
There's virtue, the title it surely may claim,
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy
the name.

This picture from nature may seem to de-
part,
Yet the Man would at once run away with
your heart ;
And I for five centuries right gladly would
be
Such an odd, such a kind happy creature as
he.
1800.

V.

TO MY SISTER.

It is the first mild day of March :
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air.
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign ;
Come forth and feel the sun

Edward will come with you ;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar :
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man from man to earth :
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason :
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey :
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls :
They shall be tuned to love

Then come, my Sister ! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

1798.

VI.

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN :
WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS
CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry ;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo banded, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage ;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind ;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled, and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices ;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices !

But, oh the heavy change !—bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,
see !
Old Simon to the world is left

In liveried poverty.
His Master's dead,—and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick ;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swollen and thick ;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one :
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall :
Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger ;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do :
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labor could not ween them,
'Tis little, very little—all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader ! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring
O gentle Reader ! you would find
A tale in everything.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it
It is no tale ; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood
The mattock tottered in his hand ;
So vain was his endeavor,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked forever.

"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor old Man so long
And vainly had endeavored.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

1798.

VII.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

The Reader must be apprised, that the Stoves
in North Germany generally have the im-
pression of a galloping horse upon them, this
being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and
Norse!

Let me have the song of the kettle;
And the tongs and the poker, instead of
that horse

That gallops away with such fury and force
On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature! per-
haps

A child of the field or the grove;
And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous
heat

Has seduced the poor fool from his winter
retreat,

And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!

He cannot find out in what track he must
crawl,

Now back to the tiles, then in search of the
wall,

And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveler be-
mazed:

The best of his skill he has tried:

His feelers, methinks, I can see him put
forth
To the east and the west, to the south and
the north;
But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and
thigh!

His eyesight and hearing are lost!
Between life and death his blood freezes and
thaws;

And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky
gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him—
while I

Can draw warmth from the cheek of my
Love;

As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,
As if green summer grass were the floor of
my room,

And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless
Thing!

Thy life I would gladly sustain
Till summer come up from the south, and
with crowds

Of thy brethren a march thou should'st
sound through the clouds,
And back to the forests again!

1799.

VIII.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh!
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A Soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? one all eyes,
 Philosopher! a fingering slave,
 One that would peep and botanize
 Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace,
 Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!

A Moralist perchance appears;
 Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
 And he has neither eyes nor ears;
 Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
 Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
 A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
 An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
 Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
 Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,
 And clad in homely russet brown?
 He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
 And impulses of deeper birth
 Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart,—
 The harvest of a quiet eye
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
 Hath been an idler in the land;
 Contented if he might enjoy
 The things which others understand.
 —Come hither in thy hour of strength;
 Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
 Here stretch thy body at full length;
 Or build thy house upon this grave!

1799.

IX.

TO THE DAISY.

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is every-
 where,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,

And all the long year through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow—
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
 A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleas'd and willing;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

1803.

X.

MATTHEW.

In the School of — is a tablet, on which
 are inscribed, in gilt letters, the names of
 the several persons who have been School
 masters there since the foundation of the
 School, with the time at which they entered
 upon and quitted their office. Opposite to
 one of those Names the Author wrote the
 following lines.

IF Nature, for a favorite child,
 In thee hath tempered so her clay,
 That every hour thy heart runs wild,
 Yet never once doth go astray

Read o'er these lines; and then review
 This tablet, that thus humbly rears
 In such diversity of hue
 Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fame,
 Cipher and syllable! thine eye
 Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
 Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
 Then be it neither checked nor stayed:
 For Matthew a request I make
 Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool ;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness ;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !
Thou happy Soul ! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee ?

1799.

XI.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

WE walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun ;
And Matthew stooped, he looked, and said,
"The will of God be done !"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray ;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun :
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh was brought ?"

A second time did Matthew stop
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply :

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

And just above yon slope of corn
Such colors, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale ;
And then she sang ;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare ;
Her brow was smooth and white :
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight !

No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free ;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine ;
I looked at her, and looked again :
And did not wish her mine !"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

1799.

XII.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew !" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon ;

Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee:

"No cheek, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own;
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side,
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide:
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

1799.

XIII.

PERSONAL TALK

I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk,—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbors, daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies
bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the
stalk,
These all wear out of me, like forms with
chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-
night.
Better than such discourse doth silence
long,
Long, barren silence, square with my de-
sire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen
and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and
glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not
me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their
world lies

More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
 And part far from them:—sweetest melodies
 Are those that are by distance made more
 sweet;
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own
 eyes,
 He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

III.

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
 We may find pleasure: wilderness and
 wood,
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that
 mood
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
 Dreams, books, are each a world; and books,
 we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and
 good:
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh
 and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous
 store,
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,
 To which I listen with a ready ear;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
 The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white
 Lamb.

IV

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine; for thus I live re-
 mote
 From evil-speaking; rancor, never sought,
 Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and
 joyous thought:
 And thus from day to day my little boat
 Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler
 cares—
 The Poets, who on earth have made us
 heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
 lays!
 Oh! might my name be numbered among
 theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

XIV.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND.

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOR-
 ING TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE
 GROUND.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled
 his lands,
 And shaped these pleasant walks by
 Emont's side,
 Thou art a tool of honor in my hands;
 I press thee, through the yielding soil, with
 pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know;
 Long hast Thou served a man to reason
 true;
 Whose life combines the best of high and
 low,
 The laboring many and the resting few;
 Health, meekness, ardor, quietness secure,
 And industry of body and of mind;
 And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
 As nature is;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing
 In concord with his river murmuring by;
 Or in some silent field, while timid spring
 Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit thee when death has laid
 Low in the darksome cell thine own dear
 lord?

That man will have a trophy, humble Spade!
 A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

If he be one that feels, with skill to part
 False praise from true, or greater from the
 less,
 Thee will he welcome to his hand and
 heart,
 Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome
 day—

Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate!
 And, when thou art past service, worn away,
 No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;
 An heir-loom in his cottage wilt thou be:—
 High will he hang thee up, well pleased to
 adorn

His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

1804.

xv.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny ;
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien !

Far different we—a froward race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
The whole year through

If kindred humors e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven !
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven.

xvi.

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVORITE DOG.

ON his morning rounds the Master
Goes to learn how all things fare,
Searches pasture after pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care :
And, for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk ;
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for
speed.

See a hare before him started !
—Off they fly in earnest chase ;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race :
And the hare whom they pursue
Knows from instinct what to do ;
Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was and crusted
Thinly by a one night's frost ;
But the nimble Hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crost ;
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the greyhound, DART is over-
head !

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—
See them cleaving to the sport !
MUSIC has no heart to follow,
Little MUSIC, she stops short,
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part :
A loving creature she, and brave !
And fondly strives her struggling friend to
save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say !
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts with complainings; nor gives
o'er

Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no
more.
1805.

xvii.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth !
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we
raise ;
More thou deserv'st ; but *this* man gives to
man,
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee
dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the
year :
This Oak points out thy grave ; the silent
tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

We grieved for thee, and wished thy end
were past ;
And willingly have laid thee here at last :
For thou hadst lived till everything that
cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day,
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy
knees,—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive
breath,

And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
 It came, and we were glad; yet tears were
 shed;
 Both man and woman wept when thou wert
 dead,
 Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
 Old household thoughts, in which thou
 hadst thy share;
 But for some precious boons vouchsafed to
 thee,
 Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!
 For love, that comes wherever life and
 sense
 Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
 A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
 Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
 Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
 A soul of love, love's intellectual law:—
 Hence, if we wept, it was not done in
 shame;
 Our tears from passion and from reason
 came,
 And, therefore, shalt thou be an honored
 name.
 1805.

 XVIII.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox;
 He halts—and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks:
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
 With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry;
 Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;
 What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below!
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land;
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere;
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
 And mists that spread the flying shroud;
 And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
 That, if it could, would hurry past;
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
 The Shepherd stood; then makes his way
 O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog
 As quickly as he may;
 Nor far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground;
 The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
 The Man had fallen, that place of fear!
 At length upon the Shepherd's mind
 It breaks, and all is clear:
 He instantly recalled the name,
 And who he was, and whence he came;
 Remembered, too, the very day
 On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell!
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This Dog, had been through three months'
 space
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
 When this ill-fated Traveller died,
 The Dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side:
 How nourished here through such long
 time
 He knows, who gave that love sublime;
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate!
 1805

 XIX.

ODE TO DUTY.

“Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim.”

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod

To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail
 humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power !
 around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to
 their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother words to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly,
 if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ;
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face.
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient heav'ens, through
 Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee : I myself commend

Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let
 me live !
 1805.

 xx.

 CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY
 WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?
 It is the generous Spirit, who, when
 brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
 thought :
 Whose high endeavors are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always
 bright :
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to
 learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there.
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train :
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest
 dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
 bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good re-
 ceives :
 By objects, which might force the soul to
 abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more
 pure,
 As tempted more : more able to endure
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 —'Tis he whose law is reason ; who de-
 pends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted
 still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,

And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the
same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in
wait

For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow ; on whose head
must fall,

Like showers of manna, if they come at all ;
Whose powers shed round him in the com-
mon strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven
joined

Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man in-
spired ;

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the
law

In calmness made, and sees what he fore-
saw ;

Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :

—He who, though thus endued as with a
sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity

It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to
love :—

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be
won :

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand
fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last

From well to better, daily self-surpass :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the
earth

Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's ap-
plause :

This is the happy Warrior ; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.
1806.

 XXI.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER ; *

OR,

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.—A
TRADITION.

“ What is good for a bootless bene ? ”
With these dark words begins my Tale :
And their meaning is, whence can comfort
spring
When Prayer is of no avail ?

“ What is good for a bootless bene ? ”
The Falconer to the Lady said ;
And she made answer, “ ENDLESS SOR-
ROW ! ”
For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,
And from the look of the Falconer's eye ;
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low ;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride !
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called THE STRID,
A name which it took of yore :
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

 * See the White Doe of Rylstone.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across THE STRID?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks
were steep?—
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking, sorrow.
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the Lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of
death;—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow.
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succor come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

1808.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION;

OR,

CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEA-
SHORE.

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair
Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
Approaching Waters of the deep, that share
With this green isle my fortunes, come not
where

Your Master's throne is set."—Deaf was
the sea;

Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree
Less than they heed a breath of wanton air.
—Then Canute, rising from the invaded
throne,

Said to his servile Courtiers,—“Poor the
reach,

The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!
He only is a King, and he alone
Deserves the name (this truth the bilows
preach)

Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth and
heaven, obey.”

This just reproof the prosperous Dane
Drew from the influx of the main,
For some whose rugged northern mouths
would strain

At oriental flattery;
And Canute (fact more worthy to be known)
From that time forth did for his brows dis-
own

The ostentatious symbol of a crown
Esteeming earthly royalty
Contemptible as vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,
Rich theme of England's fondest praise,
Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken;
To cheer the remnant of his host
When he was driven from coast to coast,
Distressed and harassed, but with mind un-
broken:

“My faithful followers, lo! the tide is
spent

That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
The shores and channels, working Nature's
will

Among the mazy streams that backward
went,

And in the sluggish pools where ships are
pent;

And now, his task performed, the flood stands still,

At the green base of many an island hill,
In placid beauty and sublime content !
Such the repose that sage and hero find ;
Such measured rest the sedulous and good
Of humbler name ; whose souls do, like the
flood

Of ocean, press right on ; or gently wind,
Neither to be diverted nor withstood,
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven as-
signed."

1816.

XXIII.

"A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on "

—What trick of memory to my voice hath
brought

This mournful iteration ? For though Time,
The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on
this brow

Planting his favorite silver diadem,
Nor lie, nor minister of his—intent
To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
Though not unmenaced among those who
lean

Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.
—O my own Dora, my beloved child !
Should that day come—but hark ! the birds
salute

The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the
east ;

For me, thy natural leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
From flower to flower supported ; but to curb
Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er
the lawn,

Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons
Came forth ; and while the morning air is
yet

Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
Till we by perseverance gain the top
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precip-
itous

Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
From this corporeal frame ; whereon who
stands

Is seized with strong incitement to push forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—
dread thought,

For pastime plunge — into the "abrupt
abyss,"

Where ravens spread their pluny vans, at
ease !

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct
Through woods and spacious forests,—to
behold

There, how the Original of human art,
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and
erects

Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-
arched roof,

And storms the pillars rock. But we such
schools

Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer noon, while beams of
light,

Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
Tracably gliding through the dusk, recall
To mind the living presences of nuns ;
A gentle, pensive, whit-robed sisterhood,
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, es-
poused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
Lie open : and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
To heights more glorious still, and into
shades

More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,
We may be taught, O Darling of my care !
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate our lives to truth and love,
1816.

XXIV.

ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

I.

AN age hath been when Earth was proud
Of lustre too intense

To be sustained : and Mortal's bowed
The front in self-defence.

Who then, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed
While on the wing the Urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade ?

— Enough for one soft vernal day,
If I, a bard of ebbing time,
And nurtured in a fickle clime

May haunt this hornèd bay ;
Whose amorous water multiplies
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes ;
And smooths her liquid breast—to show
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins !

II.

In youth we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owl's wing ;
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.
Lycoris (if such name befit
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)
When Nature marks the year's decline,
Be ours to welcome it ;
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder suns ;
Pleased while the sylvan world displays
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze ;
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the
knell
Of the resplendent miracle.

III.

But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris ! life requires an *art*
To which our souls must bend ;
A skill—to balance and supply ;
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
As soon it must, a sense to sip,
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
Then welcome, above all, the Guest
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
Seem to recall the Deity
Of youth into the breast ;
May pensive Autumn ne'er present
A claim to her disparagement !
While blossoms and the budding spray
Inspire us in our own decay ;
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
Be hopeful Spring the favorite of the Soul !

XXV.

TO THE SAME.

ENOUGH of climbing toil!—Ambition treads
Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep
and rough,

Or slippery even to peril ! and each step,
As we for most uncertain recompense
Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds
Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,
Induces, for its old familiar sights,
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er
be tied,

In anxious bondage, to such nice array
And formal fellowship of pretty things !
— Oh ! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of her own ;
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing
shades,
And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
More efficaciously than realms outspread,
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze—
Ocean and Earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left—how far
beneath !
But lo ! where darkness seems to guard the
mouth
Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are
fringed
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
And sultry air, depending motionless
Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered
(As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
By stealthy influx of the timid day
Mingling with night, such twilight to com-
pose
As Numa loved ; when, in the Egerian grot,
From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,
He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,
Or need, of counsel breathed through lips
divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim
cave
Protect us, there deciphering as we may
Diluvian records ; or the sighs of Earth
Interpreting ; or counting for old Time
His minutes, by reiterated drops,
Audible tears, from some invisible source
That deepens upon fancy—more and more
Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs
creep forth
To awe the lightness of humanity.
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
There let me see thee sink into a mood
Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,
And no one can tell whither. Dearest
Friend !
We too have known such happy hours to-
gether

That, were power granted to replace them
 (fetched
 From out the pensive shadows where they
 lie)
 In the first warmth of their original sun-
 shine,
 Loth should I be to use it passing sweet
 Are the domains of tender memory !
 1817.

XXVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
 Are hung, as if with golden shields,
 Bright trophies of the sun !
 Like a fair sister of the sky,
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
 The mountains looking on,

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
 Albeit uninspired by love,
 By love untaught to ring,
 May well afford to mortal ear
 An impulse more profoundly dear
 Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
 In nature's struggling frame,
 Some region of impatient life :
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,
 Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy ;—while I hear
 These vespers of another year,
 This hymn of thanks and praise,
 My spirit seems to mount above
 The anxieties of human love,
 And earth's precarious days.

But list !—though winter storms be nigh,
 Unchecked is that soft harmony :
 There lives Who can provide
 For all his creatures ; and in Him,
 Even like the radiant Seraphim,
 These choristers confide.

XXVII.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
 An aspect tenderly illumed,
 The gentlest look of spring ;
 That calls from yonder leafy shade
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
 ▲ timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill.
 Such tribute as to winter chill
 The lonely redbreast pays !
 Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
 From social warblers gathering in
 Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
 Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
 And yellow on the bough :—
 Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !
 Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
 Around a younger brow !

Yet will I temperately rejoice ;
 Wide is the range, and free the choice
 Of undiscordant themes ;
 Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
 Not less than vernal ecstasies,
 And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
 And they like Demi-gods are strong
 On whom the Muses smile ;
 But some their function have disclaimed,
 Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
 To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
 Committed to the silent plains
 In Britain's earliest dawn .
 Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
 While all-too-daringly the veil
 Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
 When the live chords Alcæus smote,
 Inflamed by sense of wrong ;
 Woe ! woe to Tyrants ! from the lyre
 Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
 Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
 By winged Love inscribed, to assuage
 The pangs of vain pursuit ;
 Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
 With finest touch of passion swayed
 Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
 The wreck of Herculean lore,
 What rapture ! could ye seize
 Some Theban fragment, or unroll
 One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
 Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
 Of poesy ; a bursting forth
 Of genius from the dust

What Horace gloried to behold,
 What Maro loved, shall we enfold?
 Can haughty Time be just!
 1819.

 XXVIII.

MEMORY.

A PEN—to register; a key—
 That winds through secret wards;
 Are well assigned to Memory
 By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
 A Pencil to her hand;
 That softening objects, sometimes even
 Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smoothes foregone distress, the lines
 Of lingering care subdues,
 Long-vanished happiness refines,
 And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
 Those Spectres to dilate
 That startle Conscience, as she lurks
 Within her lonely seat.

O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
 In purity were such
 That not an image of the past
 Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
 Upon a soothing scene,
 Age steal to his allotted nook
 Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
 In frosty moonlight glistening;
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep
 Along a channel smooth and deep,
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.
 1823.

 XXIX.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive
 With shadows flung from leaves—to strive
 In dance, amid a press
 Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
 Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
 Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
 Encounter, and to narrow seas

Forbid a moment's rest;
 The medley less when boreal Lights
 Glance to and fro, like airy Sprites
 To feats of arms address!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
 This ceaseless play, the genuine life
 That serves the steadfast hours
 Is in the grass beneath, that grows
 Unheeded, and the mute repose
 Of sweetly-breathing flowers.
 1829.

 XXX.

HUMANITY.

[The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own
 appeal
 To righteous Gods when man has ceased to
 feel,

Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer
 stand—

To take his sentence from the balanced
 Block,

As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;
 Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no
 more

The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore;
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering
 trees

Do still perform mysterious offices!
 And functions dwell in beast and bird that
 sway

The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes
 To watch for undelusive auguries:—

Not uninspired appear their simplest ways;
 Their voices mount symbolical of praise—
 To mix with hymns that Spirits make and
 hear;

And to fallen man their innocence is dear,
 Enraptured Art draws from those sacred
 springs

Streams that reflect the poetry of things!
 Where christian Martyrs stand in hues por-
 trayed,

That, might a wish avail, would never fade,
 Borne in their hands the lily and the palm
 Shed round the altar a celestial calm;

There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
 To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the blending
 Of right affections climbing or descending
 Along a scale of light and life, with cares
 Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;
 Descending to the worm in charity;
 Like those good Angels whom a dream of night
 Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight—
 All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,
 That, with a perfect will in one accord
 Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord;
 And with untired humility forbore
 To speed their errand by the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,
 If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!
 Opinion how before the naked sense
 Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence;
 Merciful over all his creatures, just
 To the least particle of sentient dust;
 But fixing by immutable decrees
 Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!
 Then would be closed the restless oblique eye
 That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;
 Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds
 That into breezes sink; impetuous minds
 By discipline endeavor to grow meek
 As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.
 Then Genius, shunning fellowship with
 Pride,
 Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side;
 Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice;
 And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,
 But unoffending creatures find release
 From qualified oppression, whose defence
 Rests on a hollow plea of recompense;
 Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
 Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.
 Witness those glances of indignant scorn

From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn
 The kindness that would make him less forlorn;
 Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
 His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
 Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles—
 To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,
 As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned;
 A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats
 For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats
 Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
 Stone walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.
 Shall man assume a property in man?
 Lay on the moral will a withering ban?
 Shame that our laws at distance still protect
 Enormities, which they at home reject!
 "Slaves cannot breathe in England"—yet that boast
 Is but a mockery! when from coast to coast,
 Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil
 Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,
 For the poor Many, measured out by rules
 Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,
 That to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth
 Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,
 Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
 Is ever urging on the vast machine
 Of sleepless Labor, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
 The Power least prized is that which thinks and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
 And all the heavy or light vassalage
 Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
 Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,
 'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
 Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.
 Not from his fellows only man may learn
 Rights to compare and duties to discern!
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.

There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,
 Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
 Who would not lightly violate the grace
 The lowliest flower possesses in its place;
 Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
 Which nothing less than Infinite Power
 could give.
 1829.

XXXI.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape
 From every hurtful blast,
 Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape
 Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
 In fierce solstitial power,
 Less fair than when a lenient sky
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
 The labors of the plough,
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves
 All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
 Before she hears the sound
 Of winter rushing in, to close
 The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
 So may our Autumn blend
 With hoary Winter, and Life-touch,
 Through heaven-born hope, her end!
 1829.

XXXII.

TO ———.

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN
 CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
 Navita, nudus humi jacet," &c.—LUCRETIVS.

LIKE a shipwreck'd Sailor tost
 By rough waves on a perilous coast,
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness
 And in tenderest nakedness,
 Flung by laboring nature forth
 Upon the mercies of the earth.
 Can its eyes beseech?—no more
 Than the hands are free to implore:
 Voice but serves for one brief cry;
 Plaint was it? or prophecy

Of sorrow that will surely come?
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close
 Duly granted to thy throes;
 By the silent thanks, now tending
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending
 Now to mingle and to move
 With the gush of earthly love,
 As a debt to that frail Creature,
 Instrument of struggling Nature
 For the blissful calm, the peace
 Known but to this *one* release—
 Can the pitying spirit doubt
 That for human-kind springs out
 From the penalty a sense
 Of more than mortal recompense?

As a floating summer cloud,
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
 To the sun-burnt traveller,
 Or the stooping laborer,
 Oft-times makes its bounty known
 By its shadow round him thrown;
 So, by checkerings of sad cheer,
 Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
 Of their presence tell—too bright
 Haply for corporeal sight!
 Ministers of grace divine
 Feelingly their brows incline
 O'er this seeming Castaway
 Breathing, in the light of day,
 Something like the faintest breath
 That has power to baffle death—
 Beautiful, while very weakness
 Captivates like passive meekness.

And, sweet Mother! under warrant
 Of the universal Parent,
 Who repays in season due
 Them who have, like thee, been true
 To the filial chain let down
 From his everlasting throne,
 Angels hovering round thy couch,
 With their softest whispers vouch,
 That—whatever griefs may fret,
 Cares entangle, sins beset,
 This thy First-born, and with tears
 Stain her cheek in future years—
 Heavenly succor, not denied
 To the babe, whate'er betide,
 Will to the woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
 Blest the starry promises,—
 And the firmament benign
 Hallowed be it, where they shine!

Yes, for them whose souls have scope
 Ample for a winged hope,
 And can earthward bend an ear
 For needful listening, pledge is here,
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
 In thy footsteps, and be led
 By that other Guide, whose light
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
 Gave him first the wished-for part
 In thy gentle virgin heart;
 Then, amid the storms of life
 Presignified by that dread strife
 Whence ye have escaped together,
 She may look for serene weather;
 In all trials sure to find
 Comfort for a faithful mind;
 Kindlier issues, holier rest,
 Than even now await her prest,
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

—♦—
 XXXIII.

THE WARNING.

▲ SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing;
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing
 Their meek heads to the nipping air,
 Which ye feel not, happy pair!
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;
 And if Time leagued with adverse Change
 (Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
 Whatsoever check they bring,
 Anxious duty hindering,
 To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
 Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
 Affections pure and holy in their source
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;
 Hopes that within the Father's heart pre-
 vail,
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to
 fail;
 And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it
 rings
 To his grave touch with no unready strings,
 While thoughts press on, and feelings over-
 flow,
 And quick words round him fall like flakes
 of snow.

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain
 their sway,
 And have renewed the tributary Lay.

Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
 And FANCY greets them with a fond em-
 brace;
 Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant
 friends;
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as
 they prove
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a
 love!)—
 But from this peaceful centre of delight
 Vague sympathies have urged her to take
 flight:
 Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
 That sucks from mountain heath her honey
 fee;
 Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
 She soars—and here and there her pinions
 rest
 On proud towers, like this humble cottage,
 blest
 With a new visitant, an infant guest—
 Towers where red streamers flout the breezy
 sky
 In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
 When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple
 bells
 Glad proclamation make, and heights and
 dells
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,
 And harbored ships, whose pride is on the
 sea,
 Shall hoist their topmast flags in sign of
 glee,
 Honoring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ill
 assigned
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
 The track that was, and is, and must be,
 worn
 With weary feet by all of woman born)—
 Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?
 Not He, whose last faint memory will com-
 mand
 The truth that Britain was his native land;
 Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
 In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs
 died;
 Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
 With rapture thrilled; whose Youth revered
 the crown
 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!

—Not He, who from her mellowed practice
drew
His social sense of just, and fair, and true ;
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
Nor grieved to see (himself not un-
be-guiled)—
Woke from the dream, the dreamer to up-
braid,
And learn how sanguine expectations fade
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—
To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain
From further havoc, but repent in vain,—
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
Where guilt had urged them on with cease-
less goad,
Proofs thickening round her that on public
ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends,
That civic strife can turn the happiest
hearth
Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting
earth.

Can such a one, dear Babe ! though glad
and proud
To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
Into his English breast, and spare to quake
Less for his own than for thy innocent sake ?
Too late—or, should the providence of God
Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow
trod,
Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing
world ;
Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering
Realm ?
What hand suffice to govern the state-helm ?
If, in the aims of men, the surest test
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or
profest)
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
For compassing the end, else never gained ;
Yet governors and govern'd both are blind
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind ;
If to expedience principle must bow ;
Fast, future, shrinking up beneath the in-
cumbent Now ;
If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who ne'er con-
cede ;
Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
For domination at some riper day ;
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,

Or with bravado insolent and hard,
Provoking punishment, to win reward ;
If office help the factious to conspire,
And they who *should* extinguish fan the
fire—
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down ;
To be blown off at will, by Power that
spares it
In cunning patience, from the head that
wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud !
Lost above all, ye laboring multitude !
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous
tongues
Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs ;
And over fancied usurpations brood,
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood ;
Or, from long stress of real injuries fly
To desperation for a remedy ;
In bursts of outrage spread your judgments
wide,
And to your wrath cry out, " Be thou our
guide ;"
Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread
earth's floor
In marshalled thousands, darkening street
and moor
With the worst shape mock-patience ever
wore ;
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage be-
hest
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,
And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest !
—O for a bridle bitted with remorse
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong
course !
Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
By paths no human wisdom can foretrace !
May He pour round you, from worlds far
above
Man's feverish passions, his pure light of
love,
That quietly restores the natural mien
To hope, and makes truth willing to be
seen !
Else shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy
reap
Fields gayly sown when promises were
cheap.—
Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so false a part,

Among a people famed for strength of mind,
Foremost in freedom, blest of mankind?
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
Naught but her changes. Thus, ungrateful

Nation:
If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,
Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,
Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What
saving skill
Lie in forbearance, strength in standing
still?

—Soon shall the widow (for the speed of
Time

Naught equals when the hours are winged
with crime)

Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
From him who judged her lord, a like de-
cree;

The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:
Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,
Outcasts and homeless orphans—

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping
pair

Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie
still;

Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

1833.

XXXIV.

IF this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

1833.

XXXV.

THE LABORER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide.
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short
day,

Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

1834.

XXXVI.

ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

WHILE from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreeran the expected Power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from lush and
tree
Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
Tempers the year's extremes;
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
Like morning's dewy gleams;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths and
maids

At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize.

Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouched the hawthorn bow,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings
In love's disport employ;
Warned by thy influence, creeping things
Awake to silent joy:
Queen art thou still for each gay plant
Where the slim wild deer roves;
And served in depths where fishes haunt
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
Instinctive homage pay;
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
To honor thee, sweet May!
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
Behold a smokeless sky,
Their puniest flower-plot-nursling dares
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
Or song and dance and game;
Still from the village-green a vow
Aspires to thee address,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach
The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
That never loved before:
Strip'd from the haughty one of pride,
The bashful free from fear,
While rising, like the ocean-tide,
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse
The service to prolong!
To yon exulting thrush the Muse
Entrusts the imperfect song;
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver star appear,
The sovereignty of May.

1826.

XXXVII.

TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget,
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;

There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odors! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away!
Oh for a deathless song to meet
The soul's desire—a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial Power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's drearest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less,
If yon ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too
The inmost heart of man if glad
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health?
The Old, by thee revived, have said,
"Another year is ours;"
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender Infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath,
His mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
Thy favors may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, "Come!
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me
spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head
And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
 For lilies that must fade,
 Or "the rathe primrose as it dies
 Forsaken" in the shade!
 Vernal fruitions and desires
 Are linked in endless chase;
 While, as one kindly growth retires,
 Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
 Mishap by worm and blight;
 If expectations newly blown
 Have perished in thy sight;
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
 Were caught as in a snare;
 Such is the lot of all the young,
 However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check
 Are patient of thy rule;
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,
 Loitering in glassy pool:
 By thee, thee only, could be sent
 Such gentle mists as glide,
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,
 On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
 Through which yon house of God
 Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale
 By few but shepherds trod!
 And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
 No sooner stand attired
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
 Permit not for one hour
 A blossom from thy crown to drop
 Nor add to it a flower!
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
 Of self-restraining art,
 This modest charm of not too much,
 Part seen, imagined part!
 1826-1834.

XXXVIII.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE
 PENCIL OF F. STONE.

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care
 Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
 In Nature's prodigality displayed
 Before my window, oftentimes and long
 I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam

Of beauty never ceases to enrich
 The common light; whose stillness charms
 the air,
 Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
 With emblematic purity attired
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck
 Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin
 Cast into that recess—the tender shade,
 The shade and light, both there and every-
 where,
 And through the very atmosphere he
 breathes,
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with
 skill
 That might from nature have been learnt in
 the hour
 When the lone shepherd sees the morning
 spread
 Upon the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er
 Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean
 craft
 Intensely—from Imagination take
 The treasure,—what mine eyes behold see
 thou,
 Even though the Atlantic ocean roll be-
 tween.

A silver line, that runs from brow to
 crown
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,
 Just serves to show how delicate a soil
 The golden harvest grows in; and those
 eyes,
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
 Whose azure depth their color emulates.
 Must needs be conversant with upward
 looks,
 Prayer's voiceless service; but now, seeking
 nought
 And shunning nought, their own peculiar
 life
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head
 Partake its inclination towards earth
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
 Caught at the point where it stops short of
 sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make
 me
 Thy confidant! say, whence derived that
 a'r
 Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling
 thought
 Be with some lover far away, or one

Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
 Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
 Has but approached the gates of woman-
 hood,
 Not entered them; her heart is yet un-
 pierced
 By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:
 The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,
 Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm
 Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
 How slackly, for the absent mind permits
 No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears
 Of yellowing corn, the same that over-
 topped
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it
 Till they were plucked together; a blue
 flower
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret,
 held
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she
 knows,
 (Her Father told her so) in youth's gay
 dawn
 Her Mother's favorite; and the orphan
 Girl,
 In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and
 bright,
 Loves it, while there in solitary peace
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
 —Not from a source less sacred is derived
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air
 Of calm abstraction through the face dif-
 fused
 And the whole person.

Words have something told
 More than the pencil can, and verily
 More than is needed, but the precious Art
 Forgives their interference—Art divine
 That both creates and fixes, in despite
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath
 wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of
 ours!
 That posture, and the look of filial love
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is
 left
 Dearly united, might be swept away
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak

Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony
 So exquisite; but *here* do they abide,
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
 In visible quest of immortality,
 Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In
 every realm,
 From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue
 That Europe knows, would echo this ap-
 peal;
 One above all, a Monk who waits on God
 In the magnificent Convent built of yore
 To sanctify the Escorial palace. He—
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
 A British Painter (eminent for truth
 In character, and depth of feeling shown
 By labors that have touched the hearts of
 kings,
 And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when
 first
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's
 hand,
 Graced the Refectory: and there, while
 both
 Stood with eyes fixed upon that master-
 piece,
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
 Breathed out these words:—"Here daily do
 we sit,
 Thanks given to God for daily bread, and
 here
 Pondering the mischiefs of these restless
 times,
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dis-
 persed,
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom
 gaze
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,
 Untill I cannot but believe that they—
 They are in truth the Substance, we the
 Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
 Melting away within him like a dream
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to
 speak;
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
 Domestic Portrait! have to verse consigned
 In thy calm presence those heart-moving
 words:
 Words that can soothe, more than they
 agitate;

Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
 Informs the fountain in the human breast
 Which by the visitation was disturbed.

—But why this stealing tear? Companion
 mute,

On thee, I look, not sorrowing, fare thee
 well,

My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell! *
 1834.

XXXIX.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
 For One, but surely not for One alone,
 Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's
 skill,

Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
 Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
 And dissolution and decay, the warm
 And breathing life of flesh, as if already
 Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced
 With no mean earnest of a heritage

Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,
 With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!
 From whose serene companionship I passed
 Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still;
 thou also—

Though but a simple object, into light,
 Called forth by those affections that endear
 The private hearth; though keeping thy
 sole seat

In singleness, and little tried by time,
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
 With a congenial function art endowed
 For each and all of us, together joined
 In course of nature under a low roof
 By charities and duties that proceed
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.

To a like salutary sense of awe
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
 In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
 A household small and sensitive,—whose
 love,

Dependent as in part its blessings are

* The pile of buildings, composing the palace
 and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common
 usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escu-
 rial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which
 the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second,
 stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie
 is the painter alluded to.

Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in
 heaven. †

1834.

XI.

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
 Would that the little Flowers were born to
 live,
 Conscious of half the pleasure which they
 give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were
 known

The beauty of its star-shaped shadow,
 thrown

On the smooth surface of this naked stone!

And what if hence a bold desire should
 mount

High as the Sun, that he could take account
 Of all the issues from his glorious fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid
 These delicate companionships are made;
 And how he rules the pomp of light and
 shade;

And were the Sister-power that shines by
 night

So privileged, what a countenance of de-
 light

Would through the clouds break forth on
 human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine
 eye

On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
 Converse with Nature in pure sympathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
 Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled,
 Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

† In the class entitled 'Musings,' in Mr.
 Southey's Minor Poems, is one upon his own
 miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and
 another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar
 Poussin. It is possible that every word of the
 above verses, though similar in subject, might
 have been written had the author been unac-
 quainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic
 sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he
 must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge
 the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend
 have given him, and the grateful influence they
 have upon his mind as often as he reads them,
 or thinks of them.

XLI.

UPON SEEING A COLORED DRAWING OF
THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

WHO rashly strove thy Image to portray?
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature—
gay

With a divinity of colors, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces—and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time:
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from
caves

Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell;
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could
dare,

'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
To circumscribe this shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a
stain;

And, with cloud-streaks lightest and softest,
share
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray?

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with
glad eyes

Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-wearied search of Paradise—
Region that crowns her beauty with the
name

She bears for us—for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like am
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure
sight,

No tempe t from his breath, their promised
rest

Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities!

1835.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWS-
PAPER OF THE DAY.

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link
by link:

Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the
Poor

Meet them half-way." Vain boast! for
These, the more

They thus would rise, must low and lower
sink

Till, by repentance stung, they fear to
think,

While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,

And mix the poison they themselves must
drink.

Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to
cry,

"Knowledge will save me from the threat-
ened woe."

For, if than other rash ones more thou
know,

Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

II

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

March, 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed,
And in the Senate some there were who
doffed

The last of their humanity, and scoffed
At providential judgments, undismayed
By their own daring. But the People
prayed

As with one voice ; their flinty heart grew soft
 With penitential sorrow, and aloft
 Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid !"

Oh that with aspirations more intense,
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound,
 This People, once so happy, so renowned
 For liberty, would seek from God defence
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
 Of revolution, impiously unbound !

III.

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,

Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet.
 "The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed ;

Hooded the open brow that overawed
 Our schemes ; the faith and honor, never yet

By us with hope encountered, be upset ;—
 For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud !"

Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out !"

They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night

Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks ;

All Powers and places that abhor the light
 Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,

Hurrah for ———, hugging his Ballot-box !

IV.

BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will

Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts whose eye

Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
 Wisdom exists not ; nor the humbler skill

Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
 With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,

They daunt not him who holds his ministry,

Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
 Its duties ;—prompt to move, but firm to wait,—

Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found

That, for the functions of an ancient State—
 Strong by her charters, free because unbound,

Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
 Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.

V.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

PORTENTOUS change when History can appear

As the cool Advocate of foul device ;
 Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
 At consciences perplexed with scruples nice !

They who bewail not must abhor the sneer
 Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater ;
 Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
 Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.

Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man

Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,

Bend, ye Perverse ! to judgments from on High,

Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban

All principles of action that transcend
 The sacred limits of humanity.

VI.

CONTINUED.

WHO ponders National events shall find
 An awful balancing of loss and gain

Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,

And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
 And direful throes ; as if the All-ruling Mind,

With whose perfection it consists to ordain
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,

Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
 By laws immutable. But woe for him

Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand
 To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,

And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim,

And Will, whose office, by divine command,
 Is to control and check disordered Powers !

VII.

CONCLUDED

LONG-FAVORED England ! be not thou misled

By monstrous theories of alien growth,
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
 Self-smitten till thy garments reek, dyed red

With thy own blood, which tears in torrents
shed
Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope
fled
Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
My Country! if such warning be held dear,
Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled with
joy,
One who would gather from eternal truth.
For time and season, rules that work to
cheer—
Not scourge, to save the People—not de-
stroy

VIII

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's dark
book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire por-
tent?
Think ye your British ancestors forsook
Their native Land, for outrage provident;
From unsubmitive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To mutual tyranny, a deadlier look?
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's
breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the
flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent
good;
So shall the truth be better understood.
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in
faith.

IX

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness
obeyed,
Words that require no sanction from an
oath,
And simple honesty a common growth—
This high repute, with bounteous Nature's
aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power the measure of your
troth!—
All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his
name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men

For state-dishonor black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome
den.

X.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE
LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

I.

AH why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have
lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more un-
knit.
Here, there, a banded few who loathe the
Chain
May rise to break it. effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring factions.—Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights ap-
prove
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise
Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Forti-
tude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of
Love.

XI.

CONTINUED.

II.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined, to
lean
On Patience coupled with such slow en-
deavor
That long-lived servitude must last forever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest be-
tween
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would
wean
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to
sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or
never!—
What, is there then no space for golden
mean
And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to
day,
And, even within the burning zones of
earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate
ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives
birth;

Think not that Prudence dwells in dark
abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

XII.

CONCLUDED.

III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon they
grow

And wither, every human generation
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through
weal and woe ;

Thought that should teach the zealot to
forego

Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and mod-
eration

The unblemished good they only can be-
stow.

Alas ! with most who weigh futurity
Against time present, passion holds the
scales :

Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink ; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded
whales

Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

XIII.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become
of Old,

Of dear Old England? Think they she is
dead,

Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
On empty air ! That name will keep its
hold

In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
Forever.—The Spirit of Alfred at the head
Of all who for her rights watch'd, toil'd and
bled

Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
What—how ! shall she submit in will and
deed

To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother ! if thou *must* thy steps re-
trace,

Go where at least meek Innocency dwells ;
Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

XIV.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies ;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
'Taught him concealment) hidden from all
eyes

In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow ;—feel for all, as brother Men :
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities ;
Learn to be just, just through impartial
law ;

Far as ye may, erect and equalize ;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice !

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

IN SERIES.

I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH).

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon gray towers that
still

Rise up as if to lord it over air—
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of
ill,

Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed:
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping
Hill?"

Thousands, as towards yon old Lancastrian
Towers,

A prison's crown, along this way they past
For lingering durance or quick death with
shame,

From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in
showers

Shed on their chains; and hence that dole-
ful name.

II.

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will
heave

With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after thought, for Him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim
groaned

Under the steel his hand had dared to
draw.

But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher
source

Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who
died

Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er
his grave,
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to
die

Who had betrayed their country. The
stern word

Afforded (may it through all time afford)
A theme for praise and admiration high.

Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not; its depths his mind ex-
plored;

He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.

And some, we know, when they by wilful
act

A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the
fact,

And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against good has
fought

With such fell mastery that a man may
dare

By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare—
Is *Death*, for one to that condition brought,

For him, or any one, the thing that ought
To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,

Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that
thought

Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to
disown,

Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honor's head disturb the crown,

Whose absolute rule permits not to with-
stand

In the weak love of life his least command.

v.

NOT to the object specially designed,
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
 Good to promote or curb depravity,
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most
 kind;
 As all Authority in earth depends
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he
 blends,
 Copying with awe the one Paternal mind,
 Uncaught by processes in show humane,
 He feels how far the act would derogate
 From even the humblest functions of the
 State;
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
 That never more shall hang upon her
 breath
 The last alternative of Life or Death.

vi.

YE brood of conscience—Spectres! that
 frequent
 The bad Man's restless walk, and haunt his
 bed—
 Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
 In act, as hovering Angels when they
 spread
 Their wings to guard the unconscious Inno-
 cent—
 Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
 A laxity that could not but impair
 Your power to punish crime, and so pre-
 vent,
 And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
 The adage on all tongues, "Murder will
 out,"
 How shall your ancient warnings work for
 good
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,
 If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
 Survive not Judgment that requires his
 own?

vii.

BEFORE the world had past her time of
 youth
 While polity and discipline were weak,
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for
 tooth,
 Came forth—a light, though but as of day-
 break,
 Strong as could then be borne. A Master
 meek
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,

Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
 And love the end, which all through peace
 must seek.
 But lamentably do they err who strain
 His mandates, given rash impulse to con-
 trol
 And keep vindictive thirstings from the
 soul,
 So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
 They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
 Making of social order a mere dream.

viii.

FIT retribution, by the moral code.
 Determined, lies beyond the State's em-
 brace,
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
 She plants well-measured terrors in the
 road
 Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and
 broad,
 And, the main fear once doomed to banish-
 ment,
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode
 Crime might lie better hid. And, should
 the change
 Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
 Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
 And, guilt escaping, passion then might
 plead
 In angry spirits for her old free range,
 And the "wild justice of revenge" prevail.

ix.

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend
 Thy mental vision further and ascend
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err
 What is a State? The wise behold in her
 A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
 To which her judgments reverently defer.
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice,
 the State
 Ladues her conscience with external life
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife
 Of individual will, to elevate
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

x.

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the
 shrine
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,

That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being
 adrift
 Into that world where penitential tear
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's
 ear
 A voice—that world whose veil no hand can
 lift
 For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time,"
They urge, "have interwoven claims and
 rights
 Not to be jeopardized through foulest
 crime :
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born
 lights."
 Even so ; but measuring not by finite sense
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI.

AH, think how one compelled for life to
 abide
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the
 heart
 Out of his own humanity, and part
 With every hope that mutual cares provide ;
 And, should a less unnatural doom confide
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer
 pride.
 Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and
 pure,
 Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose
 love is sure,
 Who sees, foresees ; who cannot judge
 amiss,
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell
 And prostrate at some moment when re-
 morse
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless
 force,
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to
 quell.
 Then mark him, him who could so long re-
 bel,
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
 Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
 Tears of salvation. Welcome death ! while
 Heaven
 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice ;

While yet the solemn heed the State hath
 given
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
 On old temptations, might forever blast.

XIII.

CONCLUSION.

YES, though He well may tremble at the
 sound
 Of his own voice, who from the judgment-
 seat
 Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
 In death ; though Listeners shudder all
 around,
 They know the dread requital's source pro-
 found ;
 Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
 (Would that it were !) the sacrifice unmeet
 For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs
 abound
 The social rights of man breathe purer air ;
 Religion deepens her preventive care ;
 Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
 Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful
 rod,
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of use :
 Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God !

XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain
 For One who speaks in numbers ; ampler
 scope
 His utterance finds ; and, conscious of the
 gain,
 Imagination works with bolder hope
 The cause of grateful reason to sustain ;
 And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly
 beats
 Against all barriers which his labor meets
 In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.
 Enough ;—before us lay a painful road,
 And guidance have I sought in dutcous
 love
 From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence
 hath flowed
 Patience, with trust that, whatso'er the
 way
 Each takes in this high matter, all may
 move
 Cheered with the prospect of a bright
 day.
 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I.

EPISTLE

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT,
BART.
FROM THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF CUM-
BERLAND.—1811.

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet
Lake,
From the Vale's peace which all her fields
partake,
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's
shore
We sojourn stunn'd by Ocean's ceaseless
roar:
While day by day, grim neighbor! huge
Black Comb
Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom,
Unless, perchance rejecting in despite
What on the Plain *we* have of warmth and
light,
In his own storms he hides himself from
sight.
Rough is the time; and thoughts, that
would be free
From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to
thee;
Turn from a spot where neither sheltered
road
Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps
abroad;
Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it
might
Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,
Hopeless of further growth, and brown and
sere
Through half the summer, stands with top
cut sheer,
Like an unshifting weathercock which
proves
How cold the quarter that the wind best
loves,
Or like a sentinel that, evermore
Darkening the window, ill defends the door
Of this unfinished house—a Fortress bare,
Where strength has been the Builder's only
care; [mand
Whose rugged walls may still for years de-

The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.
—This Dwelling's Inmate more than three
weeks' space
And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,
I—of whose touch the fiddle would com-
plain,
Whose breath would labor at the flute in
vain,
In music all unversed, nor blessed with
skill
A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,
Tired of my books, a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous
sea—
Pace between door and window muttering
rhyme,
An old resource to cheat a froward time!
Though these dull hours (mine is it, or
their shame?)
Would tempt me to renounce that humble
aim.
—But if there be a Muse who, free to take
Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake
Those heights (like Phœbus when his golden
locks
He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)
And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail
Trips down the pathways of some winding
dale;
Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the shores
To fishers mending nets beside their doors;
Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,
Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless wind,
Or listens to its play among the boughs
Above her head and so forgets her vows—
If such a Visitant of Earth there be
Aud she would deign this day to smile on
me
And aid my verse, content with local bounds
Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,
Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which
we tell
Without reserve to those whom we love
well—
Then haply, Beaumont! words in current
clear
Will flow, and on a welcome page appear
Duly before thy sight, unless they perish
here.

What shall I treat of? News from Mona's Isle²
 Such have we, but unvaried in its style;
 No tales of Runagates fresh landed, whence
 And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence;
 Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the wind
 Most restlessly alive when most confined.
 Ask not of me, whose tongue can best appease
 The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF
 KEYS;
 The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer
 gained,
 What slopes are planted, or what mosses
 drained.
 An eye of fancy only can I cast
 On that proud pageant now at hand or past,
 When full five hundred boats in trim array,
 With nets and sails outspread and streamers
 gay,
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice of
 prayer,
 For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep re-
 pair,
 Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine
 Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.

Mona from our Abode is daily seen,
 But with a wilderness of waves between;
 And by conjecture only can we speak
 Of aught transacted there in bay or creek;
 No tidings reach us thence from town or
 field,
 Only faint news her mountain sunbeams
 yield,
 Are some we gather from the misty air,
 And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph,
 declare.
 But these poetic mysteries I withhold;
 For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,
 And should the colder fit with You be on
 When you might read, my credit would be
 gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen en-
 gage,
 And nearer interests culled from the open-
 ing stage
 (Of our migration.—Ere the welcome dawn
 Had from the east her silver star with-
 drawn,
 The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-door,
 Thoughtfully freighted with a various store;
 And long or e'er the uprising of the Sun
 O'er dew-damped dust our journey was be-
 gun,
 A needful journey, under favoring skies,

Through peopled Vales; yet something in
 the guise
 Of these old Patriarchs when from well to
 well
 They roam through Wastes where now the
 tented Arabs dwell.

Say first, to whom did we the charge con-
 fide,
 Who promptly undertook the Wain to guide
 Up many a sharply-twining road and down,
 And over many a wide hill's craggy crown,
 Through the quick turns of many a hollow
 nook,
 And the rough bed of many an unbridged
 brook?
 A blooming Lass—who in her better han-
 d
 Bore a light switch, her sceptre of command
 When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,
 Skilful and bold, the horse and burthened
 sled*
 From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's
 head.
 What could go wrong with such a Charioteer
 For goods and chattels, or those Infants
 dear,
 A Pair who smilingly sate side by side,
 Our hope confirming that the salt-sea tide,
 Whose free embraces we were bound to
 seek,
 Would their lost strength restore and freshen
 the pale cheek?
 Such hope did either Parent entertain
 Pacing behind along the silent lane.

Blithe hopes and happy musings soon took
 flight,
 For lo! an uncouth melancholy sight—
 On a green bank a creature stood forlorn
 Just half protruded to the light of morn,
 Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row
 thorn.
 The Figure called to mind a beast of prey
 Stript of its frightful powers by slow decay,
 And, though no longer upon rapine bent,
 Dim memory keeping of its old intent.
 We started, looked again with anxious eyes,
 And in that griesly object recognize
 The Curate's Dog—his long-tried friend, for
 they,
 As well we knew, together had grown gray.
 The Master died, his drooping servant's
 grief
 Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief,

* A local word for Sledge.

Yet still he lived in pining discontent,
Sadness which no indulgence could prevent ;

Hence whole day wanderings, broken nightly sleeps

And lonesome watch that out of doors he keeps ;

Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute !

Espied him on his legs sustained, blank, mute,

And of all visible motion destitute,

So that the very heaving of his breath

Seemed stopt, though by some other power than death.

Long as we gazed upon the form and face,
A mild domestic pity kept its place,

Unscared by thronging fancies of strange hue

That haunted us in spite of what we knew.
Ever now I sometimes think of him as lost

In second-sight appearances, or crost
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground,

On which he stood, by spells unnatural bound,

Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to wait
In days of old romance at Archimago's gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law fulfilled,

The choristers in every grove had stilled ;
But we, we lacked not music of our own,

For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,
Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,

Some notes prelusive, from the round of songs

With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird

That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,
Her work and her work's partners she can cheer,

The whole day long, and all days of the year.

Thus gladdened from our own dear Vale we pass

And soon approach Diana's Looking-glass !
To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and bright

as heaven,

Such name Italian fancy would have given,
Ere on its banks the few gray cabins rose

That yet disturb not its concealed repose
More than the feeblest wind that idly blows.

Ah, Beaumont ! when an opening in the road

Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed,

The encircling region vividly exprest
Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest—
Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy *bield*,*

And the smooth green of many a pendent field,

And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,

A little daring would-be waterfall,

One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,

Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,

With here and there a faint imperfect gleam

Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—

What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,

A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and sleep,

When Nature's self, amid such blending, seems

To render visible her own soft dreams,

If, mixed with what appeared of rock, lawn, wood,

Fondly embowered in the tranquil flood,

A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by Thee

Designed to rise in humble privacy,

A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread,

Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful head

Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,

Nor ever was ; I sighed, and left the spot

Unconscious of its own untoward lot,

And thought in silence, with regret too keen,

Of unexperienced joys that might have been ;

Of neighborhood and intermingling arts,

And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.

But time, irrevocable time, is flown,

And let us utter thanks for blessings sown

And reaped—what hath been, and what is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,

Startling us all, dispersed my reverie ;

Such shout as many a sportive echo meeting

Oft-times from Alpine *chalets* sends a greeting.

Whence the blithe hail ? behold a Peasart stand

On high, a kerchief waving in her hand !

Not unexpected that by early day

Our little Band would thrud this mountain way,

Before her cottage on the bright hillside

She hath advanced with hope to be descried.

* A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.

Right gladly answering signals we displayed,

Moving along a tract of morning shade,
And vocal wishes sent of like good-will
To our kind Friend high on the sunny hill—
Luminous region, fair as if the prime
Were tempting all astir to look aloft or climb;

Only the centre of the shining cot
With door left open makes a gloomy spot,
Emblem of those dark corners sometimes found

Within the happiest breast on earthly ground.

Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale,

And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale;

Descend and reach, in Yewdale's depths, a plain

With haycocks studded, striped with yellowing grain--

An area level as a Lake and spread
Under a rock too steep for man to tread,
Where sheltered from the North and bleak north-west

Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest,
Fearless of all assaults that would her brood molest.

Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale; but hark,

At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's bark,

Noise that brings forth no liveried Page of state,

But the whole household, that our coming wait.

With Young and Old warm greetings we exchange,

And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly Grange

Press forward by the teasing dogs unscared.
Entering, we find the morning meal prepared:

So down we sit, though not till each had cast

Pleased looks around the delicate repast—
Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,

With amber honey from the mountain's breast;

Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild

Of children's industry, in hillocks piled;
Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie
Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality

Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,
And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.

Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of the feast,
If thou be lovelier than the kindling East,
Words by thy presence unrestrained may speak

Of a perpetual dawn from brow and cheek
Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies,

Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,
Dark but to every gentle feeling true,
As if their lustre flowed from ether's purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have been wept

By those bright eyes, that weary vigils kept,
Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved

For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved
By fortitude and patience, and the grace
Of heaven in pity visiting the place.
Not unadvisedly those secret springs

I leave unsearched: enough that memory clings,

Here as elsewhere, to notices that make
Their own significance for hearts awake
To rural incidents, whose genial powers
Filled with delight three summer morning hours.

More could my pen report of grave or gay

That through our gypsy travel cheered the way;

But, bursting forth above the waves, the Sun

Laughs at my pains, and seems to say, "Be done."

Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove

This humble offering made by Truth to Love,

Nor chide the Muse that stooped to break a spell

Which might have else been on me yet:--
FAREWELL.

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPIS-
TLE THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS COM-
POSITION.

SOON did the Almighty Giver of all rest
Take those dear young Ones to a fearless
nest:

And in Death's arms has long reposed the
Friend
For whom this simple Register was penned.
Thanks to the moth that spared it for our
eyes ;
And Strangers even the slightest Scroll may
prize,
Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies.
For—save the calm, repentance sheds o'er
strife
Raised by remembrances of misused life,
The light from past endeavors purely willed
And by Heaven's favor happily fulfilled ;
Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may
share
The joys of the Departed—what so fair
As blameless pleasure, not without some
ears,
Reviewed through Love's transparent veil of
years? *

II.

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A
VASE.

THE soaring lark is blest as proud
When at heaven's gate she sings ;
The roving bee proclaims aloud
Her flight by vocal wings ;
While Ye, in lasting durance pent,
Your silent lives employ

* LOUGHRIGG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in Compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Diane* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat, in the style I have described ; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularized.

For something more than dull content.
Though haply less than joy.

Yet might your glassy prison seem
A place where joy is known,
Where golden flash and silver gleam
Have meanings of their own ;
While, high and low, and all about,
Your motions, glittering Elves !
Ye weave—no danger from without,
And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast
Is your transparent cell ;
Where Fear is but a transient guest,
No sullen Humors dwell ;
Where, sensitive of every ray
That smites this tiny sea,
Your scaly panoplies repay
The loan with usury.

How beautiful !—Yet none knows why
This ever-graceful change,
Renewed—renewed incessantly—
Within your quiet range.
Is it that ye with conscious skill
For mutual pleasure glide ;
And sometimes, not without your will,
Are dwarfed, or magnified ?

Fays, Genii of gigantic size !
And now, in twilight dim,
Clustering like constellated eyes
In wings of Cherubin,
When the fierce orbs abate their glare ;—
Whate'er your forms express,
Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are—
All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure ;
Your birthright is a fence
From all that haughtier kinds endure
Through tyranny of sense
Ah ! not alone by colors bright
Are Ye to Heaven allied,
When, like essential Forms of light,
Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
Day-thoughts while limbs repose ;
For moonlight fascinations mild,
Your gift, ere shutters close—
Accept, mute Captives ! thanks and praise ;
And may this tribute prove
That gentle admirations raise
Delight resembling love.
1829.

III.

LIBERTY

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

{ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND; THE GOLD AND SILVER FISHES HAVING BEEN REMOVED TO A POOL IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND OF RYDAL MOUNT.}

* The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse.³⁹—COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind regard,

(Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard :
Not soon does aught to which mild fancies
cling,

In lonely spots, become a slighted thing ;)
Those silent Inmates now no longer share
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell
To the fresh waters of a living Well—
An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
No winds disturb ; the mirror of whose
breast

Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples
small

A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.

—There swims, of blazing sun and beating
shower

Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden
Power,

That from his bauble prison used to cast
Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpass :
And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,
The silver Tenant of the crystal dome ;
Dissevered both from all the mysteries
Of hue and altering shape that charmed all
eyes.

Alas ! they pined, they languished while
they shone ;

And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no dis-
grace ?

But if the change restore his birthright,
then,

Whatever the difference, boundless is the
gain.

Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,

From his poor inch or two of daisied sod ?

O yield him back his privilege !—No sea

Swells like the bosom of a man set free ;

A wilderness is rich with liberty.

Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or
keep

Your independence in the fathomless
Deep !

Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail ;

Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening
gale !

If unproved the ambitious eagle mount

Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,

Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall
be,

Till the world perishes, a field for thee !

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
And watch these mute Companions, in the
pool,

(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
By glimpses caught—disporting at their
ease,

Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell ;
To wheel with languid motion round and
round,

Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall
marred ;

On their quick sense our sweetest music
jarred ;

And whither could they dart, if seized with
fear ?

No sheltering stone, no tangled root was
near.

When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room
They wore away the night in starless gloom ;

And, when the sun first dawned upon the
streams,

How faint their portion of his vital beams !

Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,
While not one joy of ours by them was
shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend
brow)—

Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,
Though fed with dainties from the snow-
white hand

Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
But gladly would escape ; and, if need were,
Scatter the colors from the plumes that bear
The emancipated captive through blithe air.

Into strange woods, where he at large may live

On best or worst which they and Nature give?

The beetle loves his unpretending track,
The snail the house he carries on his back;
The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown

The bed we give him, though of softest down;

A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,
All ranks! What sovereign, worthy of the name,

If doomed to breathe against his lawful will
An element that flatters him—to kill,
But would rejoice to barter outward show
For the least boon that freedom can bestow?

But most the Bard is true to unborn right,
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,
A natural meal—days, months, from Nature's hand;

Time, place, and business, all at his command!—

Who bends to happier duties, who more wise
Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
By cares in which simplicity is lost?
That life—the flowery path that winds by stealth!—

Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;
Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,
And the vain splendors of Imperial Rome?—
Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
And fiction animate his sportive lyre,
Attuned to verse that, crowning light Dis-
tress

With garlands, cheats her into happiness;
Give *me* the humblest note of those sad
strains

Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;
Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring
Haunted his ear—he only listening—
He proud to please, above all rivals, fit
To win the palm of gayety and wit;
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
Shrinking from each new favor to be shed,
By the world's Ruler, on his honored head!

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Such earnest longings and regrets as keen
Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade;

A doleful bower for penitential song,
Where Man and Muse complained of mutual
wrong;

While Cam's ideal current glided by,
And antique towers nodded their foreheads
high,

Citadels dear to studious privacy.
But Fortune, who had long been used to
sport

With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,
Relenting met his wishes; and to you
The remnant of his days at least was true;
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved
best;

You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest!

Far happier they who, fixing hope and
aim

On the humanities of peaceful fame,
Enter betimes with more than martial fire
The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;
Upheld by warnings heeded not too late
Stifle the contradictions of their fate,
And to one purpose cleave, their Being's
god-like mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid
brow

That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy*
vow

With modest scorn reject whate'er would
blind

The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged
mind!

Then, with a blessing granted from above,
To every act, word, thought, and look of
love,

Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till
age

Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest
page.*

1829.

* There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realized: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapote to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the

IV.

POOR ROBIN. *

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,

And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire

Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content

With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power

To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower;
And flowers they well might seem to passers-by

If looked at only with a careless eye;
Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,

Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him play
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?
Or does it suit our humor to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show

Bright colors whether they deceive or no?—
Nay, we would simply praise the free goodwill

With which, though slighted, he, on naked [hill]
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow;
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy

This child of Nature's own humility,
What recompense is kept in store or left
For all that seem neglected or bereft;
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

May. h, 1840.

case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Autho.'s acquaintance, no equal.

* The small wild Geranium known by that name.

V.

THE GLEANER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from summer's golden skies,
That o'er thy brow are shed;

That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped

To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,

Of bliss that grows without a care,
And happiness that never flies—
(How can it where love never dies?)

Whispering of promise, where no blight
Can reach the innocent delight;
There pity, to the mind conveyed
In pleasure, is the darkest shade
That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
And mingled colors, that should breed
Such rapture, nor want power to feed;
For had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born
Life's daily tasks with them to share;
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Ponder the blessing they entreat
From Heaven, and feel what they repeat,
While they give utterance to the prayer
That asks for daily bread.

1828.

VI.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS)

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,

And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, that thought can not destroy
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,

And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.

S. H.

VII.

FLOATING ISLAND.

These lines are by the Author of the Address to the Wind, &c., published heretofore along with my Poems. The above to a Redbreast are by a deceased female Relative.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
On sky, earth, river, lake, and sea ;
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
(By throbbing waves long undermined)
Loosed from its hold ; how, no one knew,
But all might see it float, obedient to the
wind ;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
Float with its crest of trees adorned
On which the warbling birds their pastime
take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find :
There berries ripen, flowerets bloom ;
There insects live their lives, and die ;
A peopled world it is ; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space
This little Island may survive ;
But Nature, though we mark her not,
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant sunny day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is
passed away ;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found ;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilize some other ground.

D. W.

VIII.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the old moone in hir arme."

*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
Percy's Reliques.*

ONCE I could hail (how'er serene the sky)
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,

No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,
That thin memento of effulgence lost
Which some have named her Predecessor's
ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me
shone,

Naught I perceived within it dull or dim ;
All that appeared was suitable to one
Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim ;
To expectations spreading with wild growth,
And hope that kept with me her plighted
troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood ;
A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw
Its brightest splendor round a leafy wood ;
But not a hint from under-ground, no sign
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move
Before me? nothing blemished the fair
sight ;

On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,
Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,
And by that thinning magnifies the great,
For exultation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral
Shape

As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape ;
Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,
To see or not to see, as best may please
A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazdling Stranger ! when thou meet'st
my glance,

Thy dark Associate ever I discern ;
Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or
stern ;

Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to
gain

Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years ;
A mournful change, should Reason fail to
bring

The timely insight that can temper fears,
And from vicissitude remove its sting ;
While Faith aspires to seats in that domain
Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor
wane.

1826.

IX.

TO THE LADY FLEMING,

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

I

BLEST is this Isle—our native Land;
Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
No rampart's stern defence require,
Naught but the heaven-directed spire,
And steeple tower (with pealing bells
Far heard)—our only citadels.

II.

O Lady! from a noble line
Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell
Of Nightshade * haply yet may tell;)
Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

III.

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,
Lifting her front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair;
And to exalt the passing hour;
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose!

IV.

Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

* Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.

V.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of time's pathetic sanctity;
Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
At evening, when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;
Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity.

VI.

Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights
What every natural heart enjoys?
Who never caught a noon-tide dream
From murmur of a running stream;
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To him, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun his setting shrouds.

VII.

A soul so pitifully forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride;
And still be not unblest—compared
With him who grovels, self-debarred
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and christian hope;
Or, shipwreck'd, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.

VIII.

Alas! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's favored ground
That public order, private weal,
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
From champions of the desperate law
Which from their own blind hearts they
draw;
Who tempt their reason to deny
God, whom their passions dare defy,
And boast that they alone are free
Who reach this dire extremity!

IX.

But turn we from these "bold bad" men;
The way, mild Lady! that hath led
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"
Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapors glide
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
Should move the tenor of *his* song

Who means to charity no wrong ;
Whose offering gladly would accord
With this day's work, in thought and word.

x.

Heaven prosper it ! may peace, and love,
And hope, and consolation, fall,
Through its meek influence, from above,
And penetrate the hearts of all ;
All who, around the hallowed Fane,
Shall sojourn in this fair domain ;
Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
For opportunity bestowed
To kneel together, and adore their God !
1823.

x.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Oh ! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening Piety requires ;
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east
and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly*
known ; nor, that the degree of deviation
from *due* east often noticeable in the ancient
ones was determined, in each particular case,
by the point in the horizon, at which the sun
rose upon the day of the saint to whom the
church was dedicated. These observances
of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are
the subject of the following stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of bow and spear
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear
The Mother Church in yon sequestered
vale ;

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite
Resounded with deep swell and solemn
close,

Through unremitting vigils of the night,
Till from his couch the wished-for Sun up-
rose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine com-
mand.

They, who had waited for that sign to trace
Their work's foundation, gave with careful
hand

To the high altar its determined place ;

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born
There lived, and on the cross his life re-
signed,

And who, from out the regions of the morn,
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge man-
kind .

So taught *their* creed ;—nor failed the east-
ern sky,

'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse
The sweet and natural hopes that shall not
die,

Long as the sun his gladsome course re-
news.

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased ;
Yet still we plant, like men of elder days
Our christian altar faithful to the east,
Whence the tall window drinks the morning
rays ;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,
That symbol of the day-spring from on high,
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave.
1823.

xi.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT
CASTLE.

ERE the Brothers through the gateway
Issued forth with old and young,
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed
Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair

Heirs from times of earliest record
Had the House of Lucie born,
Who of right had held the Lordship
Claimed by proof upon the Horn :
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the Horn,—it owned his power ;
He was acknowledged : and the blast
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the
last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed
And to Hubert thus said he,
" What I speak this Horn shall witness
For thy better memory.
Hear, then, and neglect me not !
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

On good service we are going
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,

Hither come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day;
Return, and sound the Horn, that we
May have a living House still left in thee!"

"Fear not," quickly answered Hubert;
"As I am thy Father's son,
What thou askest, noble Brother,
With God's favor shall be done."
So were both right well content:
Forth they from the Castle went,
And at the head of their Array
To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valor famed)
And where'er their strokes alighted
There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
By what evil spirit brought?
Oh! can a brave Man wish to take
His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's
sake?

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood."
Stricken by this ill-assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
"Take your earnings."—Oh! that I
Could have *seen* my Brother die!
It was a pang that vexed him then:
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard.
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steered.
To his Castle Hubert sped;
Nothing has he now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the Horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded
Flourishing in fair estate.
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the Horn,
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!
He is come to claim his right:
Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert! though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone:
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodged, and thou be
Lord.

Speak!—astounded Hubert cannot;
And, if power to speak he had,
All are daunted, all the household
Smitten to the heart, and sad.
'Tis Sir Eustace; if it be
Living man, it must be he!
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long and long was he unheard of:
To his Brother then he came,
Made confession, asked forgiveness,
Asked it by a brother's name,
And by all the saints in heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiven:
Then in a convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
Had preserved from murderers' hands,
And from Pagan chains had rescued,
Lived with honor on his lands.
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs:
And through ages, heirs of heirs,
A long posterity renowned.
Sounded the Horn which they alone could
sound.
1806.

 XII.

 GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.
A TRUE STORY.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill!
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had

All day she spun in her poor dwelling
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltered village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old Dames as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor Woman! housed alone,
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the *canty* Dame
Would sit, as any linnet, gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed;
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her! when'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
Thus trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected
That he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand.
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land,
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take,
He started forward, with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.

And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
And all who see him say, 'tis plain
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old ;
But ever to himself he mutters,
" Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
A-bed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still,
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and and Harry Gill
1798.

XIII.
PRELUDE.

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED
" POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE
YEARS."

In desultory walk through orchard grounds
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I
paused

The while a Thrush, urged rather than re-
strained

By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
To his own genial instincts ; and was heard
(Though not without some plaintive tones
between)

To utter, above showers of blossom swept
From tossing boughs, the promise of a
calm,

Which the unsheltered traveller might re-
ceive

With thankful spirit. The descent, and
the wind

That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
Encouraged and endeared the strain of
words

That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
Impelled to hvelier pace. But now, my
Book !

Charged with those lays, and others of like
mood,

Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined

With thy Forerunners that through many a
year

Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled

When and wherever, in this changeful
world,

Power hath been given to please for higher
ends

Than pleasure only ; gladdening to prepare
For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,

Calming to raise ; and, by a sapient Art
Diffused through all the mysteries of our
Being,
Softening the toils and pains that have not
ceased

To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
Since the primeval doom. Such is the
grace

Which, though unused for, fails not to de-
scend

With heavenly inspiration ; such the aim
That Reason dictates ; and, as even the
wish

Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied
ills

Harass the mind and strip from off the
bowers

Of private life their natural pleasantness,
A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
Lodged within compass of the humblest
sight,

To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,
And sympathy with man's substantial
griefs—

Will not be heard in vain. And in those
days

When unforeseen distress spreads far and
wide

Among a People mournfully cast down,
Or into anger roused by venal words
In recklessness flung out to overturn
The judgment, and divert the general heart
From mutual good—some strain of thine,
my Book !

Caught at propitious intervals, may win
Listeners who not unwillingly admit
Kindly emotion tending to console
And reconcile ; and both with young and
old

Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
For benefits that still survive, by faith
In progress, under laws divine, maintained.
Rydal Mount, March 26, 1842.

XIV
TO A CHILD

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts :
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature ! scorn
not one ;

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the
Sun.

1834.

xv.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE, NOV 5, 1834.

LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
Among the Favored, favored not the least)
Left, mid the Records of this Book inscribed,

Deliberate traces, registers of thought
And feeling suited to the place and time
That gave them birth:—months passed,
and still this hand,

That had not been too timid to imprint
Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,

Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.
And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth

The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.

Flowers are there many that delight to strive

With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,

Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not; and some,

Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,

Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:

Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!

Witness Towers, and Groves!

And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honored name

Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness

From thy most secret haunts; and ye Partes,

Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,

Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense

Of admiration and respectful love,
Have waited—till the affections could no more

Endure that silence, and broke out in song,
Snatches of music taken up and dropt
Like those self-solacing, those under, notes

Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves

Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,

The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,

Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked

And reprehended, by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed;

Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
That, while it only spreads a softening charm

O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,
Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;

And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill

Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
When side by side with lunar gentleness,

As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
(Such the immunities of low estate,

Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
Her sacred recompense for many wants)

Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out
All that they think and feel, with tears of joy,

And benedictions not unheard in heaven:
And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free

To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines

A just memorial; and thine eyes consent
To read that they who mark thy course behold

A life declining with the golden light
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;

See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;

See studied kindness flow with easy stream,
Illustrated with inborn courtesy;

And an habitual disregard of self
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts

With these ennobling attributes conjoined
And blended, in peculiar harmony,
By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!

A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
Beheld with wonder, whether floor or path

Thou tread; or sweep—borne on the man-
aged steed—

Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
Driven by strong winds at play among the
clouds.

Yet one word more—one farewell word—
a wish

Which came, but it has passed into a
prayer—

That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
So—at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes
Whose tender love, here faltering on the
way

Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
So may it set in peace, to rise again
For everlasting glory won by faith.

XVI

GRACE DARLING.

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public
way

And crowded street resound with ballad
strains,

Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
Favor divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northum-
bria's coast,

Known unto few but prized as far as
known,

A single Act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to Manhood,
moved in spite

Of the world's freezing cares—to generous
Youth—

To Infancy, that lips her praise—to Age
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a
tear

Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may
live

A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful
earth

Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and waves
could speak

Of things which their united power called
forth

From the pure depths of her humanity!

A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse
reared

On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling
place;

Or like the invincible Rock itself that
braves,

Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's celi

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased,
nor paused,

When, as day broke, the Maid, through
misty air,

Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a Vessel, half—no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that
there

Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge. With
quick glance

Daughter and Sire through optic-glass dis-
cern,

Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's
sight!

For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still
more

Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further
strife.

"But courage, Father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved." The Daughter's
words,

Her earnest tone, and look beaming with
faith,

Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they
lack

The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing
cheered,

And inwardly sustained by silent prayer
Together they put forth, Father and Child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they
go—

Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they
watch

The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and regathering their
might;

As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and pro-
longed,

That woman's fortitude—so tried, so
proved—

May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
 They stem the current of that perilous
 gorge,
 Their arms still strengthening with the
 strengthening heart,
 Though danger, as the Wreck is near'd, be-
 comes
 More imminent. Not unseen do they ap-
 proach;
 And rapture, with varieties of fear
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least per-
 turbed
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he per-
 ceives bring
 That of the pair—tossed on the waves to
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
 A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
 In woman's shape. But why prolong the
 tale,
 Casting weak words and a host of
 thoughts
 Armed to repel them? Every hazard
 faced
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve
 That no one breathing should be left to
 perish,
 This last remainder of the crew are all
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
 Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—Shout,
 ye Waves!
 Send forth a song of triumph Waves and
 Winds,
 Exult in this deliverance wrought through
 faith
 In Him whose Providence your rage hath
 served!
 Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert
 join!
 And would that some immortal Voice—a
 Voice
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
 Breathes out from floor or couch, through
 pallid lips
 Of the survivors—to the clouds might
 bear—
 Blended with praise of that parental love,
 Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden
 grew
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek so
 resolute—

Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
 Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S
 name!
 1842.

XVII.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

PART I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes
 Like harebells lathed in dew,
 Of cheek that with carnation vies
 And veins of violet hue;
 Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
 A likening to frail flowers;
 Yea, to the stars, if they were born
 For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold un-
 barred,
 Stepped One at dead of night,
 Whom such high beauty could not guard
 From meditated blight;
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
 As doth the hunted fawn,
 Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
 Seven nights her course renewed,
 Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
 Or berries of the wood;
 At length, in darkness travelling on,
 When lowly doors were shut,
 The haven of her hope she won,
 Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof
 I come," said she, "from far;
 For I have left my Father's roof,
 In terror of the Czar."
 No answer did the Matron give,
 No second look she cast,
 But hung upon the Fugitive,
 Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat
 Beside the glimmering fire,
 Bathed dutefully her wayworn feet,
 Prevented each desire—
 The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
 And on that simple bed,
 Where she in childhood had reposed,
 Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,
Whose curtain, pine or thorn,
Hath breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
Who comforts the forlorn ;
While over her the Matron bent
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
And trouble from the soul

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
And soon again was dight
In those unworthy vestments worn
Through long and perilous flight ;
And " O beloved Nurse," she said,
" My thanks with silent tears
Have unto Heaven and You been paid :
Now listen to my fears !

" Have you forgot "—and here she smiled—
" The babbling flatteries
You lavished on me when a child
Disporting round your knees ?
I was your lambkin, and your bird,
Your star, your gem, your flower ;
Light words, that were more lightly heard
In many a cloudless hour !

" The blossom you so fondly praised
Is come to bitter fruit ;
A mighty One upon me gazed ;
I spurned his lawless suit,
And must be hidden from his wrath :
You, Foster-father dear,
Will guide me in my forward path ,
I may not tarry here !

" I cannot bring to utter woe
Your proved fidelity."—
" Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so !
For you we both would die."—
" Nay, nay, I come with senib'ance feigned
And cheek embrowned by art ;
Yet, being inwardly unstained,
With courage will depart."

" But whither would you, could you, flee ?
A poor Man's counsel take ;
The holy Virgin gives to me
A thought for your dear sake ;
Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,
And soon shall you be led
Forth to safe abiding-place,
Where never foot doth tread."

PART II.

THE dwelling of this faithful pair
In a straggling village stood,
For One who breathed unquiet air
A dangerous neighborhood ;

But wide around lay forest ground
With thickets rough and blind ;
And pine-trees made a heavy shade
Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
Was spread a treacherous swamp,
On which the noonday sun shed light
As from a lonely lamp ;
And midway in the unsafe morass,
A single Island rose
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
This Russian vassal plied,
That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
Of archer, there was tried ;
A sanctuary seemed the spot
From all intrusion free ;
And there he planned an artful Cot
For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
Of Power's far-stretching hand,
The bold good Man his labor sped,
At nature's pure command ;
Hearth-soothed, and busy as a wren,
While, in a hollow nook,
She moulds her sight-eluding den
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
The twain ere break of day
Creep forth, and through the forest wind
Their solitary way ;
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
Their pace from mile to mile,
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
And reach the lonely Isle

The sun above the pine-trees showed
A bright and cheerful face ;
And Ina looked for her abode,
The promised hiding-place ;
She sought in vain, the Woodman smiles ;
No threshold could be seen,
Nor roof, nor window ;—all seemed wild
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
The front with such nice care
Is masked, " if house it be or bower,"
But in they entered are ;
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof,
And delicately lined :

An l hearth was there, and maple dish,
 And cups in seemly rows,
 And couch—all ready to a wish
 For nurture or repose,
 And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
 That here she may abide
 In solitude, with every want
 By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,
 Led on in bridal state,
 E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
 Entering her palace gate;
 Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
 No saintly anchoress
 E'er took possession of her cell
 With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care
 And mercy am I thrown;
 Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer
 When she was left alone,
 Kneeling amid the wilderness
 When joy had passed away,
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress
 To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
 Diffused through form and face,
 Resolves devotedly serene,
 That monumental grace
 Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
 That Reason *should* control,
 And shows in the untrembling frame
 A statue of the soul.

PART III.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
 That Phœbus wont to wear
 The leaves of any pleasant tree
 Around his golden hair;
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
 Of his imperious love,
 At her own prayer transformed, took root,
 A laurel in the grove.
 Then did the Penitent adorn
 His brow with laurel green;
 And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
 No meaner leaf was seen!
 And poets sage, through every age,
 About their temples would
 The bay: and conquerors thanked the Gods,
 With laurel chaplets crowned.
 Into the mists of fabling Time
 So far runs back the praise
 Of beauty, that disdains to climb
 Along forbidden ways;

That scorns temptation; power defies
 Where mutual love is not;
 And to the tomb for rescue flies
 When life would be a blot.

To this fair Votaress, a fate
 More mild doth Heaven ordain
 Upon her Island desolate;
 And words, not breathed in vain,
 Might tell what intercourse she found,
 Her silence to endear,
 What birds she tamed, what flowers the
 ground
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,
 Her soothed affections clung,
 A picture on the cabin wall
 By Russian usage hung—
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright
 With love abridged the day;
 And, communed with by taper light,
 Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,
 The joy in that retreat
 Might any common friendship shame,
 So high their hearts would beat,
 And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
 They brought, each visiting
 Was like the crowding of the year
 With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her Parents thought,
 The pang was hard to bear;
 And, if with all things not enwrought,
 That trouble still is near.
 Before her flight she had not dared
 Their constancy to prove,
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared
 The weakness of their love.

Dark is the past to them, and dark
 The future still must be,
 Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
 Into a safer sea—
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes
 And set her Spirit free
 From the altar of this sacrifice,
 In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms
 The white swans southward passed,
 High as the pitch of their swift plumes
 Her fancy rode the blast;
 And bore her toward the field of France
 Her Father's native land,
 To mingle in the rustic dance,
 The happiest of the band!

Of those belovèd fields she oft
 Had heard her Father tell
 In phrase that now with echoes soft
 Haunted her lonely cell ;
 She saw the hereditary bowers,
 She heard the ancestral stream ;
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers
 Forgotten like a dream !

—
 PART IV.

THE ever-changing moon had traced
 Twelve times her monthly round,
 When through the unfrequented Waste
 Was heard a startling sound ;
 A shout thrice sent from one who chased
 At speed a wounded deer,
 Bounding through branches interlaced,
 And where the wood was clear.
 The fainting creature took the marsh,
 And toward the Island fled,
 While plovers screamed with tumult harsh
 Above his antlered head ;
 This, Ina saw ; and, pale with fear,
 Shrunk to her citadel ;
 The desperate deer rushed on, and near
 The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,
 The Hunter followed fast,
 For paused, till o'er the stag he blew
 A death-proclaiming blâst ;
 Then, resting on her upright mind,
 Came forth the Maid—" In me
 Behold," she said, " a stricken Hind
 Pursued by destiny !

" From your department, Sir ! I deem
 That you have worn a sword,
 And will not hold in light esteem
 A suffering woman's word ;
 There is my covert, there perchance
 I might have lain concealed,
 My fortunes hid, my countenance
 Not even to you revealed.

" Tears might be shed, and I might pray,
 Crouching and terrified,
 That what has been unveiled to-day,
 You would in mystery hide ;
 But I will not defile with dust
 The knee that bends to adore
 The God in heaven ; attend, be just ;
 This ask I, and no more !

" I speak not of the winter's cold,
 For summer's heat exchanged,

While I have lodged in this rough hold
 From social life estranged ;
 Nor yet of trouble and alarms :
 High Heaven is my defence ;
 And every season has soft arms
 For injured Innocence.

" From Moscow to the Wilderness
 It was my choice to come,
 Lest virtue should be harborless,
 And honor want a home ;
 And happy were I, if the Czar
 Retain his lawless will,
 To end life here like this poor deer,
 Or a lamb on a green hill."

" Are you the Maid," the stranger cried,
 " From Gallic parents sprung,
 Whose vanishing was rumored wide
 Sad theme for every tongue ;
 Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest ?
 You, Lady, forced to wear
 These rude habiliments, and rest
 Your head in this dark lair !"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled,
 And in her face and mien
 The soul's pure brightness he beheld
 Without a veil between :
 He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears ;
 The passion of a moment came
 As on the wings of years.

" Such bounty is no gift of chance,"
 Exclaimed he ; " righteous Heaven,
 Preparing your deliverance,
 To me the charge hath given.
 The Czar full oft in words and deeds
 Is stormy and self-willed ;
 But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
 His violence is stilled

" Leave open to my wish the course,
 And I to her will go ;
 From that humane and heavenly source
 Good, only good, can flow."
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
 Was eager to depart
 Though question followed question, dear
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step, his hopes, more light
 Kept pace with his desires ;
 And the fifth morning gave him sight
 Of Moscow's glittering spires.
 He sued — heart-smitten by the wrong,
 To the lone Fugitive

The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change ! If e'er
Amazement rose to pain,
And joy's excess produced a fear
Of something void and vain :
Twas when the Parents, who had mourned
So long the lost as dead,
Beheld their only Child returned,
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast.
Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridal garments drest.

Meek Catherine had her own reward ;
The Czar bestowed a dower :
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour

Flowers strewed the ground, the nuptia
feast
Was held with costly state ;
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
The Foster-parents sate ;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,
They shrank not into shade ;
Great was their bliss, the honor high
To them and nature paid !
1830.

INSCRIPTIONS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE
SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.,
LEICESTERSHIRE.

1808.

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and the
pine
Will not unwillingly their place resign ;
If but the Cedar thrive that near them
stands,
Planted by Beaumont's and by Words-
worth's hands.
One wooed the silent Art with studious
pains :
These groves have heard the Other's pen-
sive strains ;
Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
By interchange of knowledge and delight.
May Nature's kindest powers sustain the
Tree,
And Love protect it from all injury !
And when its potent branches, wide out-
thrown,
Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,
Here may some Painter sit in future days,
Some future Poet meditate his lays ;
Not mindless of that distant age renowned
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,
The haunt of him who sang how spear and
shield

In civil conflict met on Bosworth-field ;
And of that famous Youth, full soon re-
moved
From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self
approved,
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend be-
loved.

II.

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

OFT is the medal faithful to its trust
When temples, columns, towers, are laid in
dust ;
And 'tis a common ordinance of fate
That things obscure and small outlive the
great :
Hence, when yon mansion and the flowery
trim
Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,
And all its stately trees, are passed away,
This little Niche, unconscious of decay,
Perchance may still survive. And be it
known
That it was scooped within the living
stone,—
Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains
Of laborer plodding for his daily gains,
But by an industry that wrought in love ;
With help from female hands, that proudly
strove

To aid the work, what time these walks and
bowers
Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely
hours.

III.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR
GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART, AND IN
HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY HIM
AT THE TERMINATION OF A NEWLY-
PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE SAME
GROUNDS.

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed
Urn,
Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's re-
turn ;
And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of pillars, branching off from year to year,
Till they have learned to frame a darksome
aisle ;—
That may recall to mind that awful Pile
Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest
dead,
In the last sanctity of fame is laid.
—There, though by right the excelling
Painter sleep
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath
keep,
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private
tear :
Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I
Raised this frail tribute to his memory ;
From youth a zealous follower of the Art
That he professed ; attached to him in
heart ;
Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds
died.

IV.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEOR-
TON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy
bound,
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest
ground
Stand yet, but, Stranger ! hidden from thy
view,
The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU !
Erst a religious House, which day and night
With hymns resounded, and the chanted
rite :

And when those rites had ceased, the Spot
gave birth
To honorable Men of various worth :
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager
child ;
There, under shadow of the neighboring
rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their
flocks ;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy
dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous
rage,
With which his genius shook the buskined
stage.
Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie,
They perish ;—but the Intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er
decays.

1808.

V.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE
IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN
OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT GRAS-
MERE.

RUDE is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
Proportions more harmonious, and ap-
proached
To closer fellowship with ideal grace.
But take it in good part —alas ! the poor
Vitruvius of our village had no help
From the great City ; never, upon leaves
Of red Morocco folio saw displayed,
In long succession, pre-existing ghosts
Of Beauties yet unborn—the rustic Lodge
Antique, and Cottage with veranda graced,
Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,
Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined her-
mitage.
Thou see'st a homely Pile, yet to these walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and
here
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from
the wind.
And hither does one Poet sometimes row
His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-
piled
With plenteous store of heath and withered
fern,
(A lading which he with his sickle cuts,

Among the mountains) and beneath this
roof
He makes his summer couch, and here at
noon
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn,
the Sheep,
Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,
Lie round him even as if they were a part
Of his own Household; nor, while from his
bed
He looks, through the open door-place, to-
ward the lake
And to the stirring breezes, does he want
Creations lovely as the work of sleep—
Fair sights, and visions of romantic joy!

VI.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A
STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUN-
TAIN OF BLACK COMB.

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy
limbs
On this commodious Seat! for much re-
mains
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness
named,
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
A favored spot of tournament and war!
But thee may no such boisterous visitants
Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,
From centre to circumference, unveiled!
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy
rest,
That on the summit whither thou art bound
A geographic Laborer pitched his tent,
With books supplied and instruments of
art,
To measure height and distance; lonely
task,
Week after week pursued!—To him was
given
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly be-
stowed
On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made report
That once, while there he plied his studious
work
Within that canvas dwelling, colors, lines,
And the whole surface of the out-spread
map,
Became invisible; for all around

Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unpro-
claimed—
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!
1813

VII.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON
A STONE, THE LARGEST OF A HEAP
LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY,
UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF RYDAL.

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen
stones
Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the
Cairn
Of some old British Chief: 'tis nothing
more
Than the rude embryo of a little Dome
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
But, as it chanced, Sir William having
learned
That from the shore a full-grown man might
wade,
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinished task.
The block on which these lines are traced,
perhaps,
Was once selected as the corner-stone
Of that intended Pile, which would have
been
Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate
skill,
So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,
And other little builders who dwell here,
Had wondered at the work. But blame him
not,
For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,
Bred in this vale, to which he appertained
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him
And for the outrage which he had devised
Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art one
On fire with thy impatience to become
An inmate of these mountains,—if, dis-
turbed
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements
Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze
in snow-white splendor,—think again; and
taught

By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose :
There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,
And let the redbreast hop from stone to
stone.
1800.

VIII.

IN these fair vales hath many a Tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared ;
And from the builder's hand this Stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard :
So let it rest ; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed.
1830.

IX

THE massy ways, carried across these
heights
By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping
worms.
How venture them to hope that Time will
spare
This humble Walk ? Yet on the mountain's
side
A POET'S hand first shaped it ; and the
steps
Of that same Bard—repeated to and fro
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight
skies
Through the vicissitudes of many a year—
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its gray
line.
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
Shall he frequent those precincts ; locked
no more
In earnest converse with beloved Friends,
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,
As from the beds and borders of a garden
Choice flowers are gathered ! But, if Power
may spring
Out of a farewell yearning—favored more
Than kindred wishes mated suitably
With vain regrets—the Exile would consign
This Walk, his loved possession, to the care
Of those pure Minds that reverence the
Muse.
1826.

X.

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND
IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL

1818.

I.

HOPES what are they ?—Beads of morning
Stung on slender blades of grass,
Or a spider's web adorning
In a straight and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy ?
Whispering harm where harm is not ;
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot !

What is glory ? in the socket
See how dying tapers fare !
What is pride ?—a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship ?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made :
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth ?—a staff rejected ;
Duty ?—an unwelcome clog ;
Joy ?—a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog ;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone :
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone ;

Such is Joy—as quickly hidden
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth ?—a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before !)
Age ?—a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace ?—when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing-knell !

XI.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

II

PAUSE, Traveller ! whoso'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat ;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound

I saw this Rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a Monument as fair
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble, white, like ether, pure ;
As if, beneath, some hero lay,
Honored with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed ;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile
Unsound as those which Fortune builds—
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground ;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around !

XII.

III

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device ?

Such are thoughts !—A wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life ; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity !

XIII.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

IV.

TROUBLED long with warring notions
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God !

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well :
Rains, that make each rill a torrent
Neither sully it nor swell

Thus, dishonoring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
O divine tranquillity !

XIV.

V.

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn ;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding Bark untrue
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify !

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee ;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy !

XV

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE
STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND,
DERWENT-WATER.

IF thou in the dear love of some one Friend
Hast been so happy that thou know'st what
thoughts

Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou rever-
ence

This quiet spot ; and, Stranger ! not un-
moved

Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of
stones.

The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.
Here stood his threshold ; here was spread
the roof

That sheltered him, a self secluded Man,
 After long exercise in social cares
 And offices humane, intent to adore
 The Deity, with undistracted mind,
 And meditate on everlasting things,
 In utter solitude.—But he had left
 A Fellow-laborer, whom the good Man
 loved
 As his own soul. And, when with eye up-
 raised
 To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
 While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
 Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
 Along the beach of this small isle and
 thought
 Of his Companion, he would pray that both
 (Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
 Might die in the same moment. Nor in
 van
 So prayed he :—as our chronicles report,

Though here the Hermit numbered his last
 day
 Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,
 Those holy men both died in the same hour.
 1800.

XVI.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
 Crowded with thoughts that need a settled
 home,
 Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
 Within this whirlpool, they each other
 chase
 Round and round, and neither find
 An outlet nor a resting-place!
 Stranger! if such disquietude be thine,
 Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

MODERNIZED.

I.

THE PRIORESS' TALE.

"Call up him who left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold"

In the following Poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author. so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as *also* and *away*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine back-ground for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

I.

"O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously,"
 (quoth she)

"Thy name in this large world is spread
 abroad!

For not alone by men of dignity
 Thy worship is performed and precious
 laud;
 But by the mouths of children, gracious
 God!
 Thy goodness is set forth; they when they
 lie
 Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

II.

Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I
 may,
 Jesu! of thee, and the white Lily-flower
 Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,
 To tell a story I will use my power;
 Not that I may increase her honor's dower,
 For she herself is honor, and the root
 Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best
 boot.

III.

O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
 O bush unburnt! burning in Moses' sight!
 That down didst ravish from the Deity,
 Through humbleness, the spirit that did
 alight

Upon thy heart, whence, through that
glory's might,
Conceived was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

IV.

Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pay to thee
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

V.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful
Queen!
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelve months old or less,
That laboreth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall
say.

VI.

There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews
might be,
Assigned to them and given them for their
own
By a great Lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to his company;
And through this street who list might ride
and wend;
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

VII.

A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there
were
A nest of children come of Christian blood,
That learned in that school from year to
year
Such sort of doctrine as men used there,
That is to say, to sing, and read also,
As little children in their childhood do,

VIII.

Among these children was a Widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,
This Child was wont to kneel adown and
say
Ave Maria, as he goeth by the way.

IX.

This Widow thus her little Son hath
taught
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,
To worship aye, and he forgat it not;
For simple infant hath a ready ear.
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

X.

This little Child, while in the school he
sate
His Primer conning with an earnest cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem-book re-
peat,
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and
near,
And hearkened to the words and to the
note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

XI.

This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would
show,
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare
knees.

XII.

His Schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus:—'This song, I have
heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day:
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have
got.'

XIII.

'And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu's Mother?' said this Innocent;
'Now, certes, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my Primer shall be shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an hour.
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.'

XIV.

His Schoolfellow, whom he had so besought,
As they went nomeward taught him privly
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the note :
Twice in a day it passèd through his
throat ;
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he
went,
On Jesu's Mother fixed was his intent

XV.

Through all the Jewry (this before said I)
This litle Child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O Alma Redemptoris ' high and low :
The sweetness of Christ's Mother piercèd
so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

XVI

The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled—
' O woe,
O Hebrew people !' said he in his wrath,
' Is it an honest thing ? Shall this be so ?
That such a Boy where'er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and
saws,
Which is against the reverence of our
laws !'

XVII.

From that day forward have the Jews con-
spired
Out of the world this Innocent to chase ;
And to this end a Homicide they lured,
That in an alley had a privy place,
And, as the Child 'gan to the school to
pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him
fast
And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

XVIII.

I say that him into a pit they threw,
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents ex-
hale ;
O cursed folk ! away, ye Herods new !
What may your ill intentions you avail ?
Murder will out ; certes it will not fail ;
Know, that the honor of high God may
spread,
The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.

XIX.

O Martyr 'stablished in virginity !
Now may'st thou sing for aye before the
throne,
Following the Lamb celestial," quoth she,
" Of which the great Evangelist, Saint
John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.

XX.

Now this poor widow waiteth al' that night
After her litle Child, and he came not ;
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning
light,
With face all pale with dread and busy
thought,
She at the school and elsewhere him hath
sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had been
In the Jews' street, and there he last was
seen.

XXI.

With Mother's pity in her breast enclosed
She goeth, as she wcre half out of her mind,
To every place wherein she hath supposèd
By likelihood her litle Son to find ;
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
And him among the accursèd Jews she
sought.

XXII.

She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
To tell her if her child had passed that way ;
They all said—Nay ; but Jesu of his grace
Gave to her thought, that in a litle space
She for her Son in that same spot did cry
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

XXIII.

O thou great God that dost perform thy
laud
By mouths of Innocents, I ! here thy
might ;
This gem of chastity, ' is emerald,
And eke of martyrdom ' is ruby bright,
There, where with mangled throat he lay
upright,
The *Alma Redemptoris* gan to sing
So loud that with his voice the place did
ring.

XXIV.

The Christian folk that through the Jewry
went,
Come to the spot in wonder at the thing ;
And hastily they for the Provost sent ;
Immediately he came, not tarrying
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly
King,
And eke his Mother, honor of Mankind :
Which done, he bade that they the Jews
should bind.

XXV.

This Child with piteous lamentation then
Was taken up, singing his song alway ;
And with procession great and pomp of
men
To the next Abbey him they bare away ;
His Mother swooning by the body lay .
And scarcely could the people that were
near
Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

XXVI.

Torment and shameful death to every one
This Provost does for those bad Jews pre-
pare
That of this murder wist, and that anon :
Such wickedness his judgments cannot
spare .
Who will do evil, evil shall he bear ;
Them therefore with wild horses did he
draw,
And after that he hung them by the law

XXVII.

Upon his bier this Innocent doth lie
Before the altar while the Mass doth last :
The Abbot with his covent's company
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast ;
And, when they holy water on him cast,
Yet spake this Child when sprinkled was
the water,
And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater !*

XXVIII.

This Abbot, for he was a holy man,
As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,
In supplication to the Child began,
us the saying, ' O dear Child ! I summon
thee
In virtue of the holy Trinity
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this
hymn,
Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

XXIX.

' My throat is cut into the bone, I trow,'
Said this young Child, ' and by the law of
kind
I should have died, yea many hours ago ;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,
Will that his glory last, and be in mind ;
And, for the worship of his Mother dear,
Yet may I sing, *O Alma* ' loud and clear.

XXX.

' This well of mercy, Jesu's Mother sweet,
After my knowledge, I have loved alway ;
And in the hour when I my death did meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say,
" Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,"
As ye have heard ; and soon as I had sung
Methought she laid a grain upon my
tongue.

XXXI.

' Wherefore I sing, nor can from song re-
frain,
In honor of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain
And after that thus said she unto me ;
" My little Child, then will I come for thee
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they
take :
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake !"

XXXII.

This holy Monk, this Abbot—him mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away the
grain ;
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully ;
And, when the Abbot had this wonder seen,
His salt tears trickled down like showers of
rain ;
And on his face he dropped upon the
ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

XXXIII.

Eke the whole Convent on the pavement
lay,
Weeping and praising Jesu's Mother dear ;
And after that they rose, and took their
way,
And lifted up this Martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.—
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet

XXXIV.

Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort laid
low
By cursed Jews—thing well and widely
known,
For it was done a little while ago—
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
In mercy would his mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary!"

II

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHT-
INGALE

I.

The God of Love—*ah, benedicite!*
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of high
He can make low, and unto death bring
nigh;
And hard hearts he can make them kind
and free.

II.

Within a little time, as hath been found,
He can make sick folk whole and fresh and
sound.

Them who are whole in body and in mind,
He can make sick,—bind can he and unbind
All that he will have bound, or have un-
bound.

III.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
Foolish men he can make them out of
wise—

For he may do all that he will devise;
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in a
trice.

IV.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he may
Against him dare not any wight say nay;
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;
But most his might he sheds on the eve of
May.

V.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
Now against May shall have some stirring
—whether
To joy, or be it to some mourning; never
At other time, methinks, in like degree.

VI.

For now when they may hear the small
birds' song,
And see the budding leaves the branches
throng,
This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure mixed with sorrow
ing;
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever
long

VII.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart
and home;
Sick are they all for lack of their desire;
And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,
So that they burn forth in great martyrdom

VIII.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what though
now
Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;
Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,
Both hot and cold, and heart aches every
day,—
How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

IX.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
Through all this May that I have little sleep;
And also 'tis not likely unto me,
That any living heart should sleepy be
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth
steep.

X.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which Lovers heed,
How among them it was a common tale
That it was good to hear the Nightingale,
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be utterèd.

XI.

And then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If I perchance a Nightingale might hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,
And it was then the third night of the May

XII.

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straightway to a wood that was hard by
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a brook-
side;

XIII.

Till to a lawn I came all white and green,
 I in so fair a one had never been.
 The ground was green, with daisy powdered
 over ;
 Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
 All green and white ; and nothing else was
 seen.

XIV.

There sate I down among the fair fresh
 flowers,
 And saw the birds come tripping from their
 bowers,
 Where they had rested them all night ; and
 they,
 Who were so joyful at the light of day,
 Began to honor May with all their powers.

XV.

Well did they know that service all by rote,
 And there was many and many a lovely note,
 Some, singing loud, as if they had com-
 plained ;
 Some with their notes another manner
 feigned,
 And some did sing all out with the full
 throat.

XVI.

They pruned themselves, and made them-
 selves right gay,
 Dancing and leaping light upon the spray ;
 And ever two and two together were,
 The same as they had chosen for the year,
 Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

XVII.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sate
 upon,
 Was making such a noise as it ran on
 Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony ;
 Methought that it was the best melody
 Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

XVIII.

And for delight, but how I never wot,
 I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
 Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly ;
 And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
 Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

XIX.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,
 And who was then ill satisfied but I ?
 Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,
 From thee and thy base throat, keep all
 that's good,
 Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

XX.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
 In the next bush that was me fast beside,
 I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
 That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
 Echoing through all the green wood wide.

XXI.

Ah ! good sweet Nightingale ! for my heart's
 cheer,
 Hence hast thou stay'd a little while too long,
 For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
 And she hath been before thee with her song ;
 Evil light on her ! she hath done me wrong.

XXII.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray
 As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
 Methought I wist right well what these
 birds meant,
 And had good knowing both of their intent,
 And of their speech, and all that they would
 say.

XXIII.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake —
 Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or
 brake,
 And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell here,
 For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
 Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

XXIV.

What ! quoth she then, what is't that ails
 thee now ?
 It seems to me I sing as well as thou ;
 For mine's a song that is both true and
 plain,—
 Although I cannot quaver so in vain
 As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

XXV.

All men may understanding have of me,
 But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee ;
 For thou hast many a foolish and quaint
 cry :—
 Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE ; then how may I
 Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may
 be

XXVI.

Ah, fool ! quoth she, wist thou not what it is ?
 Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,
 Then mean I that I should be wondrous
 fain
 That shamefully they one and all were slain
 Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

XXVII.

And also would I that they all were dead
Who do not think in love their life to lead;
For who is loth the God of Love to obey
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,
And for that cause OSEE I cry; take heed!

XXVIII.

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,
That all must love or die; but I withdraw,
And take my leave of all such company,
For mine intent it neither is to die,
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

XXIX.

For lovers, of all folk that be alive,
The most disquiet have and least do thrive;
Most feeling have of sorrow, woe and care,
And the least welfare cometh to their share;
What need is there against the truth to
strive?

XXX.

What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy
mind,
That in thy churlishness a cause canst find
To speak of Love's true Servants in this
mood,
For in this world no service is so good
To every wight that gentle is of kind.

XXXI.

For thereof comes all goodness and all
worth;
All gentleness and honor thence come forth,
Thence worship comes, content and true
heart's pleasure,
And full-assured trust, joy without measure,
And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII.

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
And seemliness, and faithful company,
And dread of shame that will not do amiss;
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
Rather than be disgraced, would choose to
die.

XXXIII.

And that the very truth it is which I
Now say—in such belief I'll live and die;
And Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,
If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

XXXIV.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous
fair,
Yet for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis;
And Love in old folk a great dotage is;
Who most it useth, him 'twill most impair.

XXXV.

For thereof come all contraries to glad-
ness;
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming
sadness,
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonor, shame, envy importunate,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and mad-
ness.

XXXVI.

Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not fair;
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,
Unless it alway stay with him, I wis
He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

XXXVII.

And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep
nigh,
For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamor as do I.

XXXVIII.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill beseen!
The God of Love afflict thee with all teen,
For thou art worse than mad a thousand
fold;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been naught, if Love had never
been.

XXXIX.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth
And he from every blemish them defendeth;
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
And, when it likes him, joy enough them
sendeth.

XL.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be
still
For Love no reason hath but his own will;—
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that grievous
ill.

XLI.

With such a master would I never be ;
 For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
 And knows not when he hurts and when he
 heals ;
 Within this court full seldom Truth avails,
 So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

XLII.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
 How from her inmost heart a sigh she
 brought,
 And said, Alas ! that ever I was born,
 Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn,—
 And with that word, she into tears burst out.

XLIII.

Alas ! alas ! my very heart will break,
 Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus
 speak
 Of Love, and of his holy services ;
 Now, God of Love ! thou help me in some
 wise,
 That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

XLIV.

And so methought I started up anon,
 And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
 Which at the Cuckoo hardly I cast,
 And he for dread did fly away full fast ;
 And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

XLV.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
 Kept crying, " Farewell !—farewell, Popin-
 jay !"
 As if in scornful mockery of me ;
 And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
 Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

XLVI.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to
 me,
 And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank
 thee,
 That thou wert near to rescue me ; and now
 Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
 That all this May I will thy songstress be.

XLVII.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,
 By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
 Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou
 heard'st me ;

Yet if I live it shall amended be,
 When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

XLVIII.

And one thing will I counsel thee also,
 The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's
 saw ;
 All that she said is an outrageous lie.
 Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,
 For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

XLIX.

Yea, hath it? use, quoth she, this medicine ;
 This May-time, every day before thou dine,
 Go look on the fresh daisy ; then say I,
 Although for pain thou may'st be like to die,
 Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and
 pine.

L.

And mind always that thou be good and
 true,
 And I will sing one song, of many new,
 For love of thee, as loud as I may cry,
 And then did she begin this song full high,
 " Beshrew all them that are in love untrue."

LI.

And soon as she had sung it to the end,
 Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must
 wend ;
 And, God of Love, that can right well and
 may,
 Send unto thee as mickle joy this day
 As ever he to Lover yet did send.

LII.

Thus takes the nightingale her leave of me ;
 I pray to God with her always to be,
 And joy of love to send her evermore ;
 And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore,
 For there is not so false a bird as she.

LIII.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,
 To all the Birds that lodged within that
 dale,
 And gathered each and all into one place ;
 And them besought to hear her doleful case
 And thus it was that she began her tale.

LIV.

The Cuckoo—'tis not well that I should
 hide
 How she and I did each the other chide,
 And without ceasing, since it was daylight ;
 And now I pray you all to do me right
 Of that false Bird whom Love can not abide.

* From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.

LV.

Then spake one Bird, and full assent all gave;
This matter asketh counsel good as grave,
For birds we are—all here together brought;
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;
And therefore we a Parliament will have.

LVI.

And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
And other Peers whose names are on record;
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
And judgment there be given; or that intent
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

LVII.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
Under a maple that is well beseen,
Before the chamber-window of the Queen,
At Woodstock, on the meadow green and gay

LVIII.

She thanked them; and then her leave she took,
And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;
And there she sate and sung—upon that tree—
“For term of life Love shall have hold of me”—
So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,
Who did on thee the hardness bestow
To appear before my Lady? but a sense
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,
To show to her some pleasant meanings writ

In winning words, since through her gentleness,
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
Though I be far from her I reverence,
To think upon my truth and steadfastness,
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,

Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,
She of her liking proof to me would give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, day of gladness
Luna by night, with heavenly influence
Illumed! root of beauty and goodness,
Write, and allay, by your beneficence,
My sighs breathed forth in silence,—comfort give!
Since of all good, you are the best alive.

EXPLICIT.

TROIILUS AND CRESIDA.

NEXT morning Troilus began to clear
His eyes from sleep, at the first break of day,
And unto Pandarus, his own Brother dear,
For love of God, full piteously did say,
We must the Palace see of Cresida;
For since we yet may have no other feast,
Let us behold her Palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent
A cause he found into the Town to go,
And they right forth to Cresid's Palace went,
But, Lord, the simple Troilus was woe,
Him thought his sorrowful heart would break
in two;
For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,
Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall

Therewith when this true Lover 'gan behold
How shut was every window of the place,
Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold
For which, with changèd, pale, and deadly
face,

Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to pace,
And on his purpose bent so fast to ride
That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus,—O Palace desolate!
O house of houses, once so richly dight!
O Palace empty and disconsolate!
Thou lamp of which extinguished is the
light;

O Palace whilom day that now art night,
Thou ought'st to fall and I to die; since she
Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O, of all houses once the crownèd boast?
Palace illumined with the sun of bliss:
O ring of which the ruby now is lost,
O cause of woe, that cause has been of bliss:
Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss
Thy cold doors; but I dare not for this rout;
Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint is
out!

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,
With changed face, and piteous to behold ;
And when he might his time aright espy,
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told
Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,
So piteously, and with so dead a hue,
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and down,
And everything to his remembrance
Came as he rode by places of the town
Where he had left such perfect pleasure
once.

Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady dance,
And in that Temple she with her bright
eyes,

My Lady dear, first bound me captive-wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart have I
Heard my own Cresid's laugh ; and once at
play

I yonder saw her eke full blissfully ;
And yonder once she unto me 'gan say—
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I
pray !

And there so graciously did me behold,
That hers unto the death my heart I hold.

And at the corner of that self-same house
Heard I my most beloved Lady dear,
So womanly, with voice melodious
Singing so well, so goodly, and so clear,
That in my soul methinks I yet do hear
The blissful sound : and in that very place
My Lady first me took unto her grace.

O blissful God of Love ! then thus he cried,
When I the process have in memory
How thou hast wearied me on every side,
Men thence a book might make, a history ;
What need to seek a conquest over me,
Since I am wholly at thy will ? what joy
Hast thou thy own liege subjects to destroy ?

Dread Lord ! so fearful when provoked,
thine ire

Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and
grief ;

Now mercy, Lord ! thou know'st well I
desire

Thy grace above all pleasures first and chief ;
And live and die I will in thy belief :
For which I ask for guerdon but one boon,
That Cresida again thou send me soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to return
As thou dost mine with longing her to see,
Then know I well that she would not so
joura.

Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee,
As Juno was unto the Theban blood,
From whence to Thebes came griefs in multi-
tude.

And after this he to the gate did go
Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she was ;
And up and down there went, and to and
fro,

And to himself full oft he said, alas !
From hence my hope and solace forth did
pass.

O would the blissful God now for his joy,
I might see her agam coming to Troy !

And up to yonder hill was I her guide ;
Alas, and there I took of her my leave ;
Yonder I saw her to her Father ride,
For very grief of which my heart shall
cleave ;—

And hither home I came when it was eve ;
And here I dwell an outcast from all joy,
And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft
That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less
Than he was wont ; and that in whispers
soft

Men said, what may it be, can no one guess
Why Troilus hath all this heaviness ?
All which he of himself conceived wholly
Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head
That every wight, who in the way passed by,
Had of him ruth, and fancied that they said,
I am right sorry Troilus will die :
And thus a day or two drove wearily ;
As ye have heard ; such life 'gan he to lead
As one that standeth betwixt hope and dread

For which it pleased him in his songs to
show

The occasion of his woe, as best he might ;
And made a fitting song of words but few,
Somewhat his woeful heart to make more
light ;

And when he was removed from all men's
sight,

With a soft voice, he of his Lady dear,
That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I have lost all the light,
With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,
That ever dark in torment, night by night,
Toward my death with wind I steer and sail ;
For which upon the tenth night if thou fail

With thy bright beams to guide me but one
hour,
My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung
through,
He fell again into his sorrows old ;
And every night, as was his wont to do,
Troutus stood the bright moon to behold ;
And all his trouble to the moon he told,
And said ; I wis, when thou art horn'd
anew,
I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that mor-
row,
When hence did journey my bright Lady
dear,
That cause is of my torment and my sorrow ;
For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and clear,
For love of God, run fast above thy sphere ;
For when thy horns begin once more to
spring,
Then shall she come that with her bliss may
bring.

The day is more, and longer every night
Than they were wont to be—for he thought
so ;
And that the sun did take his course not
right,
By longer way than he was wont to go :
And said, I am in constant dread I tro

That Phaeton his son is yet alive,
His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,
To the end that he the Grecian host might
see ;
And ever thus he to himself would talk :—
Lo ! yonder is my own bright Lady free ;
Or yonder is it that the tents must be ;
And thence does come this air which is so
sweet
That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind, that more and
more
By moments thus increaseth in my face,
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore ;
I prove it thus ; for in no other space
Of all this town, save only in this place,
Feel I a wind that soundeth so like pain,
It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain ?
A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,
Till fully past and gone was the ninth
night ;
And ever at his side stood Pandarus,
Who busily made use of all his might
To comfort him, and make his heart more
light ;
Giving him always hope, that she the mor-
row
Of the tenth day will come, and end his sor-
row.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

The class of Beggars to which the Old Man here described belongs will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and mostly old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighborhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk ;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep rough
road

May thence remount at ease The aged
Man
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth
stone
That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village
dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by
one ;
And scanned them with a fixed and serious
look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude :
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,

That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little
showers
Fell on the ground; and the small mountain
birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined
meal,
Approached within the length of half his
staff.

Him from my childhood have I known;
and then

He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering Horseman throws not with
a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the
ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the
coin

Within the old Man's hat; nor quits him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the
rein,

Watched the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may
pass.

The post-boy, when his rattling wheels
o'ertake

The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus
warned

The old man does not change his course, the
boy

Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-
side,

And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man;

His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, ever-
more,

Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Bow-bent, his eyes forever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some
straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one
track,

The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
impressed on the white road,—in the same
line,

At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his
feet

Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched—all pass him
by:

Him even the slow-paced wagon leaves
behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—States-
men! ye

Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye con-
template

Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him
not

A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of
good,

A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught—that ever
owned

The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to—sink, how'er de-
pressed,

So low as to be scorned without a sin;
Without offence to God cast out of view;
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless. While from door
to door

This old man creeps, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity.
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of
years,

And that half-wisdom half-experience gives.
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his round
The mild necessity of use compels

To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the
soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find herself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such
minds

In childhood, from this solitary Being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have received
(A thing more precious far than all that
books

Or the solicitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and
thought,

In which they found their kindred with a
world

Where want and sorrow were. The easy
man

Who sits at his own door,—and, like the
pear

That overhangs his head from the green
wall,

Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and
young,

The prosperous and unthinking, they who
live

Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred;—all behold in him

A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought

Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,

His charters and exemptions; and, per-
chance.

Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve

His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least,

And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there
are

Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel

No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide

Are strict observers; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they

dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their
blood.

Praise be to such, and to their slumbers
peace!

—But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
Go, and demand of him, if there be here

In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,

Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No—man is dear to man; the poorest poor

Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have

been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to

such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

—Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,
My neighbor, when with punctual care, each

week
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed her-
self

By her own wants, she from her store of
meal

Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old Mendicant, and from her door

Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in

heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And while in that vast solitude to which

The tide of things has borne him, he ap-
pears

To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about

The good which the benignant law of Hea-
ven

Has hung around him: and, while life is
his,

Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.

—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And, long as he can wander, let him breathe

The freshness of the valleys; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;

And let the chartered wind that sweeps the
heath

Beat his gray locks against his withered
face.

Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.

May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,
Make him a captive!—for that pent-up

din,
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the

air,
Be his the natural silence of old age!

Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;
 And have around him, whether heard or not,
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
 Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now
 Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
 That not without some effort they behold
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,
 Rising or setting, let the light at least
 Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
 And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit
 down

Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
 Of highwyside, and with the little birds
 Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die !
 1798.

II.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of
 mind,
 And the small critique welding his delicate
 pen,
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old
 men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide
 Town,
 His staff is a sceptre—his gray hairs a
 crown ;
 And his bright eyes look brighter, set off by
 the streak
 Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on his
 cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—
 'mid the joy
 Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when
 a boy ;
 That countenance there fashioned, which,
 spite of a stain
 That his life hath received, to the last will
 remain.

A Farmer he was ; and his house far and
 near
 Was the boast of the country for excellent
 cheer :
 How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury
 Vale
 Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt
 his mild ale !

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,
 His fields seemed to know what their Mas-
 ter was doing ;

And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow,
 and lea,

All caught the infection—as generous as he

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the
 bowl,—

The fields better suited the ease of his soul
 He strayed through the fields like an indo-
 lent wight,

The quiet of Nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought ; and the
 poor,

Familiar with him, made an inn of his door.
 He gave them the best that he had ; or, to
 say

What less may mislead you, they took it
 away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his
 farm :

The Genus of plenty preserved him from
 harm.

At length, what to most is a season of sor-
 row,

His means are run out,—he must beg, or
 must borrow.

To the neighbors he went,—all were free
 with their money ;

For his hive had so long been replenished
 with honey

That they dreamt not of dearth ;—He con-
 tinued his rounds,

Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds
 still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten
 pelf,

And something, it might be, reserved for
 himself.

Then (what is too true) without hinting a
 word,

Turned his back on the country—and off like
 a bird.

You lift up your eyes !—but I guess that you
 frame

A judgment too harsh of the sin and the
 shame ;

In him it was scarcely a business of art,
 For this he did all in the *ease* of his heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—
 With his gray hairs he went from the brook
 and the green ;

And there, with small wealth but his legs
and his hands,
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam
assume,—
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter, and
groom ;
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in
his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green
and is stout ;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run
about ;
You would say that each hair of his beard
was alive,
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely
goes
About work that he knows, in a track that
he knows ;
But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his body
must str.

In the throng of the town like a stranger is
he,
Like one whose own country's far over the
sea ;
And Nature, while through the great city he
hies,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by sur-
prise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is
young,
More of soul in his face than of words on his
tongue ;
Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and
sighs,
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parch-
ing heats ?
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the
streets ;
With a look of such earnestness often will
stand,
You might think he'd twelve reapers at work
in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden in desolate
hours
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits
and her flowers,

Old Adam will smile at the pains that have
made
Poor winter look fine in such strange mas-
querade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a wagon of straw,
Like a magnet, the heart of Old Adam can
draw ;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory
will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the sounds
of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his
way,
Thrusts his hands in a wagon, and sniffs
at the hay ;
He thinks of the fields he so often hath
mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his
own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—
If you pass by in morning, you'll meet with
him there.
The breath of the cows you may see him in-
hale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury
Vale.

Now farewell, Old Adam ! when low thou
art laid,
May one blade of grass spring up over thy
head ;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it
be,
Will hear the winds sigh through the leaves
of a tree.

1803.

 III.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and
rain ;
And, the first moment that the sun may
shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !
When hailstones have been falling, swarm
on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees dis-
trest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I
 passed
 And recognized it, though an altered form,
 Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
 And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered
 voice,
 "It doth not love the shower, nor seek the
 cold:

This neither is its courage nor its choice,
 But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the
 dew;

It cannot help itself in its decay;
 Stiff in its members, withered, changed of
 hue."

And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was
 gray.

To be a Prodigal's Favorite—then, worse
 truth,

A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!

O Man, that from thy fair and shining
 youth

Age might but take the things Youth needed
 not!

1804.

IV.

THE TWO THIEVES;

OR,

THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were
 mine,

And the skill which he learned on the banks
 of the Tyne,

Then the Muses might deal with me just as
 they chose,

For I'd take my last leave both of verse and
 of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical
 hand!

Book-learning and books should be banished
 the land:

And, for hunger and thirst and such trou-
 blesome calls,

Every ale-house should then have a feast on
 its walls.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes on
 a chair;

Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw
 would he

For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and
 his sheaves,
 Oh, what would they be to my tale of two
 Thieves?

The One, yet unbreched, is not three birth
 days old,

His Grandsire that age more than thirty
 times told;

There are ninety good seasons of fair and
 foul weather

Between them, and both go a pilfering to-
 gether.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his
 floor?

Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's
 door?

Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will
 slide!

And his Grandson's as busy at work by his
 side.

Old Daniel begins; he stops short—and his
 eye,

Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning
 and sly:

'Tis a look which at this time is hardly his
 own,

But tells a plain tale of the days that are
 flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by
 the wires

Of manifold pleasures and many desires:

And what if he cherished his purse? 'Twas
 no more

Than treading a path trod by thousands be-
 fore.

'Twas a path trod by thousands; but Daniel
 is one

Who went something farther than others
 have gone,

And now with old Daniel you see how it
 fares:

You see to what end he has brought his
 gray hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand: ere the
 sun

Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is
 begun:

And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,
 This child but half knows it, and that not

at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,
 And each, in his turn, becomes leader or led;
 And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,
 Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.
 Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they roam;
 For the gray-headed Sire has a daughter at home, [done;
 Who will gladly repair all the damage that's
 And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.
 Old Man! who so oft I with pity have eyed,
 I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side:
 Long yet may'st thou live! for a teacher we see
 That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.
 1800.

v.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND
DECAY.

THE little hedgerow birds,
 That peck along the road, regard him not
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,
 His gait, his one expression: every limb,
 His look and bending figure, all bespeak
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves
 With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
 To settled quiet: he is one by whom
 All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
 Long patience hath such wild composure given
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which
 He hath no need. He is by nature led
 To peace so perfect that the young behold
 With envy what the Old Man hardly feels.
 1798.

EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

I.

WEEP not, beloved Friends! nor let the air
 For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
 Have I been taken; this is genuine life
 And this alone—the life which now I live
 In peace eternal; where desire and joy
 Together move in fellowship without end.—
 Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,
 His tombstone thus should speak for him.
 And surely
 Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
 Long to continue in this world; a world
 That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
 To good, whereof itself is destitute.

II.

PERHAPS some needful service of the State
 Drew TITUS from the depth of studious bowers,
 And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,
 Where gold determines between right and wrong.
 Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,
 And his pure native genius, lead him back
 To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,
 Whom he had early loved. And not in vain
 Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools
 Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung
 With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.

There pleasure crowned his days; and all
 his thoughts
 A roscate fragrance breathed.*—O human
 life,
 That never art secure from dolorous change!
 Behold a high injunction suddenly
 To Arno's side hath brought him, and he
 charmed
 A Tuscan audience: but full soon was
 called
 To the perpetual silence of the grave.
 Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
 A Champion steadfast and invincible,
 To quell the rage of literary War!

III.

O THOU who movest onward with a mind
 Intent upon thy way, pause, though in
 haste!
 'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was born
 Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.
 On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate
 To sacred studies; and the Roman Shep-
 herd
 Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous
 flock
 Well did I watch, much labored, nor had
 power
 To escape from many and strange indigni-
 ties,
 Was smitten by the great ones of the
 world,
 But did not fall; for Virtue braves all
 shocks,
 Upon herself resting immovably.
 Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
 To serve the glorious Henry, King of
 France,
 And in his hands I saw a high reward
 Stretched out for my acceptance,—but
 Death came.
 Now, Reader, learn from this my fate, how
 false,
 How treacherous to her promise, is the
 world:
 And trust in God—to whose eternal doom
 Must bend the sceptred Potentates of
 earth

IV.

THERE never breathed a man who, when his
 life
 Was closing, might not of that life relate

Toils long and hard.—The warrior will re-
 port
 Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the
 field,
 And blast of trumpets. He who hath been
 doomed
 To bow his forehead in the courts of kings
 Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
 Envy and heart-inquietude, derived
 From intricate cabals of treacherous friends
 I, who on shipboard lived from earliest
 youth,
 Could represent the countenance horrible
 Of the vexed waters, and the indignant
 rage
 Of Auster and Bootes. Fifty years
 Over the well-steered galleys did I rule:—
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and oft.
 Of every cloud which in the heavens might
 stir
 I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's
 pride
 Avail'd not to my Vessel's overthrow.
 What noble pomp and frequent have not I
 On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
 I learned that one poor moment can suffice
 To equalize the lofty and the low.
 We sail the sea of life—a *Calm* One find,
 And One a *Tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,
 Death is the quiet haven of us all.
 If more of my condition ye would know,
 Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang
 Of noble parents: seventy years and three
 Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

V.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero
 With an untoward fate was long involved
 In odious litigation; and full long,
 Fate harder still! had he to endure assaults
 Of racking malady. And true it is
 That not the less a frank courageous heart
 And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain.
 And he was strong to follow in the steps
 Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
 Leads to the dear Parmassian forest's shade.
 That might: from him be hidden; not a
 track
 Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
 Had traced its windings.—This Savona
 knows,
 Yet no sepulchral honors to her Son
 She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled
 Only by gold. And now a simple stone
 Inscribed with this memorial here is raised

* *Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri
 Erano tutti rose.*

The Translator had not skill to come nearer
 to his original.

By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.
Think not, O Passenger! who read'st the
lines,
That an exceeding love hath dazzled me;
No—he was One whose memory ought to
spread
Where'er Permessus bears an honored name,
And live as long as its pure stream shall
flow

VI.

DESTINED to war from very infancy
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross:
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun
Hazard or toil; among the sands was seen
Of Libya; and not seldom, on the banks
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.
So lived I, and repined not at such fate.
This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,
That stripped of arms I to my end am
brought
On the soft down of my paternal home
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt
In thy appointed way, and bear in mind
How fleeting and how frail is human life!

VII.

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle
blood,
And all that generous nurture breeds to
make
Youth amiable; O friend so true of soul,
To fair Aglaia; by what envy moved,
Lelius! has death cut short thy brilliant
day
In its sweet opening? and what dire mishap
Has from Savona torn her best delight?
For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to
mourn;
And, should the outpourings of her eyes
suffice not
For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto
Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto
Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to death,
In the chaste arms of thy beloved Love!
What profit riches? what does youth avail?
Dust are our hopes;—I, weeping bitterly,
Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to
pray
That every gentle Spirit hither led
May read them not without some bitter
tears.

VIII

NOT without heavy grief of heart did He
On whom the duty fell (for at that time

The father sojourned in a distant land)
Deposit in the hollow of this tomb
A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved!
FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had
borne,
POZZONNELLI his illustrious house;
And, when beneath this stone the Corse was
laid,
The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.
Alas! the twentieth April of his life
Had scarcely flowered: and at this early
time,
By genuine virtue he inspired a hope
That greatly cheered his country: to his kin
He promised comfort; and the flattering
thoughts
His friends had in their fondness enter-
tained
He suffered not to languish or decay.
Now is there not good reason to break forth
Into a passionate lament?—O Soul!
Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,
Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air:
And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,
And everlasting spring! in memory
Of that delightful fragrance which was once
From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

IX.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit!—Balbi suppli-
cates
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer
A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.
This to the dead by sacred right belongs;
All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit
To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb
Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind:
With Archimedes also he conversed
As with a chosen friend; nor did he leave
Those laureate wreaths ungathered which
the Nymphs
Twine near their loved Permessus.—
Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,
His ears he closed to listen to the songs
Which Zion's Kings did consecrate of old
And his Permessus found on Lebanon.
A blessed Man! who of protracted days
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep.
But truly did *He* live his life. Urbino,
Take pride in him!—O Passenger, farewell!

I.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
 From nearest kindred, Vernon her new
 name ;
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly
 pride
 Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.
 O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which
 proves
 That God will chasten whom he dearly
 loves.
 Faith bore her up through pains in mercy
 given,
 And troubles that were each a step to
 Heaven :
 Two Babes were laid in earth before she
 died ;
 A third now slumbers at the Mother's side ;
 Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
 A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain ;
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to
 thwart
 Time still intent on his insidious part,
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts
 asleep,
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep ;
 Bear with Him—judge *Him* gently who
 makes known
 His bitter loss by this memorial Stone ;
 And pray that in his faithful breast the
 grace
 Of resignation find a hallowed place

II

Six months to six years added he remained
 Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained :
 O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed
 A Child whom every eye that looked on
 loved ;
 Support us, teach us calmly to resign
 What we possessed, and now is wholly
 thine !

CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fer-
 mor, whose remains are deposited in the Church
 of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erect-
 ed by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir
 George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less
 than the love of a brother for the deceased,
 commends this memorial to the care of his heirs
 and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affections unenthralled,
 Though resolute when duty called

To meet the world's broad eye,
 Pure as the holiest cloistered nun
 That ever feared the tempting sun,
 Did Fermor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,
 One heart-relieving tear may claim :
 But if the pensive gloom
 Of fond regret be still thy choice,
 Exalt the spirit, hear the voice
 Of Jesus from her tomb!

" I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE
 LIFE."

IV

EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE,
 WESTMORELAND.

By playful smiles, (alas ! too oft
 A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft
 And gentle nature, and a free
 Yet modest hand of charity,
 Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared
 To young and old ; and how revered
 Had been that pious spirit, a tide
 Of humble mourners testified,
 When, after pains dispensed to prove
 The measure of God's chastening love,
 Here, brought from far, his corse found
 rest,—
 Fulfilment of his own request ;—
 Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he
 Planted with such fond hope the tree,
 Less for the love of stream and rock,
 Dear as they were, than that his Flo:k,
 When they no more their Pastor's voice
 Could hear to guide them in their choice
 Through good and evil, help might have,
 Admonished, from his silent grave,
 Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,
 For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

V.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF
 THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF — .

1798.

I COME, ye little noisy Crew,
 Not long your pastime to prevent :
 I heard the blessing which to you
 Our common Friend and Father sent.

I kissed his cheek before he died ;
 And when his breath was fled,
 I raised, while kneeling by his side,
 His hand —it dropped like lead.
 Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all
 That can be done, will never fall
 Like this till they are dead.
 By night or day, blow foul or fair,
 Ne'er will the best of all your train
 Play with the locks of his white hair
 Or stand between his knees again.

Here did he sit confined for hours ;
 But he could see the woods and plains,
 Could hear the wind and mark the showers
 Come streaming down the streaming panes.
 Now stretched beneath his grass-green
 mound

He rests a prisoner of the ground.
 He loved the breathing air,
 He loved the sun, but if it rise
 Or set, to him where now he lies,
 Brings not a moment's care.
 Alas! what idle words ; but take
 The Dirge which for our Master's sake
 And yours, love prompted me to make
 The rhymes so homely in attire
 With learned ears may ill agree,
 But chanted by your Orphan Quire
 Will make a touching melody.

DIRGE.

Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old gray stone ;
 Thou Angler, by the silent flood ;
 And mourn when thou art all alone,
 Thou Woodman, in the distant wood !

Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy
 Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum ;
 An I mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy
 Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb.

Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide
 Who checked or turned thy headstrong
 youth,
 As he before had sanctified
 Thy infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,
 Bold settlers on some foreign shore,
 Give, when your thoughts are turned this
 way,
 A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain
 With one accord our voices raise,
 Let sorrow overcharged with pain
 Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

And when our hearts shall feel a sting
 From ill we meet or good we miss,
 May touches of his memory bring
 Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME YEARS
AFTER.

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat ;
 But benefits, his gift, we trace—
 Expressed in every eye we meet
 Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude
 Flowed from his life what still they hold .
 Light pleasures, every day, renewed,
 And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,
 Thy faults, where not already gone
 From memory, prolong their stay
 For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss ;
 And what beyond this thought we crave
 Comes in the promise from the Cross,
 Shining upon thy happy grave.*

VI.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE
 CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR
 GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged
 Pile!

Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of
 thee :

I saw thee every day ; and all the while
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
 So like, so very like, was day to day !
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was
 there ;

It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed on
 sleep ;

No mood, which season takes away, or
 brings :

I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

* See upon the subject of the three foregoing
 pieces the Fountain, &c., &c., page 417.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made:

And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;

I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,

If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;

This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work—yet wise and well,

Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labors in the deadly swell,

This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,

I love to see the look with which it braves,

Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and tramping waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!

Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—

Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.
1805.

VII.

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET Flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy Poet's grave,
I welcome thee once more:

But He, who was on land, at sea,
My Brother, too, in loving thee,
Although he loved more silently,
Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that ship he bent his way,
To govern and to guide:
His wish was gained: a little time
Would bring him back in manhood's prime:
And free for life, these hills to climb;
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
While that stout Ship at anchor lay
Beside the shores of Wight;
The May had then made all things green;
And, floating there, in pomp serene,
That Ship was goodly to be seen,
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
The tender peace of rural thought:
In more than happy mood
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers!
He then would steal at leisure hours,
And loved you glittering in your bowers,
A starry multitude.

But hark the word!—the ship is gone;—
Returns from her long course:—anon
Sets sail:—in season due,
Once more on English earth they stand:
But, when a third time from the land
They parted, sorrow was at hand
For Him and for his crew.

Ill-fated Vessel!—ghastly shock!
 —At length delivered from the rock,
 The deep she hath regained;
 And through the stormy night they steer;
 Laboring for life, in hope and fear,
 To reach a safer shore—how near,
 Yet not to be attained!

“Silence!” the brave Commander cried;
 To that calm word a shriek replied,
 It was a last death-shriek.
 —A few (my soul oft sees that sight)
 Survive upon the tall mast’s height;
 But one dear remnant of the night—
 For Him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea
 He lay in slumber quietly;
 Unforced by wind or wave
 To quit the Ship for which he died,
 (All claims of duty satisfied;)
 And there they found him at her side;
 And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done
 For this, if other end were none,
 That He, who had been cast
 Upon a way of life unmeet
 For such a gentle Soul and sweet,
 Should find an undisturbed retreat
 Near what he loved, at last—

That neighborhood of grove and field
 To Him a resting-place should yield,
 A meek man and a brave!
 The birds shall sing and ocean make
 A mournful murmur for *his* sake;
 And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and
 wake

Upon his senseless grave.

1805.

VIII.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN
 WORDSWORTH, COMMANDER OF THE
 E. I COMPANY’S SHIP THE EARL OF
 ABERGAVENNY, IN WHICH HE PER-
 ISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIPWRECK,
 FEB. 6TH, 1805.

Composed near the Mountain track, that leads
 from Gasmere through Grisdale Hawes,
 where it descends towards Patterdale.

1805.

I.

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!
 That instant, startled by the shock,

The Buzzard mounted from the rock
 Deliberate and slow:
 Lord of the air, he took his flight;
 Oh! could he on that woeful night
 Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,
 For one poor moment’s space to Thee,
 And all who struggled with the Sea,
 When safety was so near.

II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart
 I spoke (but let that pang be still)
 When rising from the rock at will,
 I saw the Bird depart.
 And let me calmly bless the Power
 That meets me in this unknown Flower,
 Affecting type of him I mourn!
 With calmness suffer and believe,
 And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
 Not cheerless, though forlorn.

III.

Here did we stop; and here looked round
 While each into himself descends,
 For that last thought of parting Friends
 That is not to be found,
 Hidden was Gasmere Vale from sight,
 Our home and his, his heart’s delight,
 His quiet heart’s selected home.
 But time before him melts away,
 And he hath feeling of a day
 Of blessedness to come.

IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
 Taught that the mutual hope was dust,
 In sorrow, but for higher trust,
 How miserably deep!
 All vanished in a single word,
 A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard.
 Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it
 came,
 The meek, the brave, the good, was gone;
 He who had been our living John
 Was nothing but a name.

V.

That was indeed a parting! oh,
 Glad am I, glad that it is past;
 For there were some on whom it cast
 Unutterable woe.
 But they as well as I have gains;—
 From many a humble source, to pains
 Like these, there comes a mild release;
 Even here I feel it, even this Plant
 Is in its beauty ministrant
 To comfort and to peace.

VI.

He would have loved thy modest grace,
 Meek Flower ! To Him I would have said,
 " It grows upon its native bed
 Beside our Parting-place ;
 There, cleaving to the ground it lies
 With multitude of purple eyes,
 Spangling a cushion green like moss ;
 But we will see it, joyful tide !
 Some day, to see it in its pride,
 The mountain will we cross."

VII.

—Brother and friend, if verse of mine
 Have power to make thy virtues known,
 Here let a Monumental Stone
 Stand—sacred as a Shrine ;
 And to the few who pass this way,
 Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,
 Long as these mighty rocks endure,—
 Oh do not thou too fondly brood,
 Although deserving of all good,
 On any earthly hope, however pure !*

IX.

LINES

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one
 Evening, after a stormy day, the Author
 having just read in a Newspaper that the
 dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

LOUD is the Vale ! the Voice is up
 With which she speaks when storms are
 gone,
 A mighty unison of streams
 Of all her Voices, One !

Loud is the Vale ;—this inland Depth
 In peace is roaring like the Sea ;
 Yon star upon the mountain-top
 Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
 Importunate and heavy load !
 The Comforter hath found me here,
 Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad—
 Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;
 For he must die who is their stay,
 Their glory disappear.

* The plant alluded to is the Moss Champion
 (*Silene acaulis*, of Linnæus).
 See among the Poems on the "Naming of
 Places," No. vi.

A Power is passing from the earth
 To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;
 But when the great and good depart
 What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
 Doth yet again to God return ?—
 Such ebb and flow must ever be,
 Then wherefore should we mourn ?
 1806.

X.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

FEBRUARY, 1816.

I

" REST, rest, perturbed Earth !
 O rest, thou doleful Mother of Man-
 kind !"

A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than
 the wind :

" From regions where no evil thing has
 birth

I come—thy stains to wash away,
 Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
 And open thy sad eyes upon a milder day
 The Heavens are thronged with martyrs
 that have risen

From out thy noisome prison ;
 The penal caverns groan

With tens of thousands rent from off the
 tree

Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind
 blown

Into the deserts of Eternity.

Unpitied havoc ! Victims unlamented !

But not on high, where madness is re-
 sented,

And murder causes some sad tears to flow,
 Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
 The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly
 augmented.

II.

" False Parent of Mankind !

Obdurate, proud, and blind,

I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews

Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse !

Scattering this far-fetched moisture from
 my wings,

Upon the act a blessing I implore,

Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
 The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
 Are conscious ;—may the like return no
 more !

May Discord—for a Seraph's care
 Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—
 May she, who once disturbed the seats of
 bliss

These mortal spheres above,
 Be chained forever to the black abyss!
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and
 love,
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
 And the pure vision closed in darkness in-
 finite.

 XI.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY
 OF THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EXCUR-
 SION," UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH
 OF THE LATE VICAR OF KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,
 Did I deliver this unfinished Song,
 Yet for one happy issue;—and I look
 With self-congratulation on the Book
 Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and
 read;—

Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
 He coned the new-born Lay with grateful
 heart

Foreboding not how soon he must depart;
 Unweeting that to him the joy was given
 Which good men take with them from earth
 to heaven.

 XII.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE
 DEATH OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.)

1824.

O FOR a dirge! But why complain?
 Ask rather a triumphal strain
 When FERMOR'S race is run;
 A garland of immortal boughs
 To twine around the Christian's brows,
 Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt;
 No tears of passionate regret
 Shall stain this votive lay;
 Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief
 That flings itself on wild relief
 When saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,
 Forever covetous to feel,
 And impotent to bear!
 Such once was hers—to think and think
 On severed love, and only sink
 From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part
 Faith had refined; and to her heart
 A peaceful cradle given:
 Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest
 Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
 Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend
 To graciously?—that could descend,
 Another's need to suit,
 So promptly from her lofty throne?—
 In works of love, in these alone,
 How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue; yet mortal cheek
 Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
 When aught had suffered wrong,—
 When aught that breathes had felt a wound
 Such look the Oppressor might confound,
 However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs
 From out the bitterness of things;
 Her quiet is secure;
 No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
 Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
 As climbing jasmine, pure—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
 Or lily heaving with the wave
 That feeds it and defends;
 As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
 The mountain-top, or breathed the mist
 That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death!
 Thou strikest—absence perisheth,
 Indifference is no more;
 The future brightens on our sight;
 For on the past hath fallen a light
 That tempts us to adore.

 XIII

ELEGIAC MUSINGS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL,
 THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR G. H.
 BEAUMONT, BART.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church,
 wherein is a mural monument bearing an
 inscription which, in deference to the earnest
 request of the deceased, is confined to name,

dates, and these words:—"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!"

WITH copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
Graven on the tomb we struggle against
Time,

Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man
dies;

Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,

A spirit meek in self-basement clad.
Yet *here* at least, though few have numbered
days

That shunned so modestly the light of
praise,

His graceful manners, and the temperate
ray

Of that arch fancy which would round him
play,

Brightening a converse never known to
swerve

From courtesy and delicate reserve;
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
Which checked discussion ere it warmed to
strife;

Those rare accomplishments, and varied
powers,

Might have their record among sylvan
bowers.

Oh, fled forever! vanished like a blast
That shook the leaves in myriads as it
passed;—

Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and
sky,

From all its spirit-moving imagery,
Intensely studied with a painter's eye,

A poet's heart; and, for congenial view,
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue

To common recognitions while the line
Flowed in a course of sympathy divine;—

Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delights
That all the seasons shared with equal
rights;—

Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
From soul-felt music, and the treasured
page

Lit by that evening lamp which loved to
shed

Its mellow lustre round thy honored head;
While Friends beheld thee give with eye,

voice, mien,
More than theatric force to Shakespeare's
scene;—

If thou hast heard me—if thy Spirit know
Aught of these bowers and whence their
pleasures flow;

If things in our remembrance held so dear,
And thoughts and projects fondly cherished
here,

To thy exalted nature only seem
Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's
dream—

Rebuke us not!—The mandate is obeyed
That said, "Let praise be mute where I am
laid;"

The holier deprecation, given in trust
To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;
Yet have we found how slowly genuine
grief

From *silent* admiration wins relief.
Too long abashed thy Name is like a ro

That doth "within itself its sweetness
close;"

A drooping daisy changed into a cup
In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.

Within these groves, where still are flitting
by

Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,
Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,

When towers and temples fall, to speak of
Thee!

If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom
Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,

Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth
Will fringe the lettered stone; and herbs
spring forth,

Whose fragrance by soft dews and rain
unbound,

Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes fulfil,

Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
That could not lie concealed where Thou
wert known;

Thy virtues *He* must judge, and *He* alone.

The God upon whose mercy they are
thrown.

Nov., 1830.

XIV.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH
OF CHARLES LAMB.

To a good Man of most dear memory
This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart

From the great city where he first drew
breath,

Was reared and taught; and humbly earned
his bread,

To the strict labors of the merchant's desk
By duty chained. Not seldom did those
tasks

Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,

His spirit, but the recompense was high ;
Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire ;
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air :
And when the precious hours of leisure came,

Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet

With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets

With a keen eye, and overflowing heart :
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love

Inspired — works potent over smiles and tears.

And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,

Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humor and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.
From the most gentle creature nursed in fields

Had been derived the name he bore — a name,
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence ;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
Many and strange, that hung about his life ;
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified :

And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.

O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived !

* * * * *

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,

Though but a doubting hope that they might serve

Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed ;

For much that truth most urgently required
Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain ;
Yet, haply, on the printed page received,
The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed

As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my Friend, [fields,
But more in show than truth ; and from the
And from the mountains, to thy rural grave
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers ;

And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not even to touch)

Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp
From infancy, through manhood, to the last
Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined

Within thy bosom

" Wonderful " hath been
The love established between man and man,

" Passing the love of women ; " and between
Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined

Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of [love
Without whose blissful influence Paradise
Had been no Paradise ; and earth were now
A waste where creatures bearing human form,

Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide on ;
And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve

That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung

Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given (say rather thou of later birth
Wert given to her) a Sister — 'tis a word
Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind ;
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found — for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,

All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers,
Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought —
More than sufficient recompense !

Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here ?)

Was as the love of mothers ; and when years,

Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
 The long protected to assume the part
 Of a protector, the first filial tie
 Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
 Remained imperishably interwoven
 With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
 Did they together testify of time
 And season's difference—a double tree
 With two collateral stems sprung from one
 root;
 Such were they—such thro' life they *might*
 have been
 In union, in partition only such;
 Otherwise wrought the will of the Most
 High;
 Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,
 Still they were faithful; like two vessels
 launched
 From the same beach one ocean to explore
 With mutual help, and sailing—to their
 league
 True, as inexorable winds, or bars
 Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
 With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
 To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
 When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
 From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught
 That the remembrance of foregone distress,
 And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
 Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
 Upon its mother) may be both alike
 Disarmed of power to unsettle present good
 So prized, and things inward and outward
 held
 In such an even balance that the heart
 Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,
 And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
 The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
 And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
 Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
 To life-long singleness; but happier far
 Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of
 others,
 A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
 Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
 Is broken: yet why grieve? for Time but
 holds
 His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
 To the blest world where parting is unknown.
 1835.

xv.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON
 THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG

WHEN first, descending from the Moorlands,
 I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
 Along a bare and open valley,
 The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
 Through groves that had begun to shed
 Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
 My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The Mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
 Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
 And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
 Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
 From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
 Since every mortal power of Coleridge
 Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
 The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
 And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
 Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
 Or waves that own no curbing hand,
 How fast has brother followed brother,
 From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
 Were earlier raised, remain to hear
 A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
 "Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our laughty life is crowned with darkness,
 Like London with its own black wreath,
 On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-look
 ing,
 I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
 Thou too art gone before; but why,
 O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
 Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
 Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep
 For Her who, ere her summer faded,
 Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
 For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
 With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
 And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet
 dead.

Nov., 1835.

XVI.
INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE
CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK.

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you.
His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books,
no more

Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their re-
nown,

Adding immortal labors of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's
weal,

Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's
mind

By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feeling meet for holier rest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a
cloud

From Skiddaw's top, but he to heaven was
vowed

Through his industrious life, and Christian
faint

Calmed in his soul the fear of change and
death.



O D E.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY
CHILDHOOD.

The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days so soon
Bound each to each by natural piety.

See page 79.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparalled in celestia' light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see
no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,

Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the
earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong :
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season
wrong ;

I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
 thou happy Shepherd-boy !

IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make : I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh bowers ; while the sun shines
 warm,

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !

—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :

The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,

But He beholds the light, and whence it flows

He sees it in his joy ;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born
 blisses,

A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human
 life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art !

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral,

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part ;

Filling from time to time his "humorous
 stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age

That Life brings with her in her equipage

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal
 deep,

Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou pro-
voke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly
freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth
breed

Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hopes still fluttering in
his breast:—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal
Nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to
make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
deavor,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.

X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous
song!

And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once
so bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the
flower;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;

In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
Groves,

Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their chan-
nels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as
they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting
sun

Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms
are won. [live,

Thanks to the human heart by which we
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can
give, [tears

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
1803-6.

THE PRELUDE,
OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND;
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805.

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the EXCURSION, first published in 1814, where he thus speaks:—

“Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

“As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

“That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished, and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the ‘Recluse;’ as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

“The preparatory Poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labor which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.”

Such was the Author's language in the year 1814.

It will thence be seen, that the present Poem was intended to be introductory to the RECLUSE, and that the RECLUSE, if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz., the EXCURSION, was finished, and given to the world by the Author.

The First Book of the First Part of the RECLUSE still remains in manuscript; but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author's other Publications, written subsequently to the EXCURSION.

The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country), are recorded in his Verses, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in the “Sibylline Leaves,” p. 197. ed. 1817, or “Poetical Works, by S. T. Coleridge,” vol. 1., p. 206.—ED.

RYDAL MOUNT, July 13th, 1850.

BOOK FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.—CHILDHOOD
AND SCHOOL-TIME.

O THERE is blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings

From the green fields, and from yon azure
sky
Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze came
To none more grateful than to me: escaped
From the vast city, where I long had pined

A discontented sojourner · now free,
 Free as a bird to settle where I will.
 What dwelling shall receive me? in what
 vale
 Shall be my harbor? underneath what grove
 Shall I take up my home? and what clear
 stream
 Shall with its murmur lull me into rest?
 The earth is all before me. With a heart
 Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,
 I look about; and should the chosen guide
 Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
 I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!
 Trances of thought and mountings of the
 mind
 Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
 That burthen of my own unnatural self,
 The heavy weight of many a weary day
 Not mine, and such as were not made for
 me.
 Long months of peace (if such bold word
 accord
 With any promises of human life),
 Long months of ease and undisturbed de-
 light
 Are mine in prospect; whither shall I turn,
 By road or pathway, or through trackless
 field,
 Up hill or down, or shall some floating
 thing
 Upon the river point me out my course?

Dear liberty! Yet what would it avail
 But for a gift that consecrates the joy?
 For I, methought, while the sweet breath of
 heaven
 Was blowing on my body, felt within
 A correspondent breeze, that gently moved
 With quickening virtue, but is now become
 A tempest, a redundant energy,
 Vexing its own creation. Thanks to both,
 And their congenial powers, that, while they
 join
 In breaking up a long-continued frost,
 Bring with them vernal promises, the hope
 Of active days urged on by flying hours,—
 Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient
 thought
 Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high,
 Matins and vespers of harmonious verse!

Thus far, O Friend! did I, not used to
 make
 A present joy the matter of a song,
 Pour forth that day my soul in measured
 strains
 That would not be forgotten, and are here

Recorded: to the open fields I told
 A prophecy · poetic numbers came
 Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe
 A renovated spirit singled out,
 Such hope was mine, for holy services.
 My own voice cheered me, and, far more,
 the mind's
 Internal echo of the imperfect sound;
 To both I listened, drawing from them both
 A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give
 A respite to this passion, I paced on
 With brisk and eager steps; and came, at
 length,
 To a green shady place, where down I sat
 Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by
 choice,
 And settling into gentler happiness.
 'Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day,
 With warmth, as much as needed, from a
 sun
 Two hours declined towards the west; a day
 With silver clouds, and sunshine on the
 grass,
 And in the sheltered and the sheltering
 grove
 A perfect stillness. Many were the thoughts
 Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was
 made
 Of a known Vale, whither my feet should
 turn,
 Nor rest till they had reached the very door
 Of the one cottage which methought I saw.
 No picture of mere memory ever looked
 So fair; and while upon the fancied scene
 I gazed with growing love, a higher power
 Than Fancy gave assurance of some work
 Of glory there forthwith to be begun,
 Perhaps too here performed. Thus long I
 mused,
 Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon,
 Save when, amid the stately grove of oaks,
 Now here, now there, an acorn, from its cup
 Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or at
 once
 To the bare earth dropped with a startling
 sound.
 From that soft couch I rose not, till the sun
 Had almost touched the horizon; casting
 then
 A backward glance upon the curling cloud
 Of city smoke, by distance uralized;
 Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive,
 But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,
 Even with the chance equipment of that
 hour,

The road that pointed toward that chosen
Vale.

It was a splendid evening, and my soul
Once more made trial of her strength, nor
lack'd

Æolian visitations; but the harp
Was soon defrauded, and the banded host
Of harmony dispersed in straggling sounds
And lastly utter silence! "Be it so;
Why think of anything but present good?"
So, like a home-bound laborer I pursued
My way beneath the mellowing sun, that
shed

Mild influence; nor left in me one wish
Again to bend the Sabbath of that time
To a servile yoke. What need of many
words?

A pleasant loitering journey, through three
days

Continued, brought me to my hermitage.
I spare to tell of what ensued, the life
In common things—the endless store of
things,

Rare, or at least so seeming, every day
Found all about me in one neighborhood—
The self-congratulation, and, from morn
To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.
But speedily an earnest longing rose
To brace myself to some determined aim,
Reading or thinking; either to lay up
New stores, or rescue from decay the old
By timely interference. and therewith
Came hopes still higher, that with outward
life

I might endure some airy phantasies
That had been floating loose about for years,
And to such beings temperately deal forth
The many feelings that oppressed my heart.
That hope hath been discouraged; welcome
light

Dawns from the east, but dawns to disappear
And mock me with a sky that ripens not
Into a steady morning—if my mind,
Remembering the bold promise of the past,
Would gladly grapple with some noble
theme,

Vain is her wish; where'er she turns she
finds

Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield up
Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts
Of humbler industry. But, oh, dear Friend!
The Poet, gentle creature as he is,
Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times;
His fits when he is neither sick nor well,
Though no distress be near him but his own

Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best
pleas'd

While she as duteous as the mother dove
Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,
But like the innocent bird, hath goadings on
That drive her as in trouble through the
groves;

With me is now such passion, to be blamed
No otherwise than as it lasts too long.

When, as becomes a man who would pre-
pare

For such an arduous work, I through myself
Make rigorous inquisition, the report
Is often cheering; for I neither seem
To lack that first great gift, the vital soul,
Nor general Truths, which are themselves a
sort

Of Elements and Agents, Under-powers,
Subordinate helpers of the living mind:
Nor am I naked of external things,
Forms, images, nor numerous other aids
Of less regard, though won perhaps with
toil

And needful to build up a Poet's praise.
Time, place, and manners do I seek, and
these

Are found in plenteous store, but nowhere
such

As may be singled out with steady choice;
No little band of yet remembered names
Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope
To summon back from lonesome banish-
ment,

And make them dwellers in the hearts of
men

Now living, or to live in future years.
Sometimes the ambitious Power of choice,
mistaking

Proud spring tide swellings for a regular sea,
Will settle on some British theme, some old
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung;
More often turning to some gentle place
Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe

To shepherd swains, or seated harp in hand,
Amid reposing knights by a river side
Or fountain, listen to the grave reports
Of dire enchantments faced and overcome
By the strong mind, and tales of war-like
feats,

Where spear encountered spear, and sword
with sword

Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry
That the shield bore, so glorious was the
strife;

Whence inspiration for a song that winds

Through ever changing scenes of votive
quest

Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid
To patient courage, and unblemished truth,
To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,
And Christian meekness hallowing faithful
loves.

Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would
relate

How vanquished Mithridates northward
passed,

And, hidden in the cloud of years, became
Odin, the Father of a race by whom
Perished the Roman Empire: how the
friends

And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain
Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,
And left their usages, their arts and laws,
To disappear by a slow gradual death,
To dwindle and to perish one by one,
Starved in those narrow bounds: but not the
soul

Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years
Survived, and, when the European came
With skill and power that might not be
withstood,

Did, like a p-stilence, maintain its hold
And wasted down by glorious death that
race

Of natural heroes: or I would record
How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled
man,

Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,
Suffered in silence for Truth's sake: or tell,
How that one Frenchman,* through con-
tinued force

Of meditation on the inhuman deeds
Of those who conquered first the Indian
Isles,

Went single in his ministry across
The Ocean; not to comfort the oppressed,
But, like a thirsty wind, to roam about
Withering the Oppressor; how Gustavus
sought

Help at his need in Dalecarlia's mines:
How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the
name

Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty.

* Dominique de Gourgues, a French gentle-
man who went in 1568 to Florida to avenge the
massacre of the French by the Spaniards there.
—Ed.

Sometimes it suits me better to invent
A tale from my own heart, more near akin
To my own passions and habitual thoughts;
Some variegated story, in the main
Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure melt
Before the very sun that brightens it,
Mist into air dissolving! then a wish,
My last and favorite aspiration, mounts
With yearning towards some philosophic
song

Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;
With meditations passionate from deep
Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse
Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;
But from this awful burthen I full soon
Take refuge and beguile myself with trust
That mellow years will bring a ripen
mind

And clearer insight. Thus my days are
past

In contradiction; with no skill to part
Vague longing, haply bred by want of power,
From paramount impulse not to be with-
stood,

A timorous capacity from prudence,
From circumspection, infinite delay.
Humility and modest awe themselves
Betray me, serving often for a cloak
To a more subtle selfishness; that now
Locks every function up in blank reserve,
Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye
That with intrusive restlessness beats off
Simplicity and self-presented truth.

Ah! better far than this, to stray about
Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,
And ask no record of the hours, resigned
To vacant musing, unreprieved neglect
Of all things, and deliberate holiday.

Far better never to have heard the name
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every
hour

Turns recreant to her task; takes heart
again,

Then feels immediately some hollow thought
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.

This is my lot; for either still I find
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
Or see of absolute accomplishment
Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,
That I recoil and droop, and seek repose
In listlessness from vain perplexity,
Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,
Like a false steward who hath much received
And renders nothing back.

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved

To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a
voice

That flowed along my dreams? For this,
didst thou,

O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my
thoughts

To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and
groves?

When he had left the mountains and re-
ceived

On his smooth breast the shadow of those
towers

That yet survive, a shattered monument
Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
Along the margin of our terrace walk;

A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.
Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child,
In a small mill-race severed from his stream,
Made one long bathing of a summer's day;
Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked
again

Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
The sandy fields, leaping through flowery
groves

Of yellow ragwort; or when rock and hill,
The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty
height,

Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood
alone

Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport
A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favored in my birth-place, and no less
In that beloved Vale to which ere long
We were transplanted—there were we let
loose

For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birth-days, when among the mountain
slopes

Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had
snapped

The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder
hung

To range the open heights where woodcocks
run

Along the smooth green turf Through half
the night,

Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation;—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them. Sometimes it
befell

In these night wanderings, that a strong
desire

O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey; and when the deed was
done

I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less when spring had warmed the cul-
tured Vale,

Moved we as plunderers where the mother-
bird

Had in high places built her lodge; though
mean

Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that
time

While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud
dry wind

Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not
a sky

Of earth—and with what motion moved the
clouds!

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling to-
gether

In one society. How strange that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a
part,

And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end!
Thanks to the means which Nature deigned
to employ;

Whether her fearless visitings, or those

That came with soft alarm, like hurtless
light
Opening the peaceful clouds; or she may
use
Severer interventions, ministry
More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home,
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of
stealth

And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who
rows,

Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a
swan;

When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and
huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head. I struck and struck
again,

And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and
still,

For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Ströde after me. With trembling oars I
turned,

And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—
And through the meadows homeward went,
in grave

And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my
thoughts

There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colors of green fields;

But huge and mighty forms, that do not
live
Like living men, moved slowly through the
mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of
man,
But with high objects, with enduring
things—

With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapors rolling down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among
woods,
At noon and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight
gloom,

I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled
about,

Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with
steel,

We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding
horn,

The pack loud chiming, and the hunted
hare.

So through the darkness and the cold we
flew,

And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;

The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the
stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the
west

The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous
throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me,
gleamed

Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spin-
ning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had
rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round !
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
watched

Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth ! Ye Visions of the hills !
And Souls of lonely places ! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye through many a
year

Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and
hills,

Impressed upon all forms the characters
Of danger or desire ; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth
With triumph and delight, with hope and
fear,

Work like a sea ?

Not uselessly employed,
Might I pursue this theme through every
change

Of exercise and play, to which the year
Did summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew ; the sun in heaven
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours ;
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.
I could record with no reluctant voice

The woods of autumn, and their hazel
bowers
With milk-white clusters hung ; the rod and
line,

True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose
strong

And unreprieved enchantment led us on
By rocks and pools shut out from every star,
All the green summer, to forlorn cascades
Among the windings hid of mountain
brooks,

— Unfading recollections ! at this hour
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser ;
Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,
Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,
A ministration of your own was yours ;
Can I forget you, being as you were
So beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood ? or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with
which

Ye dealt out your plain comforts ? Yet had ye
Delights and exultations of your own.
Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-
fire

At evening, when with pencil, and smooth
slate

In square divisions parcelled out and all
With crosses and with cyphers scribbled
o'er,

We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to
head

In strife too humble to be named in verse :
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,
Cherry or maple, sate in close array,
And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on
A thick-ribbed army ; not, as in the world,
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by
Even for the very service they had wrought,
But husbanded through many a long cam-
paign.

Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few
Had changed their functions ; some, plebe-
ian cards

Which Fate, beyond the promise of their
Had dignified, and called to represent
The persons of departed potentates.

Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell !
Ironic diamonds,—clubs, hearts, diamonds,
spades,

A congregation piteously akin!
 Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,
 Those sooty knaves, precipitated down
 With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of
 heaven :

The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse,
 Queens gleaming through their splendor's
 last decay,

And monarchs surly at the wrongs sustained
 By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad
 Incessant rain was falling, or the frost
 Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth ;
 And, interrupting oft that eager game,
 From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of
 ice

The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,
 Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a
 loud

Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves
 Howling in troops along the Bothnic Main.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace
 How Nature by extrinsic passion first
 Peopled the mind with forms sublime or
 fair,

And made me love them, may I here omit
 How other pleasures have been mine, and
 joys

Of subtler origin ; how I have felt,
 Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,
 Those hallowed and pure motions of the
 sense

Which seem, in their simplicity, to own
 An intellectual charm ; that calm delight
 Which, if I err not, surely must belong
 To those first-born affinities that fit
 Our new existence to existing things,
 And, in our dawn of being, constitute
 The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeful
 earth
 And twice five summers on my mind had
 stamped

The faces of the moving year, even then
 I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
 Old as creation, drinking in a pure
 Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
 Of curling mist, or from the level plain
 Of waters colored by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks
 and bays

Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell
 How, when the Sea threw off his evening
 shade,

And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills
 Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,

How I have stood, to fancies such as those
 A stranger, linking with the spectacle
 No conscious memory of a kindred sight,
 And bringing with me no peculiar sense
 Of quietness or peace ; yet have I stood,
 Even while mine eye hath moved o'er many
 a league

Of shining water, gathering as it seemed
 Through every hair-breadth in that field of
 light

New pleasure like a bee among the flowers.

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy
 Which, through all seasons, on a child's
 pursuits

Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy
 bliss

Which, like a tempest, works along the
 blood

And is forgotten ; even then I felt
 Gleams like the flashing of a shield ;—the
 earth

And common face of Nature spake to me
 Rememberable things ; sometimes, 'tis
 true,

By chance collisions and quaint accidents
 (Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed
 Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain
 Nor profitless, if haply they impressed
 Collateral objects and appearances,
 Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sleep
 Until maturer seasons called them forth
 To impregnate and to elevate the mind.

—And if the vulgar joy by its own weight
 Wearing itself out of the memory,
 The scenes which were a witness of that
 joy

Remained in their substantial lineaments
 Depicted on the brain, and to the eye
 Were visible, a daily sight ; and thus
 By the impressive discipline of fear,
 By pleasure and repeated happiness,
 So frequently repeated, and by force
 Of obscure feelings representative
 Of things forgotten, these same scenes so
 bright,

So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,
 Though yet the day was distant, did become
 Habitually dear, and all their forms
 And changeful colors by invisible links
 Were fastened to the affections.

I began
 My story early.—not misled, I trust,
 By an infirmity of love for days
 Disowned by memory—ere the breath of
 spring

Planting my snowdrops among winter
snows:

Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend! so
In sympathy, that I have lengthened out
With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.
Meanwhile, my hope has been that I might
fetch

Inigorating thoughts from former years;
Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,
And haply meet reproaches too, whose
power

May spur me on, in manhood now mature
To honorable toil. Yet should these hopes
Prove vain, and thus should neither I be
taught

To understand myself, nor thou to know
With better knowledge how the heart was
framed

Of him thou lovest; need I dread from thee
Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to quit

Those recollected hours that have the charm
Of visionary things, those lovely forms
And sweet sensations that throw back our
life,
And almost make remotest infancy
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining?

One end at least hath been attained; my
mind
Hath been revived, and if this genial mood
Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought
down

Through later years the story of my life.
The road lies plain before me;—'tis a theme
Single and of determined bounds; and hence
I choose it rather at this time, than work
Of ampler or more varied argument,
Where I might be discomfited and lost:
And certain hopes are with me, that to thee
This labor will be welcome, honored Friend!

BOOK SECOND.

SCHOOL-TIME.

CONTINUED.

THUS far, O Friend! have we, though leav-
ing much

Unvisited, undeavored to retrace
The simple ways in which my childhood
walked:

Those chiefly that first led me to the love
Of rivers, woods, and fields. The passion
yet

Was in its birth, sustained as might befall
By nourishment that came unsought; for
still

From week to week, from month to month,
we lived

A round of tumult. Duly were our games
Prolonged in summer still the day-light
failed.

No chair remained before the doors; the
bench

And threshold steps were empty; fast asleep
The laborer, and the old man who had sate
A later lingerer, yet the revelry

Continued and the loud uproar: at last,
When all the ground was dark, and twinkling
stars

Edged the black clouds, home and to bed we
went,

Feverish with weary joints and beating
minds.

Ah! is there one who ever has been young,
Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride
Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem?

One is there, though the wisest and the best
Of all mankind, who covets not at times
Union that cannot be;—who would not give,
If so he might, to duty and to truth
The eagerness of infantine desire?

A tranquillizing spirit presses now
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears
The vacancy between me and those days
Which yet have such self-presence in my
mind

That, musing on them, often do I seem
Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself
And of some other Being. A rude mass
Of native rock, left midway in the square
Of our small market village, was the goal
Or centre of these sports; and when, re-
turned

After long absence, thither I repaired,
Gone was the old gray stone, and in its place
A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground
That hath been ours. There let the fiddle
scream,

And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I know
That more than one of you will think with
me

Of those soft starry nights, and that old
Dame

From whom the stone was named, who
there had sate,

and watched her table with its huckster's
wares
Assiduous, through the length of sixty years.

We ran a boisterous course: the year span
round
With giddy motion. But the time ap-
proached

That brought with it a regular desire
For calmer pleasures, when the winning
forms

Of Nature were collaterally attached
To every scheme of holiday delight
And every boyish sport, less grateful else
And languidly pursued.

When summer came,
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars; and the selected bourne
Was now an Island musical with Birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister Isle
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown,
With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small Island, where sur-
vived

In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride
of strength,

And the vain-glory of superior skill,
Were tempered; thus was gradually pro-
duced

A quiet independence of the heart;
And to my Friend who knows me I may
add,

Fearless of blame, that hence for future days
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,
And I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare!
More than we wished we knew the blessing
then

Of vigorous hunger — hence corporeal
strength

Unsupplied by delicate viands; for, exclude
A little weekly stipend, and we lived
Through three divisions of the quartered
year

In penurious poverty. But now to school
From the half-yearly holidays returned,
We came with weightier purses, that suf-
ficed

To furnish treats more costly than the Dame
Of the old gray stone, from her scant board,
supplied.

Hence rustic dinners on the cool green-
ground,

Or in the woods, or by a river side
Or shady fountains, while among the leaves
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day sun
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy.

Nor is my aim neglected if I tell
How sometimes, in the length of those half-
years,

We from our funds drew largely; — proud to
curb,

And eager to spur on, the galloping steed;
And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose
staid

Supplied our want, we haply might employ
Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bound
Were distant: some famed temple where of
yore

The Druids worshipped, or the antique walls
Of that large Abbey, where within the Vale
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honor built,
Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured
arch,

Belfry, and images, and living trees;
A holy scene! — Along the smooth green turf
Our horses grazed. To more than inland
peace,

Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
The safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our steeds remounted and the summons
given,

With whip and spur we through the chauntry
flew

In uncouth race, and left the cross legged
knight,

And the stone-abbot, and that single wren
Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave
Of the old church, that — though from recent
showers

The earth was comfortless, and, touched by
faint

Internal breezes, sobbings of the place
And respirations, from the roofless walls
The shuddering ivy dripped large drops —
yet still

So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird
Sang to herself, that there I could have
made

My dwelling-place, and lived forever there

To hear such music. Through the walls
we flew

And down the valley, and, a circuit made
In wantonness of heart, through rough and
smooth

We scampered homewards. Oh, ye rocks
and streams.

And that still spirit shed from evening air!
Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
Your presence, when with slackened step we
breathed

Along the sides of the steep hills, or when
Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the
sea

We beat with thundering hoofs the level
sand.

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore,
Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,
A tavern stood; no homely-featured house,
Primeval like its neighboring cottages,
But, 'twas a splendid place, the door beset
With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and
within

Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.
In ancient times, and ere the Hall was built
On the large island, had this dwelling been
More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,
Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore
shade.

But—though the rhymes were gone that
once inscribed

The threshold, and large golden characters,
Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had
dislodged

The old Lion and usurped his place, in
slight

And mockery of the rustic painter's hand—
Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear
With all its foolish pomp. The garden lay
Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
Of a small bowling-green; beneath us stood
A grove, with gleams of water through the
trees

And over the tree-tops; nor did we want
Refreshment, strawberries and mellow
cream.

There, while through half an afternoon we
played [vailed
On the smooth platform, whether skill pre-
Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
Made all the mountains ring. But, ere night-
fall,

When in our pinnace we returned at leisure
Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
Of some small island steered our course with
one,

The Minstrel of the Troop, and left him
there,

And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute
Alone upon the rock—oh, then, the calm
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart, and held me like a dream!
Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and
thus

Daily the common range of visible things
Grew dear to me: already I began
To love the sun; a boy I loved the sun,
Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
And surety of our earthly life, a light
Which we behold and feel we are alive;
Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—
But for this cause, that I had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
The western mountain touch his setting orb,
In many a thoughtless hour, when, from
excess

Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
For its own pleasure, and I breathed with
joy.

And, from like feelings, humble though in-
tense,

To patriotic and domestic love
Analogous, the moon to me was dear:
For I could dream away my purposes,
Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
Midway between the hills, as if she knew
No other region, but belonged to thee,
Yea, appertained by a peculiar right
To thee and thy gray huts, thou one dear
Vale!

Those incidental charms which first at-
tached

My heart to rural objects, day by day
Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell
How Nature, intervenient till this time
And secondary, now at length was sought
For her own sake. But who shall parcel out
His intellect by geometric rules,
Split like a province into round and square?
Who knows the individual hour in which
His habits were first sown, even as a seed?
Who that shall point as with a wand and say
"This portion of the river of my mind
Came from yon fountain?" Thou, my
Friend! art one

More deeply read in thy own thoughts; to
thee

Science appears but what in truth she is,
Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
But as a succedaneum, and a prop

To our infirmity. No officious slave
 Art thou of that false secondary power
 By which we multiply distinctions, then
 Deem that our puny boundaries are things
 That we perceive, and not that we have
 made.

To thee, unblinded by these formal arts,
 The unity of all hath been revealed,
 And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly
 skilled

Than many are to range the faculties
 In scale and order, class the cabinet
 Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase
 Run through the history and birth of each
 As of a single independent thing.
 Hard task, vain hope, to analyze the mind,
 If each most obvious and particular thought,
 Not in a mystical and idle sense,
 But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,
 Hath no beginning.

Blest the infant Babe,
 (For with my best conjecture I would trace
 Our Being's earthly progress), blest the
 Babe,

Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to
 sleep

Rocked on his Mother's breast; who with
 his soul

Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye!
 For him, in one dear Presence, there exists
 A virtue which irradiates and exalts
 Objects through widest intercourse of sense,
 No outcast he, bewildered and depressed:

Along his infant veins are interfused
 The gravitation and the filial bond
 Of nature that connect him with the world.
 Is there a flower, to which he points with
 hand

Too weak to gather it, already love
 Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for
 him

Hath beautified that flower; already shades
 Of pity cast from inward tenderness
 Do fall around him upon aught that bears
 Unsignificantly marks of violence or harm.

Emphatically such a Being lives,
 Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,
 An inmate of this active universe:

For feeling has to him imparted power
 That through the growing faculties of sense
 Doth like an agent of the one great Mind
 Create, creator and receiver both,
 Working but in alliance with the works
 Which it beholds.—Such, verily, is the first
 Poetic spirit of our human life,
 By uniform control of after years,
 In most, abated or suppressed; in some,

Through every change of growth and of
 decay,
 Pre-eminent till death.

From early days,
 Beginning not long after that first time
 In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch
 I held mute dialogues with my Mother's
 heart,

I have endeavored to display the means
 Whereby this infant sensibility,
 Great birthright of our being, was in me
 Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path
 More difficult before me; and I fear
 That in its broken windings we shall need
 The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing,
 For now a trouble came into my mind
 From unknown causes. I was left alone
 Seeking the visible world, nor knowing
 why.

The props of my affections were removed,
 And yet the building stood, as if sustained
 By its own spirit! All that I beheld
 Was dear, and hence to finer influxes
 The mind lay open to a more exact

And close communion. Many are our joys
 In youth, but oh! what happiness to live
 When every hour brings palpable access
 Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,
 And sorrow is not there! The seasons
 came,

And every season wheresoe'er I moved
 Unfolded transitory qualities,
 Which, but for this most watchful power of
 love,

Had been neglected; left a register
 Of permanent relations, else unknown.
 Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude
 More active even than "best society"—
 Society made sweet as solitude

By silent inobtrusive sympathies,
 And gentle agitations of the mind
 From manifold distinctions, difference
 Perceived in things, where, to the unwatch-
 ful eye,

No difference is, and hence, from the same
 source,

Sublimar joy; for I would walk alone,
 Under the quiet stars, and at that time
 Have felt whate'er there is of power in
 sound

To breathe an elevated mood, by form
 Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,
 If the night blackened with a coming storm,
 Beneath some rock, listening to notes that
 are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
 Or make their dim abode in distant winds

Thence did I drink the visionary power;
And deem not profiiless those fleeting moods
Of shadowy exultation: not for this
That they are kindred to our purer mind
And intellectual life; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she
felt

Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire,
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
Have something to pursue.

And not alone,
'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid
fair

And tranquil scenes, that universal power
And fitness in the latent qualities
And essences of things, by which the mind
Is moved with feelings of delight, to me
Came strengthened with a superadded soul,
A virtue not its own. My morning walks
Were early;—oft before the hours of school
I travelled round our little lake, five miles
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time! more
dear

For this, that one was by my side, a Friend,*
Then passionately loved; with heart how
full

Would he peruse these lines! For many
years

Have since flowed in between us, and, our
minds

Both silent to each other, at this time
We live as if those hours had never been.
Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch
Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had
risen

From human dwelling, or the vernal thrush
Was audible: and sate among the woods
Alone upon some jutting eminence,
At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the
Vale,

Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude.
How shall I seek the origin? where find
Faith in the marvellous things which then I
felt?

Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect in the mind.

'Twere long to tell
What spring and autumn, what the winter
snows,

* The late Rev. John Fleming, of Rayrigg,
Windermere.—Ed.

And what the summer shade, what day and
night,
Evening and morning, sleep and waking,
thought

From sources inexhaustible, poured forth
To feed the spirit of religious love
In which I walked with Nature. But let
this

Be not forgotten, that I still retained
My first creative sensibility;
That by the regular action of the world
My soul was unsubdued. A plastic power
Abode with me; a forming hand, at times
Rebellious, acting in a devious mood;
A local spirit of his own, at war
With general tendency, but, for the most,
Subservient strictly to external things
With which it communed. An auxiliary
light

Came from my mind, which on the setting
sun

Bestowed new splendor, the melodious
birds,

The fluttering breezes, fountains that run
on

Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed
A like dominion, and the midnight storm
Grew darke in the presence of my eye:
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport.

Nor should this, perchance
Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved
The exercise and produce of a toil,
Than analytic industry to me
More pleasing, and whose character I deem
Is more poetic as resembling more
Creative agency. The song would speak
Of that interminable building reared
By observation of affinities
In objects where no brotherhood exists
To passive minds. My seventeenth year
was come:

And, whether from this habit rooted now
So deeply in my mind, or from excess
In the great social principle of life
Coercing all things into sympathy,
To unorganic natures were transferred
My own enjoyments; or the power of truth
Coming in revelation, did converse
With things that really are; I, at this time,
Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.
Thus while the days flew by, and years
passed on,

From Nature and her overflowing soul,
I had received so much that all my thoughts
Were steeped in feeling; I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable

I felt the sentiment of Being spread
 O'er all that moves and all that seemeth
 still ;
 O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of
 thought
 And human knowledge, to the human eye
 Invisible, yet liveth to the heart
 O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and
 sings,
 Or beats the gladsome air ; o'er all that
 glides
 Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
 And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
 If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
 Communing in this sort through earth and
 heaven
 With every form of creature, as it looked
 Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
 Of adoration, with an eye of love.
 One song they sang, and it was audible,
 Most audible then when the fleshly ear
 O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain
 Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

If this be error, and another faith
 Find easier access to the pious mind,
 Yet were I grossly destitute of all
 Those human sentiments that make this
 earth
 So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice
 To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye
 lakes
 And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
 That dwell among the hills where I was
 born.
 If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
 If, mingling with the world, I am content
 With my own modest pleasures, and have
 lived
 With God and Nature communing, removed
 From little enmities and low desires,
 The gift is yours : if in these times of fear,
 This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,
 If, 'mid indifference and apathy,
 And wicked exultation when good men

On every side fall off, we know not how,
 To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
 Of peace and quiet and domestic love,
 Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
 On visionary minds ; if, in this time
 Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
 Despair not of our nature, but retain
 A more than Roman confidence, a faith
 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
 The blessing of my life ; the gift is yours,
 Ye winds and sounding cataracts ! 'tis
 yours,
 Ye mountains ! thine, O Nature ! Thou hast
 fed
 My lofty speculations ; and in thee,
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
 A never-failing principle of joy
 And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend ! wert reared
 In the great city, 'mid far other scenes ;
 But we, by different roads, at length have
 gained
 The self-same bourne. And for this cause
 to thee
 I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,
 The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
 And all that silent language which so oft
 In conversation between man and man
 Blots from the human countenance all
 trace
 Of beauty and of love. For thou hast
 sought
 The truth in solitude, and since the days
 That gave liberty, full long desired,
 To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast
 been
 The most assiduous of her ministers ;
 In many things my brother, chiefly here
 In this our deep devotion

Fare thee well !
 Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
 Attend thee ! seeking oft the haunts of men,
 And yet more often living with thyself,
 And for thyself, so happily shall thy days
 Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

BOOK THIRD.

RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
 Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with
 clouds,
 And nothing cheered our way till first we
 saw

The long-roofed chapel of King's College
 lift
 Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
 Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
 A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap

Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
 Or covetous of exercise and air ;
 He passed—nor was I master of my eyes
 Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
 As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
 It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.
 Onward we drove beneath the Castle ; caught,
 While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse
 of Cam ;
 And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of
 hope ;
 Some friends I had, acquaintances who there
 Seemed friends, poor simple school-boys,
 now hung round

With honor and importance : in a world
 Of welcome faces up and down I roved ;
 Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
 Flowed in upon me, from all sides ; fresh
 day

Of pride and pleasure ! to myself I seemed
 A man of business and expense, and went
 From shop to shop about my own affairs,
 To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,
 From street to street with loose and careless
 mind.

I was the dreamer, they the dream ; I
 roamed
 Delighted through the motley spectacle ;
 Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students,
 streets,
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gate-
 ways, towers :
 Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,
 A northern villager.

As if the change
 Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once
 Behold me rich in monies, and attired
 A splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
 Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.
 My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,
 With other signs of manhood that supplied
 The lack of beard.—The weeks went roundly
 on,
 With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
 Smooth housekeeping within, and all with-
 out
 Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St. John my patron was ;
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure ;
 Right underneath the College kitchens made
 A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,
 But hardly less industrious ; with shrill
 notes

Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
 Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
 Who never let the quarters, night or day,
 Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the
 hours

Twice over with a male and female voice.
 Her pealing organ was my neighbor too
 And from my pillow, looking forth by light
 Of moon or favoring stars, I could behold
 The antechapel where the statue stood
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
 The marble index of a mind forever
 Voyaging through strange seas of Thought
 alone.

Of College labors, of the Lecturer's room
 All studded round, as thick as chairs could
 stand,

With loyal students, faithful to their books
 Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,
 And honest dunces—of important days,
 Examinations, when the man was weighed
 As in a balance ! of excessive hopes,
 Tremblings withal and commendable fears,
 Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad—
 Let others that know more speak as they
 know.

Such glory was but little sought by me,
 And little won. Yet from the first crude days
 Of settling time in this untried abode,
 I was disturbed at times by prudent thoughts
 Wishing to hope without a hope, some fear,
 About my future worldly maintenance,
 And, more than all, a strangeness in the
 mind,
 A feeling that I was not for that hour,
 Nor for that place. But wherefore be cast
 down ?

For (not to speak of Reason and her pure
 Reflective acts to fix the moral law
 Deep in the conscience, nor of Christian
 Hope,

Bowing her head before her sister Faith
 As one far mightier), hitner I had come,
 Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy
 powers

And faculties, whether to work or feel.
 Oft when the dazzling show no longer new
 Had ceased to dazzle, ofttimes did I quit
 My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings and
 groves,

And as I paced alone the level fields
 Far from those lovely sights and sounds
 sublime

With which I had been conversant, the mind
 Drooped not ; but there into herself return
 ing,

With prompt rebound seemed fresh as here
tofore.

At least ! more distinctly recognized
Her native instincts : let me dare to speak
A higher language, say that now I felt
What independent solaces were mine,
To mitigate the injurious sway of place
Or circumstance, how far soever changed
In youth, or to be changed in after years.
As if awakened, summoned, roused, con-
strained,

I looked for universal things ; perused
The common countenance of earth and sky :
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace
Of that first Paradise whence man was
driven ;

And sky, whose beauty and bounty are ex-
pressed

By the proud name she bears—the name of
Heaven.

I called on both to teach me what they
might ;

Or turning the mind in upon herself
Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread
my thoughts

And spread them with a wider creeping ; felt
Incumbencies more awful, visitings
Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul

That tolerates the indignities of Time,

And from the centre of Eternity

All finite motions overruling, lives

In glory immutable But peace ! enough

Here to record that I was mounting now

To such community with highest truth—

A track pursuing, not untrod before,

From strict analogies by thought supplied

Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.

To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,

Even the loose stones that cover the high-
way,

I gave a moral life : I saw them feel,

Or linked them to some feeling : the great
mass

I lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired within ward meaning.

Add that whatever of Terror or of Love

Or Beauty Nature's daily face put on

From transitory passion, unto this

I was as sensitive as waters are

To the sky's influence in a kindred mood

Of passion ; was obedient as a lute,

That waits upon the touches of the wind.

Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most
rich—

I had a world about me—'twas my own ;

I made it, for it only lived to me,

And to the God who sees into the heart.

Such sympathies, though rarely, were be-
trayed

By outward gestures and by visible looks ;

Some called it madness—so indeed it was,

If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,

If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured

To inspiration, sort with such a name ;

If prophecy be madness ; if things viewed

By poets in old time, and higher up

By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,

May in these tutored days no more be seen

With undisturbed sight. But leaving this,

It was no madness, for the bodily eye

Amid my strongest workings evermore

Was searching out the lines of difference

As they lie hid in all external forms,

Near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye

Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,

To the broad ocean and the azure heavens

Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,

Could find no surface where its power might
sleep ;

Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,

And by an unrelenting agency

Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend ! have I retraced my
life

Up to an eminence, and told a tale

Of matters which not falsely may be called

The glory of my youth Of genius, power,

Creation, and divinity itself,

I have been speaking, for my theme has been

What passed within me. Not of outward
things

Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,

Symbols or actions, but of my own heart

Have I been speaking, and my youthful
mind

O Heavens ! how awful is the might of souls,

And what they do within themselves while
yet

The yoke of earth is new to them, the world
Nothing but a wild field where they were
sown

This is, in truth, heroic argument,

Thus genuine prowess, which I wished to
touch

With hand however weak, but in the main

It lies far hidden from the reach of words.

Points have we all of us within our souls

Where all stand single ; this I feel, and make

Breathings for incommunicable powers ;

But is not each a memory to himself ?

And, therefore, now that we must quit this
theme,

I am not heartless, for there's not a man

That lives who hath not known his god-like hours,
And feels not what an empire we inherit
As natural beings in the strength of Nature.

No more ; for now into a populous plain
We must descend. A Traveller I am,
Whose tale is only of himself ; even so,
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt
To follow and if thou, my honored Friend !
Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first de-
light
That flashed upon me from this novel show
Had failed, the mind returned into herself ;
Yet true it is, that I had made a change
In climate, and my nature's outward coat
Changed also slowly and insensibly.
Full of the quiet and exalted thoughts
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise
And superficial pastimes ; now and then
Forced labor, and more frequently forced
hopes ;

And, worst of all, a treasonable growth
Of indecisive judgment, that impaired
And shook the mind's simplicity—And yet
This was a gladsome time. Could I behold—
Who, less insensible than sodden clay
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
Could have beheld—with undelighted heart,
So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health and hope, and beauty, all at once
So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season—could have seen un-
moved

That micellaneous garland of wild flowers
Decking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world ? To me, at
least,

It was a goodly prospect ; for, in sooth,
Though I had learnt betimes to stand un-
propped,

And independent musing pleased me so
That spells seemed on me when I was alone,
Yet could I only cleave to solitude
In lonely places : if a throng was near
That way I leaned by nature, for my heart
Was social, and loved idleness and joy

Not seeking those who might participate
My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,
Though not unused to mutter lonesome
songs,
Even with myself divided such delight,

Or looked that way for aught that might be
clothed

In human language), easily I passed
From the remembrances of better things,
And slipped into the ordinary works
Of careless youth, unburthened, unalarmed
Caverns there were within my mind which

sun
Could never penetrate, yet did there not
Want store of leafy *arbors* where the light
Might enter in at will. Companionships,
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome
all

We sauntered, played, or rioted, we talked
Unprofitable talk at morning hours ;
Drifted about along the streets and walks,
Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind zeal
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
Of *Cam* sailed boisterously, and let the stars
Come forth, perhaps without one quiet
thought.

Such was the tenor of the second act
In this new life. Imagination slept,
And yet not utterly I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to the
steps

Of generations of illustrious men,
Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
Through the same gateways, sleep where
they had slept,
Wake where they waked, range that in-
closure old,

That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.
Place also by the side of this dark sense
Of noble feeling that those spiritual men,
Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,
Seemed humbled in these precincts thence
to be

The more endeared. Their several memo-
ries here
(Even like their persons in their portraits
clothed

With the accustomed garb of daily life)
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn
shade ;

Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell
his tales

Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of
State--

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded
heaven

With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft
pace,

I called him Brother, Englishman, and
Friend!

Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
Stood almost single, uttering odious truth—
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,

Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here

Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—

A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,

And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compeers was one

Whom chance had stationed in the very
room

Honored by Milton's name. O temperate
Bard!

Be it confessed that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,

One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride

And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine

Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I
ran

From the assembly; through a length of
streets,

Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,

Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra

voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.

Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy
mind,

The place itself and fashion of the rites.
With careless ostentation shouldering up

My surplice, through the inferior throng I
clove

Of the plain Burghers, who in audience
stood

On the last skirts of their permitted ground,
Under the pealing organ. Empty thoughts!

I am ashamed of them: and that great Bard,
And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample

mind
Hast placed me high above my best deserts.

Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities,

Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort
The months passed on, remissly, not given
up

To wilful alienation from the right,
Or walks of open scandal, but in vagu.

And loose indifference, easy likings, aims
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,

Yet Nature, or a happy course of things
Not doing in their stead the needful work.

The memory languidly revolved, the heart
Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse
Of contemplation almost failed to beat.

Such life might not inaptly be compared
To a floating island, an amphibious spot

Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal
Not wanting a fair face of water weeds

And pleasant flowers. The thirst of living
praise,

Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the
Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,

Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,
Have often stirred the heart of youth, and

bred
A fervent love of rigorous discipline—

Alas! such high emotion touched not me.
Look was there none within these walls to

shame
My easy spirits, and discountenance

Their light composure, far less to instil
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed

To puissant efforts. Nor was this the
blame

Of others, but my own; I should, in truth,
As far as doth concern my single self,

Misdeem most widely, lodging it elsewhere:
For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,

Was a spoiled child, and, rambling like the
wind,

As I had done in daily intercourse
With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,

And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the
air,

I was ill-tutored for captivity;
To quit my pleasure, and, from month to

month,
Take up a station calmly on the perch

Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms
Had also left less space within my mind,

Which, wrought upon instinctively, had
found

A freshness in those objects of her love,
A winning power, beyond all other power

Not that I slighted books,—that were to
lack

All sense,—but other passions in me ruled,
Passions, more fervent, making me less

prompt
To in-door study than was wise or well,

Or suited to those years. Yet I, though
used

In magisterial liberty to rove,
 Culling such flowers of learning as might
 tempt
 A random choice, could shadow forth a
 place
 (If now I yield not to a flattering dream)
 Whose studious aspect should have bent me
 down
 To instantaneous service, should at once
 Have made me pay to science and to arts
 And written lore, acknowledged my liege
 lord,
 A homage frankly offered up, like that
 Which I had paid to Nature Toil and
 pains
 In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
 Should spread from heart to heart; and
 stately groves,
 Majestic edifices, should not want
 A corresponding dignity within.
 The congregating temper that pervades
 Our unripe years, not wasted, should be
 taught
 To minister to works of high attempt—
 Works which the enthusiast would perform
 with love.
 Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
 With a conviction of the power that waits
 On knowledge, when sincerely sought and
 prized
 For its own sake, on glory and on praise
 If but by labor won, and fit to endure
 The passing day; should learn to put aside
 Her trappings here, should strip them off
 abashed
 Before antiquity and steadfast truth
 And strong-book mindedness; and over all
 A healthful sound simplicity should reign,
 A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
 Republican or pious

If these thoughts

Are a gratuitous emblazonry
 That mocks the recreant age we live in,
 then
 Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
 Whatever formal gait of discipline
 Shall raise them highest in their own
 esteem—
 Let them parade among the Schools at will,
 But spare the House of God. Was ever
 known
 The witless shepherd who persists to drive
 A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
 A weight must surely hang on days begun
 And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
 Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit

Of ancient times revive, and youth be
 trained
 At home in pious service, to your bells
 Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
 Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air,
 And your officious doings bring disgrace
 On the plain steeples of our English Church,
 Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
 Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at
 hand
 In daily sight of this irreverence,
 Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
 Loses her just authority, falls beneath
 Collateral suspicion, else unknown.
 This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
 That having 'mid my native hills given loose
 To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pile
 Upon the basis of the coming time,
 That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy
 To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
 Informed with such a spirit as might be
 Its own protection; a primeval grove,
 Where, though the shades with cheerfulness
 were filled,
 Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
 In under-coverts, yet the countenance
 Of the whole place should bear a stamp of
 awe;
 A habitation sober and demure
 For ruminating creatures; a domain
 For quiet things to wander in; a haunt
 In which the heron should delight to feed
 By the shy rivers, and the pelican
 Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
 Might sit and sun himself.—Alas! Alas!
 In vain for such solemnity I looked;
 Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears
 vexed
 By chattering popinjays; the inner heart
 Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
 Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight

Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
 When all who dwelt within these famous
 walls
 Led in abstemiousness a studious life;
 When, in forlorn and naked chambers
 cooped
 And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they
 hung
 Like caterpillars eating out their way
 In silence, or with keen devouring noise
 Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then
 At matins froze, and couched at curfew-
 time,
 Trained up through piety and zeal to prize

Spare diet, patient labor, and plain weeds.
O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the
world!

Far different service in those homely days
The Muses' modest nurslings underwent
From their first childhood: in that glorious
time

When Learning, like a stranger come from
far,

Sounding through Christian lands her
trumpet, roused

Peasant and king, when boys and youths,
the growth

Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
Forsook their homes, and, errant in the
quest

Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,
Where, pensioned, they in shelter might sit
down.

From town to town and through wide scat-
tered realms

Journeyed with ponderous folios in their
hands;

And often, starting from some covert place,
Saluted the chance comer on the road,

Crying, "An obolus, a penny give
To a poor scholar!"—when illustrious men,

Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,
Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read

Before the doors or windows of their cells
By moonshine through mere lack of taper
light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see but
darkly

Even when we look behind us, and best
things

Are not so pure by nature that they needs
Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,

Their highest promise. If the mariner,
When at reluctant distance he hath passed

Some tempting island, could but know the
ills

That must have fallen upon him had he
brought

His bark to land upon the wished-for shore,
Good cause would oft be his to thank the
surf

Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind
that blew

inexorably adverse; for myself
I grieve not; happy is the gowned youth

Who only misses what I missed, who falls
No lower than I fell.

I did not love,
Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course

Of our scholastic studies; could have wished

To see the river flow with ampler range
And freer pace; but more, far more, I
grieved

To see displayed among an eager few,
Who in the field of contest persevered,
Passions unworthy of youth's generous
heart

And mounting spirit, pitiably repaid,
When so disturbed, whatever palms are
won.

From these I turned to travel with the shoal
Of more unthinking natures, easy minds

And pillow; yet not wanting love that
makes

The day pass lightly on, when foresight
sleeps,

And wisdom and the pledges interchanged
With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up
To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood

In my own mind remote from social life,
(At least from what we commonly so name,)

Like a lone shepherd on a promontory
Who lacking occupation looks far forth

Into the boundless sea, and rather makes
Than finds what he beholds. And sure it is,

That this first transit from the smooth de-
lights

And wild outlandish walks of simple youth
To something that resembles an approach

Towards human business, to a privileged
world

Within a world, a midway residence
With all its intervenient imagery,

Did better suit my visionary mind,
Far better, than to have been bolted forth,

Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
Among the conflicts of substantial life;

By a more just gradation did lead on
To higher things; more naturally matured,

For permanent possession, better fruits,
Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.

In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,
With playful zest of fancy, did we note

(How could we less?) the manners and the
ways

Of those who lived distinguished by the
badge

Of good or ill report; or those with whom
By frame of Academic discipline

We were perforce connected, men whose
sway

And known authority of office served
To set our minds on edge, and did no

Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring

Of the grave Elders, men unscoured, grotesque
 In character, tricked out like aged trees
 Which through the lapse of their infirmity
 Give ready place to any random seed
 That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly
 Those shepherd swains whom I had lately left.

Appeared a different aspect of old age ;
 How different ! yet both distinctly marked,
 Objects embossed to catch the general eye,
 Or portraitures for special use designed,
 As some might seem, so aptly do they serve

To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—
 That book upheld as with maternal care
 When she would enter on her tender scheme

Of teaching comprehension with delight,
 And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts

The surfaces of artificial life
 And manners finely wrought, the delicate race

Of colors, lurking, gleaming up and down
 Through that state arras woven with silk and gold ;

This wily interchange of snaky hues,
 Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
 I neither knew nor cared for ; and as such
 Were wanting here, I took what might be found

Of less elaborate fabric. At this day
 I smile, in many a mountain solitude
 Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks
 Of character, in points of wit as broad,
 As aught by wooden images performed
 For entertainment of the gaping crowd
 At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit
 Remembrances before me of old men—
 Old humorists, who have been long in their graves,

And having almost in my mind put off
 Their human names, have into phantoms passed

Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer : 'tis enough to note
 That here in dwarf proportions were expressed

The limbs of the great world ; its eager
 Collaterally portrayed, as in mock fight,
 A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
 Though short of mortal combat ; and
 whate'er

Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
 An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
 More that way, was not wasted upon me.
 And yet the spectacle may well demand
 A more substantial name, no mimic show
 Itself a living part of a live whole,
 A creek in the vast sea ; for all degrees
 And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived
 praise

Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
 Retainers won away from solid good,
 And here was Labor, his own bond-slave ;

Hope,
 That never set the pains against the prize ;
 Idleness halting with his weary clog,
 And poor misguided Shame, and witless
 Fear,

And simple Pleasure foraging for Death ;
 Honor misplaced, and Dignity astray ;
 Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and
 guile

Murmuring submission, and bald govern-
 (The idol weak as the idolater),

And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
 And blind Authority beating with his staff
 The child that might have led him ; Emptiness

Followed as of good omen, and meek
 Worth

Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices
 I cannot say what portion is in truth
 The naked recollection of that time,
 And what may rather have been called to
 life

By after meditation. But delight
 That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,
 Is still with Innocence its own reward.
 This was not wanting. Carelessly I roamed
 As through a wide museum from whose
 stores

A casual rarity is singled out
 And has its brief perusal, then gives way
 To others, all supplanted in their turn ;
 Till 'mid this crowded neighborhood of
 things

That are by nature most uneighborly,
 The head turns round and cannot right it-
 self ;

And though an aching and a barren sense
 Of gay confusion still be uppermost,
 With few wise longings and but little love,
 Yet to the memory something cleaves at
 last,

Whence profit may be drawn in times to
 come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend !
The laboring time of autumn, winter,
spring,

Eight months ! rolled pleasingly away ; the
ninth
Came and returned me to my native hills.

BOOK FOURTH.

SUMMER VACATION.

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when
quickenng steps
Followed each other till a dreary moor
Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon
whose top
Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,
I overlooked the bed of Windermere,
Like a vast river, stretching in the sun.
With exultation, at my feet I saw
Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming
bays,
A universe of Nature's fairest forms
Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,
Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.
I bounded down the hill shouting amain
For the old Ferryman ; to the shout the
rocks
Replied, and when the Charon of the flood
Had stayed his oars, and touched the jutting
pier,
I did not step into the well-known boat
Without a cordial greeting. Thence with
speed
Up the familiar hill I took my way
Towards that sweet Valley * where I had
been reared ;
'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering
round
I saw the snow-white church upon her hill
Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out
A gracious look all over her domain.
Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town ;
With eager footsteps I advance and reach
The cottage threshold where my journey
closed.
Glad welcome had I, with some tears, per-
haps,
From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,
While she perused me with a parent's
pride.
The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like
dew
Upon thy grave, good creature ! While my
heart
Can beat never will I forget thy name.

Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou
liest
After thy innocent and busy stir
In narrow cares, thy little daily growth
Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,
And more than eighty, of untroubled life,
Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood
Honored with little less than filial love.
What joy was mine to see thee once again,
Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of
things
About thy narrow precincts all beloved,
And many of them seeming yet my own !
Why should I speak of what a thousand
hearts
Have felt, and every man alive can guess ?
The rooms, the court, the garden were no
left
Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat
Round the stone table under the dark pine,
Friendly to studious or to festive hours ;
Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,
The famous brook, who, soon as he was
boxed
Within our garden, found himself at once,
As if by trick insidious and unkind,
Stripped of his voice and left to dimple
down
(Without an effort and without a will)
A channel paved by man's officious care.
I looked at him and smiled, and smiled
again,
And in the press of twenty thousand
thoughts,
"Ha," quoth I, "pretty prisoner, are you
there !"
Well might sarcastic fancy then have
whispered,
"An emblem here behold of thy own life ;
In its late course of even days with all
Their smooth enthrallment ;" but the heart
was full,
Too full for that reproach. My aged Dame
Walked proudly at my side : she guided
me ;
I willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led.
The face of every neighbor whom I met
Was like a volume to me ; some were
hailed

* Hawkshead.

Upon the road, some busy at their work,
 Unceremonious greetings interchanged
 With half the length of a long field between.
 Among my schoolfellows, I scattered round
 Like recognitions, but with some constraint
 Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,
 But with more shame, for my habiliments,
 The transformation wrought by gay attire.
 Not less delighted d'd I take my place
 At our domestic table: and, dear Friend!
 In this endeavor simply to relate
 A Poet's history, may I leave untold
 The thankfulness with which I laid me
 down

In my accustomed bed, more welcome now
 Perhaps than if it had been more desired
 Or been more often thought of with regret;
 (That lowly bed whence I had heard the
 wind

Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so
 oft

Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
 The moon in splendor couched among the
 leaves

Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood:
 Had watched her with fixed eyes while to
 and fro

In the dark summit of the wavering tree
 She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.

Among the favorites whom it pleased me
 well

To see again, was one by ancient right
 Our innate, a rough terrier of the hills;
 The birth and call of nature pre-ordained
 To hunt the badger and unearth the fox
 Among the impervious crags, but having
 been

From youth our own adopted, he had passed
 Into a gentler service. And when first
 The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day
 Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
 The fermentation, and the vernal heat
 Of poesy, affecting private shades

Lick a sick Lover, then this dog was used
 To watch me, an attendant and a friend,
 Obscure to my steps early and late,
 Though often of such dilatory walk
 Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.
 A hundred times when, roving high and
 low,

I have been harassed with the toil of verse,
 Much pains and little progress, and at once
 Some lovely Image in the song rose up
 Full-formed, like Venus rising from the
 sea;

Then have I darted forwards to let loose

My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
 Caressing him again and yet again.
 And when at evening on the public way
 I sauntered, like a river murmuring
 And talking to itself when all things else
 Are still, the creature trotted on before;
 Such was his custom; but whenever he met
 A passenger approaching, he would turn
 To give me timely notice, and straightway,
 Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed
 My voice, composed my gait, and, with the
 air

And men of one whose thoughts are free,
 advanced

To give and take a greeting that might
 save

My name from piteous rumors, such as
 wait

On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized and
 loved—

Regretted!—that word, too, was on my
 tongue,

But they were richly laden with all good,
 And cannot be remembered but with
 thanks.

And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—
 Those walks in all their freshness now came
 back

Like a returning Spring. When first I
 made

Once more the circuit of our little lake,
 If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
 That day consummate happiness was mine,
 Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contempla-
 tive.

The sun was set, or setting, when I left
 Our cottage door, and evening soon brought
 on

A sober hour, not winning or serene,
 For cold and raw the air was, and untuned
 But as a face we love is sweetest then
 When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
 It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
 Have fullness in herself; even so with me
 It fared that evening. Gently did my soul
 Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood
 Naked, as in the presence of her God.

While on I walked, a comfort seemed to
 touch

A heart that had not been disconsolate:
 Strength came where weakness was **Do!**
 known to be,

At least not felt; and restoration came
 Like an intruder knocking at the door
 Of unacknowledged weariness. I took

The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself.

—Of that external scene which round me lay,

Little in this abstraction, did I see ;
Remembered less ; but I had inward hopes
And swellings of the spirit, was wrapt and soothed,

Conversed with promises, had glimmering views

How life pervades the undecaying mind ;
How the immortal soul with God-like power

Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep

That time can lay upon her : how on earth,
Man, if he do but live within the light

O high endeavors, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.

Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love,

Of innocence, and holiday repose ;
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir

Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.

Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down
Alone, continuing there to muse ; the slopes

And heights meanwhile were slowly over-
With darkness, and before a rippling breeze

The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,
And in the sheltered coppice where I sate,

Around me from among the hazel leaves,
Now here, now there, moved by the strag-
gling wind,

Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,

The off and on companion of my walk ;
And such, at times, believing them to be,

I turned my head to look if he were there ;
Then into solemn thought I passed once more.

A freshness also found I at this time
In human Life, the daily life of those
Whose occupations really I loved ;

The peaceful scene oft filled me with sur-
prise,

Changed like a garden in the heat of spring
After an eight-days' absence. For (to

omit

The things which were the same and yet
appeared

Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,
A narrow Vale where each was known to

all,

'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny
nook,

Where an old man had used to sit alone,
Now vacant ; pale-faced babes whom I had
left

In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet
Of a pleased grandame tottering up and
down ;

And growing girls whose beauty, filched
away

With all its pleasant promises, was gone
To deck some slighted playmate's homely
cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,
And often looking round was moved to
smiles

Such as a delicate work of humor breeds ;
I read, without design, the opinions,
thoughts,

Of those plain-living people now observed
With clearer knowledge ; with another eye

I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roam the hills. With new
delight,

This chiefly, did I note my gray-haired
Dame ;

Saw her go forth to church or other work
Of state equipped in monumental trim ;

Short velvet cloak (her bonnet of the like),
A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers

Wore in old time. Her smooth domestic
life,

Affectionate without disquietude,
Her talk, her business, pleased me ; and no
less

Her clear though shallow stream of piety
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher course ;

With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her
read

Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had dropped
asleep

And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,
Distinctly manifested at this time,

A human-heartedness about my love
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth

Of my own private being and no more ;
Which I had loved, even as a blessed
spirit

Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,
Might love in individual happiness.

But now there opened on me other
thoughts

Of change, congratulation or regret,

A pensive feeling! It spread far and wide;
 The trees, the mountains shared it, and the
 brooks,
 The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old
 haunts—
 White Sirius glittering o'er the southern
 crags,
 Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,
 Acquaintances of every little child,
 And Jupiter, my own beloved star!
 Whatever shadings of mortality,
 Whatever imports from the world of death
 Had come among these objects heretofore,
 Were, in the main, of mood less tender:
 strong,
 Deep, gloomy were they, and severe; the
 scatterings
 Of awe or tremulous dread, that had given
 way
 In later youth to yearnings of a love
 Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down bending from
 the side
 Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast
 Of a still water, solacing himself
 With such discoveries as his eye can make
 Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,
 Sees many beautiful sights—weeds, fishes,
 flowers,
 Grotts, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies
 more,
 Yet often is perplexed, and cannot part
 The shadow from the substance, rocks and
 sky,
 Mountains and clouds, reflected in the
 depth
 Of the clear flood, from things which there
 abide [gleam
 In their true dwelling; nor is crossed by
 Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
 And wavering motions sent he knows not
 whence,
 Impediments that make his task more
 sweet;
 Such pleasant office have we long pursued
 Incumbent o'er the surface of past time
 With like success, nor often have appeared
 Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned
 Than these to which the Tale, indulgent
 Friend!
 Would now direct thy notice. Yet in spite
 Of pleasure won, and knowledge not with-
 held,
 There was an inner falling off—I loved,
 Loved deeply all that had been loved be-
 fore,

More deeply even than ever: but a swarm
 Of heady schemes jostling each other
 gawds,
 And feast and dance, and public revelry,
 And sports and games (too grateful in them-
 selves,
 Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe,
 Than as they were a badge glossy and
 fresh
 Of manliness and freedom) all conspired
 To lure my mind from firm habitual quest
 Of feeding pleasures, to depress the zeal
 And damp those yearnings which had once
 been mine—
 A wild, unworldly-minded youth, given up
 To his own eager thoughts It would de-
 mand
 Some skill, and longer time than may be
 spared,
 To paint these vanities, and how they
 wrought
 In haunts where they, till now, had been
 unknown.
 It seemed the very garments that I wore
 Preyed on my strength, and stopped the
 quiet stream
 Of self-forgetfulness.

Yes, that heartless chase
 Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange
 For books and nature at that early age.
 'Tis true, some casual knowledge might be
 gained
 Of character or life; but at that time,
 Of manners put to school I took small note,
 And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere.
 Far better had it been to exalt the mind
 By solitary study, to uphold
 Intense desire through meditative peace;
 And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,
 The memory of one particular hour
 Doth here rise up against me. 'M'd a
 throng
 Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons
 staid,
 A medley of all tempers, I had passed
 The night in dancing, gayety, and mirth,
 With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
 And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
 And unaimed prattle flying up and down,
 Spirits upon the stretch, and here and
 there
 Slight shocks of young love-liking inter-
 spersed,
 Whose transient pleasure mounted to the
 head,
 And tingled through the veins. Ere we re-
 tired,

The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
 Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
 And open field, through which the pathway wound,
 And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
 The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
 Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
 The sea lay laughing at a distance, near,
 The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
 Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
 And in the meadows and the lower grounds
 Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
 Dew, vapors, and the melody of birds,
 And laborers going forth to till the fields.
 Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
 My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
 Were then made for me, bond unknown to me
 Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
 A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Strange rendezvous! My mind was at that time
 A parti-colored show of grave and gay,
 Solid and light, short-sighted and profound;
 Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,
 Consorting in one mansion unapproved.
 The worth I knew of powers that I possessed,
 Though slighted and too oft misused. Besides,
 That summer, swarming as it did with thoughts
 Transient and idle, lacked not intervals
 When Folly from the frown of fleeting Time
 Shrunk, and the mind experienced in herself
 Conformity as just as that of old
 To the end and written spirit of God's works,
 Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,
 Through pregnant vision, separate or conjoined.

When from our better selves we have too long
 Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,

Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
 How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;
 How potent a mere image of her sway;
 Most potent when impressed upon the mind
 With an appropriate human centre—hermit,
 Deep in the bosom of the wilderness;
 Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot
 Is treading, where no other face is seen)
 Kneeling at prayers, or watchman on the top
 Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves;
 Or as the soul of that great Power is met
 Sometimes embodied on a public road,
 When, for the night deserted, it assumes
 A character of quiet more profound
 Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer months
 Were flown, and autumn brought its annual show
 Of oars with oars contending, sails with sails,
 Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced
 That—after I had left a flower-decked room
 (Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived
 To a late hour), and spirits overwrought
 Were making night do penance for a day
 Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—
 My homeward course led up a long ascent,
 Where the road's watery surface, to the top
 Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon
 And bore the semblance of another stream
 Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook
 That murmured in the vale. All else was still;
 No living thing appeared in earth or air,
 And, save the flowing water's peaceful voice,
 Sound there was none—but, lo! an uncouth shape,
 Shown by a sudden turning of the road,
 So near that, slipping back into the shade
 Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well,
 Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,
 A span above man's common measure, tall,
 Stiff, lank, and upright; a more meagre man
 Was never seen before by night or day.
 Long were his arms, pallid his hands, his mouth
 Looked ghastly in the moonlight: from behind,
 A mile-stone propped him; I could also ken
 That he was clothed in military garb,
 Though faded, yet entire. Companionless,

No dog attending, by no staff sustained,
 He stood, and in his very dress appeared
 A desolation, a simplicity,
 To which the trappings of a gaudy world
 Make a strange back-ground. From his
 lips, ere long,
 Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain
 Or some uneasy thought; yet still his form
 Kept the same awful steadiness—at his feet
 His shadow lay, and moved not. From
 self-blame
 Not wholly free, I watched him thus; at
 length
 Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,
 I left the shady nook where I had stood
 And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-
 place
 He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm
 In measured gesture lifted to his head
 Returned my salutation; then resumed
 His station as before; and when I asked
 His history, the veteran, in reply,
 Was neither slow nor eager, but, unmoved,
 And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,
 A stately air of mild indifference,
 He told in few plain words a soldier's tale—
 That in the Tropic Islands he had served,
 Whence he had landed scarcely three weeks
 past;
 That on his landing he had been dismissed,
 And now was travelling towards his native
 home.
 This heard, I said, in pity, "Come with
 me."
 He stooped, and straightway from the
 ground took up
 An oaken staff by me yet unobserved—
 A staff which must have dropped from his
 slack hand
 And lay till now neglected in the grass.
 Though weak his step and cautious, he
 appeared
 To travel without pain, and I beheld,
 With an astonishment but ill suppressed,

His ghostly figure moving at my side;
 Nor could I, while we journeyed thus, for-
 bear
 To turn from present hardships to the past,
 And speak of war, battle, and pestilence?
 Sprinkling this talk with questions, better
 spared,
 On what he might himself have seen or felt.
 He all the while was in demeanor calm,
 Concise in answer; solemn and sublime
 He might have seemed, but that in all he
 said
 There was a strange half-absence, as of one
 Knowing too well the importance of his
 theme,
 But feeling it no longer. Our discourse
 Soon ended, and together on we passed
 In silence through a wood gloomy and still.
 Up-turning, then, along an open field,
 We reached a cottage. At the door I
 knocked,
 And earnestly to charitable care
 Commended him as a poor friendless man,
 Belated and by sickness overcome.
 Assured that now the traveller would repose
 In comfort, I entreated that henceforth
 He would not linger in the public ways,
 But ask for timely furtherance and help
 Such as his state required. At this reproof,
 With the same ghastly mildness in his look,
 He said, "My trust is in the God of Heaven,
 And in the eye of him who passes me!"

The cottage door was speedily unbarred,
 And now the soldier touched his hat once
 more
 With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,
 Whose tone bespoke reviving interests
 Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned
 The farewell blessing of the patient man,
 And so we parted. Back I cast a look,
 And lingered near the door a little space,
 Then sought with quiet heart my distant
 home.

BOOK FIFTH.

BOOKS.

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm
 felt
 Through earth and sky, spreads widely, and
 sends deep
 Into the soul its tranquillizing power,
 Even then I sometimes grieve for thee, O
 Man,

Earth's paramount Creature! not so much
 for woes
 That thou endurest; heavy though that
 weight be,
 Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light
 divine
 Doth melt away; but for those palms
 achieved,
 Through length of time, by patient exercise

By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased
The song, than the Arab with calm look de-
clared

That all would come to pass of which the
voice

Had given forewarning, and that he himself
Was going then to bury those two books :
The one that held acquaintance with the
stars,

And wedded soul to soul in purest bond
Of reason, undisturbed by space or time ;
The other that was a god, yea many gods.
Had voices more than all the winds, with
power

To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe,
Through every clime, the heart of human
kind. [seem,

While this was uttering, strange as it may
I wondered not, although I plainly saw
The one to be a stone, the other a shell ;
Nor doubted once but that they both were
books,

Having a perfect faith in all that passed.
Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt
To cleave unto this man ; but when I prayed
To share his enterprise, he hurried on
Reckless of me : I followed, not unseen,
For oftentimes he cast a backward look,
Grasping his twofold treasure.—Lance in
rest,

He rode, I keeping pace with him ; and now
He, to my fancy, had become the knight
Whose tale Cervantes tells ; yet not the
knight,

But was an Arab of the desert too ;
Of these was neither, and was both at once.
His countenance, meanwhile, grew more
disturbed ;

And, looking backwards when he looked,
mine eyes

Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,
A bed of glittering light : I asked the cause :
" It is," said he, " the waters of the deep
Gathering upon us ; " quickening then the
pace

Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,
He left me : I called after him aloud ;
He heeded not ; but, with his twofold charge
Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,
Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,
With the fleet waters of a drowning world
In chase of him ; whereat I waked in terror,
And saw the sea before me, and the book,
In which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of sleep
This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,

This semi-Quixote, I to him have given
A substance, fancied him a living man,
A gentle dweller in the desert crazed
By love and feeling, and internal thought
Protracted among endless solitudes ;
Have shaped him wandering upon this
quest!

Nor have I pitied him ; but rather felt
Reverence was due to a being thus employ-
ed ;

And thought that, in the blind and awful
lair

Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.
Enow there are on earth to take in charge
Their wives, their children, and their virgin
loves,

Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear ;
Enow to stir for these ; yea, will I say,
Contemplating in soberness the approach
Of an event so dire, by signs in earth
Or heaven made manifest, that I could
share

That maniac's fond anxiety, and go
Upon like errand. Oftentimes at least
Me hath such strong entrancement over-
come,

When I have held a volume in my hand,
Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,
Shakespeare, or Milton, laborers divine !

Great and benign, indeed, must be the
power

Of living nature, which could thus so long
Detain me from the best of other guides
And dearest helpers, left unthanked, un-
praised,

Even in the time of hisping infancy ;
And later down, in prattling childhood even,
While I was travelling back among those
days

How could I ever play an ingrate's part ?
Once more should I have made those bow-
ers resound,

By intermingling strains of thankfulness
With their own thoughtless melodies ; at
least

It might have well beseeemed me to repeat
Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,
In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale
That did bewitch me then, and soothes me
now

O Friend ! O Poet ! brother of my soul,
Think not that I could pass along un-
touched

By these remembrances. Yet wherefore
speak ?

Why call upon a few weak words to say

What is already written in the hearts
Of all that breathe?—what in the path of
all

Drops daily from the tongue of every child,
Wherever man is found? The trickling
tear

Upon the cheek of listening Infancy
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave
There registered : whatever else of power
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be
Peculiar to myself, let that remain
Where still it works, though hidden from all
search

Among the depths of time. Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which
lay

Their sure foundations in the heart of man,
Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,
That in the name of all inspired souls—
From Homer the great Thunderer, from
the voice

That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
Our shores in England,—from those loftiest
notes

Down to the low and wren-like warblings,
made

For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,
And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired
limbs.

Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad
tunes.

Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
And of old men who have survived their
joys—

'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,
And of the men that framed them, whether
known

Or sleeping nameless in their scattered
graves,

That I should here assert their rights, attest
Their honors, and should, once for all, pro-
nounce

Their benediction ; speak of them as Pow-
ers

Forever to be hallowed ; only less,
For what we are and what we may become,
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of
God,

Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop
To transitory themes ; yet I rejoice,

And, by these thoughts admonished, will
pour out

Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was
reared

Safe from an evil which these days have
laid

Upon the children of the land, a pest
That might have dried me up, body and
soul.

This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,
And things that teach as Nature teaches :
then,

Oh ! where had been the Man, the Poet
where,

Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend !
If in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we d.d, through
vales

Rich with indigerous produce, open ground
Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched, and
noosed

Each in his several melancholy walk
Stringed like a poor man's heifer at it-
feed,

Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude ;
Or rather like a stalled ox debarred
From touch of growing grass, that may not
taste

A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A prelibation to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,
Though fledged and feathered, and well
pleased to part

And straggle from her presence, still a
brood,

And she herself from the maternal bond
Still undischarged : yet doth she little more
Than move with them in tenderness and
love,

A centre to the circle which they make ;
And now and then, alike from need of theirs
And call of her own natural appetites,
She scratches, ransacks up the earth for
food.

Which they partake at pleasure. Early
died

My honored Mother, she who was the heart
And hinge of all-our learnings and our loves :
She left us destitute, and, as we might,
Trooping together. Little suits it me
To break upon the sabbath of her rest
With any thought that looks at others'
blame ;

Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.
Hence am I checked : but let me boldly say,

In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,
Unheard by her, that she, not falsely taught,
Fetching her goodness rather from times
past

Than shaping novelties for times to come,
Had no presumption, no such jealousy,
Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust,
Our nature, but had virtual faith, that He
Who fills the mother's breast with innocent
milk

Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control,
As innocent instincts, and as innocent food ;
Or draws for minds that are left free to
trust

In the simplicities of opening life
Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded
weeds.

This was her creed, and therefore she was
From anxious fear of error or mishap,
And evil, overweeningly so called ;
Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,
Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,
Nor with impatience from the season asked
More than its timely produce ; rather loved
The hours for what they are, than from re-
gard

Glanced on their promises in restless pride.
Such was she—not from faculties more
strong

Than others have, but from the times, per-
haps,

And spot in which she lived, and through a
grace

Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign

My drift I fear

Is scarcely obvious : but, that common sense
May try this modern system by its fruits,
Leave let me take to place before her sight
A specimen portrayed with faithful hand.

Full early trained to worship seemliness,
This model of a child is never known
To mix in quarrels ; that were far beneath
Its dignity. with gifts he bubbles o'er
As generous as a fountain ; selfishness
May not come near him, nor the little
throng

Of fitting pleasures tempt him from his
path,

The wandering beggars propagate his name,
Dumb creatures find him tender as a n
And natural or supernatural fear,
Unless it leap upon him in a dream,
Touches him not. To enhance the wonder,
see

How arch his notices, how nice his sense
Of the ridiculous ; not blind is he
To the broad follies of the licensed world,
Yet innocent himself withal, though shrewd,
And can read lectures upon innocence ;
A miracle of scientific lore,
Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
And tell you all their cunning ; he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars ;
He knows the policies of foreign lands ;
Can string you names of districts, cities,
towns,

The whole world over, tight as beads of dew
Upon a gossamer thread ; he sifts, he
weighs,

All things are put to question ; he must
live

Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart :
For this unnatural growth the trainer blame,
Pity the tree.—Poor human vanity,
Wert thou extinguished, little would be
left

Which he could truly love ; but how es-
cape ?

For, ever as a thought of purer birth
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,
Some intermeddler still is on the watch
To drive him back, and pound him, like a
stray,

Within the pinfold of his own conceit.
Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved to
find

The playthings, which her love designed for
him,

Unthought of : in their woodland beds the
flowers

Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.
Oh ! give us once again the wishing cap
Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
And Sabra in the forest with St. George !
The child, whose love is here, at least, doth
reap

One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,
Who, with a broad highway, have over-
bridged

The forward chaos of futurity,
Tamed to their bidding ; they who have the
skill

To manage books, and things, and make
them act

On infant minds as surely as the sun

Deals with a flower; the keepers of our
time,
The guides and wardens of our faculties,
Eyes who in their prescience would control
All accidents, and to the very road
Which they have fashioned would confine
us down,
Like engines; when will their presumption
learn,
That in the unreasoning progress of the
world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
Of blessings, and most studious of our good,
Even in what seem our most unfruitful
hours?

There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye
cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering
lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both
hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his
mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they
would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes
loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened
pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he
hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, re-
ceived
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and
died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years
old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale

Where he was born; the grassy church-yard
hangs
Upon a slope above the village school,
And through that churchyard when my way
has led
On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half hour together I have stood
Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies!
Even now appears before the mind's clear
eye
That self-same village church; I see her sit
(The thronèd Lady whom erewhile we
hailed)
On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy
Who slumbers at her feet,—forgetful, too,
Of all her silent neighborhood of graves,
And listening only to the gladsome sounds
That from the rural school ascending, play
Beneath her and about her. May she long
Behold a race of young ones like to those
With whom I herded!—(easily, indeed,
We might have fed upon a fatter soil
Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)—
A race of real children; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good; but wanton, fresh,
And bandied up and down by love and hate;
Not unresentful where self-justified;
Fierce, moody, patient, venturesome, modest,
shy;
Mad at their sports like withered leaves in
winds;
Though doing wrong and suffering, and full
oft
Bending beneath our life's mysterious
weight
Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding
not
In happiness to the happiest upon earth.
Simplicity in habits, truth in speech,
Be these the daily strengtheners of their
minds;
May books and Nature be their early joy!
And knowledge, rightly honored with that
name—
Knowledge not purchased by the loss of
power!

Well do I call to mind the very week
When I was first intrusted to the care
Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its
shores,
And brooks were like a dream of novelty
To my half-infant thoughts; that very week,
While I was roving up and down alone,
Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross
One of those open fields, which, shaped like
ears,

Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's Lake :
Twilight was coming on, yet through the
gloom

Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
A heap of garments, as if left by one
Who might have there been bathing. Long
I watched,
But no one owned them ; meanwhile the
calm lake

Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,
And, now and then, a fish up-leaping
snapped

The breathless stillness. The succeeding
day,

Those unclaimed garments telling a plain
tale

Drew to the spot an anxious crowd ; some
looked

In passive expectation from the shore,
While from a boat others hung o'er the deep,
Sounding with grappling irons and long
poles.

At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous
scene

Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape
Of terror ; yet no soul-debasing fear,
Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
Such sights before, among the shining
streams

Of fairy land, the forest of romance.

Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle

With decoration of ideal grace ;

A dignity, a smoothness, like the works

Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long possessed,
A little yellow, canvas-covered book,
A slender abstract of the Arabian tales ;
And, from companions in a new abode,
When first I learnt that this dear prize of
mine

Was but a block hewn from a mighty
quarry—

That there were four large volumes, laden
all

With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in truth,
A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,

With one not richer than myself, I made

A covenant that each should lay aside

The moneys he possessed, and hoard up
more,

Till our joint savings had amassed enough
To make this book our own. Through sev-
eral months,

In spite of all temptation, we preserved

Religiously that vow ; but firmness failed,
Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's house
The holidays returned me, there to find
That golden store of books which I had left,
What joy was mine ! How often in the
course

Of those glad respites, though a soft west
Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,
For a whole day together, have I lain
Down by thy side, O Derwent ! murmuring
stream,

On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,

And there have read, devouring as I read,

Defrauding the day's glory, desperate !

Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,

Such as an idler deals with in his shame,

I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,

And o'er the heart of man ; invisibly

It comes, to works of unproved delight,

And tendency benign, directing those

Who care not, know not, think not what they
do.

The tales that charm away the wakeful night
In Araby, romances ; legends penned

For solace by dim light of monkish lamps ;

Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised

By youthful squires ; adventures endless,
spun

By the dismantled warrior in old age,

Out of the bowels of those very schemes

In which his youth did first extravagate ;

These spread like day, and something in the
shape

Of these will live till man shall be no more.

Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,

And *they must* have their food. Our child-
hood sits,

Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne

That hath more power than all the elements

I guess not what this tells of Being past,

Nor what it augurs of the life to come ;

But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,

That twilight when we first begin to see

This dawning earth, to recognize, expect,

And, in the long probation that ensues,

The time of trial, ere we learn to live

In reconclement with our stunted powers ;

To endure this state of meagre vassalage,

Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,

Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows

To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed

And humbled down ; oh ! then we feel, w^e

feel

We know where we have friends. Ye dream-
ers, then,
Forgers of daring tales! we bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you: *then* we feel
With what and how great might ye are in
league,
Who make our wish, our power, our thought
a deed,
An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's
clay,
Space like a heaven filled up with northern
lights,
Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at
once.

Relinquishing this lofty eminence
For ground, though humbler, not the less a
tract
Of the same isthmus, which our spirits
cross
In progress from their native continent
To earth and human life, the Song might
dwell
On that delightful time of growing youth,
When craving for the marvellous gives way
To strengthening love for things that we
have seen;
When sober truth and steady sympathies,
Offered to notice by less daring pens,
Take firmer hold of us, and words them-
selves
Move us with conscious pleasure.

I am sad
At thought of rapture now forever flown;
Almost to tears I sometimes could be sad
To think of, to read over, many a page,
Poems withal of name, which at that time
Did never fail to entrance me, and are now
Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre
Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five
years
Or less I might have seen, when first my
mind
With conscious pleasure opened to the
charm
Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet
For their own sakes, a passion, and a power;
And phrases pleased me chosen for delight,
For pomp, or love. Oft in the public roads
Yet unfrequented, while the morning light
Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad

With a dear friend, and for the better part
Of two delightful hours we strolled along
By the still borders of the misty lake,
Repeating favorite verses with one voice,
Or conning more, as happy as the birds
That round us chaunted. Well might we be
glad,
Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,
More bright than madness or the dreams of
wine;
And, though full oft the objects of our love
Were false, and in their splendor over-
wrought,
Yet was there surely then no vulgar power
Working within us,—nothing less, in truth,
Than that most noble attribute of man,
Though yet untutored and inordinate,
That wish for something loftier, more
adorned,
Than is the common aspect, daily garb,
Of human life. What wonder, then, if sounds
Of exultation echoed through the groves!
For images, and sentiments, and words,
And everything encountered or pursued
In that delicious world of poesy,
Kept holiday, a never-ending show,
With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause: this only let me add,
From heart experience, and in humble
sense
Of modesty, that he, who in his youth
A dully wanderer among woods and fields
With living Nature hath been intimate,
Not only in that raw unpractised time
Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,
By glittering verse; but further, doth re-
ceive,
In measure only dealt out to himself,
Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words:
There, darkness makes abode, and all the
host
Of shadowy things work endless changes,—
there,
As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circumsufed
By that transparent veil with light divine.
And, through the turnings intricate of verse
Present themselves as objects recognized,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

BOOK SIXTH.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

THE leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks
 And the simplicities of cottage life
 I bade farewell ; and, one among the youth
 Who, summoned by that season, reunite
 As scattered birds troop to the fowler's lure,
 Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so prompt
 Or eager, though as gay and undepressed
 In mind, as when I thence had taken flight
 A few short months before. I turned my face
 Without repining from the coves and heights
 Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern ;
 Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
 Of calmer lakes and louder streams ; and you,
 Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumberland,
 You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,
 Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,
 And in my own unlovely cell sate down
 In lightsome mood—such privilege has youth
 That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society
 Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived
 More to myself. Two winters may be passed
 Without a separate notice : many books
 Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,
 But with no settled plan. I was detached
 Internally from academic cares ;
 Yet independent study seemed a course
 Of hardy disobedience toward friends
 And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.
 This spurious virtue, rather let it bear
 A name it now deserves. this cowardice,
 Gave treacherous sanction to that over-love
 Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
 From regulations even of my own
 As from restraints and bonds. Yet who can tell—
 Who knows what thus may have been gained, both then
 And at a later season, or preserved ;
 What love of nature, what original strength
 Of contemplation, what intuitive truths
 The deepest and the best, what keen research,
 Unbiased, unbewildered, and unawed ?

The Poet's soul was with me at that time ;
 Sweet meditations, the still overflow
 Of present happiness, while future years
 Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,
 No few of which have since been realized ;
 And some remain, hopes for my future life,
 Four years and thirty, told this very week,
 Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
 By sorrow not unsmitten ; yet for me
 Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,
 Her dew is on the flowers. Those were the days
 Which also first emboldened me to trust
 With firmness, hitherto but slightly touched
 By such a daring thought, that I might leave
 Some monument behind me which pure hearts
 Should reverence. The instinctive humbleness,
 Maintained even by the very name and thought
 Of printed books and authorship, began
 To melt away ; and further, the dread awe
 Of mighty names was softened down and seemed
 Approachable, admitting fellowship
 Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,
 Though not familiarly, my mind put on,
 Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
 Did I by night frequent the College grove
 And tributary walks ; the last, and oft
 The only one, who had been lingering there
 Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
 A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
 Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,
 Inexorable summons ! Lofty elms,
 Inviting shades of opportune recess,
 Bestowed composure on a neighborhood
 Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
 With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely
 wreathed,
 Grew there ; an ash which Winter for himself
 Decked out with pride, and with outlandish
 grace :
 Up from the ground, and almost to the top
 The trunk and every master branch were
 green

With clustering ivy, and the lightsome
twigs

And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I
stood

Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's
self

Could have more tranquil visions in his
youth,

Or could more bright appearances create
Of human forms with superhuman powers,
Than I beheld loitering on calm clear nights
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth
'Twere idle to descant. My inner judg-
ment

Not seldom differed from my taste in books,
As if it appertained to another mind,
And yet the books which then I valued
most

Are dearest to me *now*; for, having
scanned,
Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched the
forms

Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed
A standard, often usefully applied,
Even when unconsciously, to things re-
moved

From a familiar sympathy.—In fine,
I was a better judge of thoughts than words,
Misled in estimating words, not only
By common inexperience of youth,
But by the trade in classic niceties,
The dangerous craft of culling term and
phrase

From languages that want the living voice
To carry meaning to the natural heart;
To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
What reason, with simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook
The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
Of geometric science. Though advanced
In these inquiries, with regret I speak,
No farther than the threshold, there I found
Both elevation and composed delight:
With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance
pleased

With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
Those immaterial agents bowed their heads

Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to
sphere,
From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source I
drew
A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway,
And paramount belief: there, recognized
A type, for finite natures, of the one
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
Which—to the boundaries of space and
time,

Of melancholy space and doleful time,
Superior and incapable of change,
Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,
And hath the name of, God. Transcendent
peace

And silence did await upon these thoughts
That were a frequent comfort to my youth.

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters
threw,
With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck
spared,

Upon a desert coast, that having brought
To land a single volume, saved by chance,
A treatise of Geometry, he went,
Although of food and clothing destitute,
And beyond common wretchedness de-
pressed,

To part from company and take this book
(Then first a self-taught pupil in its truths)
To spots remote, and draw his diagrams
With a long staff upon the sand, and thus
Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost
Forget his feeling: so (if like effect
From the same cause produced, 'mid out-
ward things

So different, may rightly be compared),
So was it then with me, and so will be
With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm
Of those abstractions to a mind beset
With images and haunted by herself,
And specially delightful unto me
Was that clear synthesis built up aloft
So gracefully; even then when it appeared
Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy
To sense embodied: not the thing it is
In verity, an independent world,
Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine un-
earned
By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—
Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn
aptitudes.

And not to leave the story of that time
Imperfect, with these habits must be joined
Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved
A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,
The twilight more than dawn, autumn than
spring ;

A treasure red and luxurious gloom of choice
And inclination mainly, and the mere
Redundancy of youth's contentedness.
—To time thus spent, add multitudes of
hours

Pilfered away, by what the Bard who sang
Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called
"Good-natured lounging," and behold a
map

Of my collegiate life—far less intense
Than duty called for, or, without regard
To duty, *might* have sprung up of itself
By change of accidents, or even, to speak
Without unkindness, in another place.
Yet why take refuge in that plea?—the
fault,

This I repeat, was mine ; mine be the
blame.

In summer, making quest for works of
art,
Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored
That streamlet whose blue current works its
way

Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks ;
Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts
Of my own native region, and was blest
Between these sundry wanderings with a
joy

Above all joys, that seemed another morn
Risen on mid noon ; blest with the presence,
Friend !

Of that sole Sister, her who hath been long
Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine,
Now, after separation desolate,
Restored to me—such absence that she
seemed

A gift then first bestowed The varied
banks

Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,
And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees,
Low standing by the margin of the stream,
A mansion visited (as fame reports)
By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,
Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might pen
Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love
Inspired ;—that river and those mouldering
towers

Have seen us side by side, when, having
clomb

The darksome windings of a broken stair,

And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
Not without trembling, we in safety looked
Forth, through some Gothic window's open
space,

And gathered with one mind a rich reward
From the far-stretching landscape, by the
light

Of morning beautified, or purple eve ;
Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's
head,

Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell
flowers

Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,
Given out while mid-day heat oppressed the
plains.

Another maid there was, who also shed
A gladness o'er that season, then to me,
By her exulting outside look of youth
And placid under-countenance, first en-
deared ;

That other spirit, Coleridge ! who is now
So near to us, that meek confiding heart,
So revered by us both. O'er paths and
fields

In all that neighborhood, through narrow
lanes

Of eglantine, and through the shady woods,
And o'er the Border Beacon, and the waste
Of naked pools, and common crags that lay
Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered
love,

The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden
gleam.

O Friend ! we had not seen thee at that
time,

And yet a power is on me, and a strong
Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there
Far art thou wandered now in search of
health

And milder breezes,—melancholy lot !
But thou art with us, with us in the past,
The present, with us in the times to come.
There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
No languor, no dejection, no dismay,
No absence scarcely can there be, for those
Who love as we do. Speed thee well ! di-
vide

With us thy pleasure ; thy returning
strength,

Receive it daily as a joy of ours ;
Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether
gift

Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer ; but, alas
How different the fate of different men.

Though mutually unknown, yea, nursed and reared

As if in several elements, we were framed
To bend at last to the same discipline,
Predestined, if two beings ever were,
To seek the same delights, and have one health,

One happiness. Throughout this narrative,
Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind
For whom it registers the birth, and marks
the growth,

Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,
And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days
Of peace and self-command. Of rivers,
fields,

And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to thee,

Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure
tired,

To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native
stream,

Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,
In this late portion of my argument,
That scarcely, as my term of pupilage
Ceased, had I left those academic bowers
When thou wert thither guided. From the
heart

O! London, and from cloisters there, thou
camest,

And didst sit down in temperance and
peace,

A rigorous student. What a stormy course
Then followed! O! it is a pang that calls
For utterance, to think what easy change
Of circumstances might to thee have spared
A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,
Forever withered. Through this retro-
spect

Of my collegiate life I still have had
Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place
Present before my eyes, have played with
times

And accidents as children do with cards
Or as a man, who, when his house is built,
A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth
still,

As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,
Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,
And all the strength and plumage of thy
youth,

Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms
Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out
From things well-matched or ill, and words
for things,

The self-created sustenance of a mind
Debarred from Nature's living images,
Compelled to be a life unto herself,
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst
Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,
Ah! surely not in singleness of heart
Should I have seen the light of evening fade
From smooth Cam's silent waters; had we
met,

Even at that early time, needs must I trust
In the belief that my maturer age,
My calmer habits, and more steady voice,
Would with an influence benign have
soothed,

Or chased away, the airy wretchedness
That battered on thy youth. But thou hast
trod

A march of glory, which doth put to shame
These vain regrets; health suffers in thee,
else

Such grief for thee would be the weakest
thought

That ever harbored in the breast of man.

A passing word erewhile did lightly touch
On wanderings of my own, that now em-
braced
With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from re-
straint,

A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,
Not slow to share my wishes, took his staff,
And sallying forth, we journeyed side by
side,

Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy slight
Did this unprecedented course imply
Of college studies and their set rewards;
Nor had, in truth, the scheme been formed
by me

Without uneasy forethought of the pain,
The censures, and ill-omening of those
To whom my worldly interests were dear.
But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,
And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy
Had given a charter to irregular hopes.

In any age of uneventful calm
Among the nations, surely would my heart
Have been possessed by similar desire;
But Europe at that time was thrilled with
joy,

France standing on the top of golden hours
And human nature seeming born again.

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief looks

Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore
From the receding vessel's deck, we chanced
To land at Calais on the very eve

Of that great federal day; and there we saw,

In a mean city, and among a few,
How bright a face is worn when joy of one
Is joy for tens of millions. Southward
thence

We held our way, direct through hamlets,
towns,

Gaudy with reliques of that festival,
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,
And window-garlands. On the public
roads,

And, once, three days successively, through
paths

By which our toilsome journey was abridged,
Among sequestered villages we walked
And found benevolence and blessedness

Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when
spring

Hath left no corner of the land untouched;
Where elms for many and many a league in
files,

With their thin umbrage, on the stately
roads

Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our
heads,

Forever near us as we paced along :

How sweet at such a time, with such delight
On every side, in prime of youthful strength,
To feed a Poet's tender melancholy
And fond conceit of sadness, with the
sound

Of undulations varying as might please
The wind that swayed them; once, and more
than once,

Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw
Dances of liberty, and in late hours
Of darkness, dances in the open air
Deftly prolonged, though gray-haired look-
ers on

Might waste their breath in chiding.
Under hills—

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,
Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone
We glided forward with the flowing stream.
Swift Rhone! thou wert the *wings* on
which we cut

A winding passage with majestic ease
Between thy lofty rocks. Enchanting show
Those woods and farms, and orchards did
present,

And single cottages and lurking towns,

Reach after reach, succession without end
Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair
Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along
Clustered together with a merry crowd

O those emancipated, a blithe host
Of travellers, chiefly delegates, returning
From the great spousals newly solemnized
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.
Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as
bees;

Some vapored in the unruliness of joy,
And with their swords flourished as if to
fight

The saucy air. In this proud company
We landed—took with them our evening
meal,

Guests welcome almost as the angels were
To Abraham of old. The supper done,
With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts
We rose at signal given, and formed a ring
And, hand in hand, danced round and round
the board;

All hearts were open, every tongue was
loud

With amity and glee; we bore a name
Honored in France, the name of English-
men,

And hospitably did they give us hail,
As their forerunners in a glorious course;
And round and round the board we danced
again.

With these blithe friends our voyage we re-
newed

At early dawn. The monastery bells
Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears;
The rapid river flowing without noise,
And each uprising or receding spire
Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals
Touching the heart amid the boisterous
crew

By whom we were encompassed. Taking
leave

Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by
side,

Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued
Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set
Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and
there

Rested within an awful *solitude*:
Yes; for even then no other than a place
Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared
That far-famed region, though our eyes had
seen,

As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,
Arms flashing, and a military glare
Of riotous men commissioned to expel
The blameless inmates, and belike subvert

That frame of social being, which so long
 Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things
 In silence visible and perpetual calm.
 —“Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!”—
 The voice
 Was Nature's, uttered from her Alpine
 throne;
 I heard it then and seem to hear it now—
 “Your impious work forbear: perish what
 may,
 Let this one temple last, be this one spot
 Of earth devoted to eternity!”
 She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno's
 pines
 Waved their dark tops, not silent as they
 waved,
 And while below, along their several beds,
 Murmured the sister streams of Life and
 Death,
 Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my
 heart
 Responded; “Honor to the patriot's zeal!
 Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!
 Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
 Discerning sword that Justice wields, do
 thou
 Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging
 fires,
 Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
 Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.
 But oh! if Past and Future be the wings
 On whose support harmoniously conjoined
 Moves the great spirit of human knowledge,
 spare
 These courts of mystery, where a step ad-
 vanced
 Between the portals of the shadowy rocks
 Leaves far behind Life's treacherous vani-
 ties,
 For penitential tears and trembling hopes
 Exchanged—to equalize in God's pure sight
 Monarch and peasant. be the house re-
 deemed
 With its unworldly votaries, for the sake
 Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved
 Through faith and meditative reason, rest-
 ing
 Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,
 Calmly triumphant; and for humbler claim
 Of that imaginative impulse sent
 From these majestic floods, yon shining
 cliffs,
 The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,
 Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants,
 These forests unapproachable by death,
 That shall endure as long as man endures,
 To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,

To struggle, to be lost within himself
 In trepidation, from the blank abyss
 To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled.”
 Not seldom since that moment have I
 wished
 That thou, O Friend! the trouble or the
 calm
 Hadst shared, when, from profane regards
 apart,
 In sympathetic reverence we trod
 The floors of those dim cloisters, till that
 hour,
 From their foundation, strangers to the
 presence
 Of unrestricted and unthinking man.
 Abroad, how cheeringly the sunshine lay
 Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's groves
 Entering, we fed the soul with darkness;
 thence
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,
 In different quarters of the bending sky,
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if
 Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there,
 Memorial revered by a thousand storms;
 Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep
 And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.

'Tis not my present purpose to retra-
 That variegated journey step by step.
 A march it was of military speed,
 And Earth did change her images and
 forms
 Before us, fast as clouds are changed in
 heaven
 Day after day, up early and down late,
 From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to
 hill
 Mounted—from province on to province
 swept,
 Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,
 Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship
 Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing
 fair:
 Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,
 Enticing valleys, greeted them and left
 Too soon, while yet the very flash and
 gleam
 Of salutation were not passed away.
 Oh! sorrow for the youth who could have
 seen
 Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, un-
 raised
 To patriarchal dignity of mind,
 And pure simplicity of wish and will,
 Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,
 Pleased (though to hardship born, and com-
 passed round

With danger, varying as the seasons change)
Pleased with his daily task, or, if not
pleased,
Contented, from the moment that the
dawn

(Ah I surely not without attendant gleams
Of soul-illumination) calls him forth
To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks,
Whose evening shadows lead him to repose.

Well might a stranger look with bounding
heart
Down on a green recess, the first I saw
Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,
Quiet and lorded over and possessed
By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like
tents
Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns
And by the river side.

That very day
From a bare ridge we also first beheld
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and
grieved

To have a soulless image on the eye
That had usurped upon a living thought
That never more could be. The wondrous
Vale
Of Chamouny stretched far below, and
soon

With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich
amends,
And reconciled us to realities ;
There small birds warble from the leafy
trees,

The eagle soars high in the element,
There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,
The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,
While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,
Descending from the mountain to make
sport

Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,
Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state
Of intellect and heart. With such a book
Before our eyes, we could not choose but
read

Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain
And universal reason of mankind,
The truths of young and old. Nor, side by
side

Pacing, two social pilgrims, or alone
Each with his humor, could we fail to abound
In dreams and fictions, pensively composed :
Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,
And gilded sympathies, the willow wreath,

And sober posies of funereal flowers,
Gathered among these solitudes sublime
From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,
Did sweeten many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries
Mixed something of stern mood, an under
thirst

Of vigor seldom utterly allayed :
And from that source how different a sadness
Would issue, let one incident make known.
When from the Vallais we had turned, and
clomb

Along the Simplon's steep and rugged road,
Following a band of muleteers, we reached
A halting-place, where all together took
Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our
guide,

Leaving us at the board ; awhile we lingered,
Then paced the beaten downward way that
led

Right to a rough stream's edge, and there
broke off ;

The only track now visible was one
That from the torrent's further brink held
forth

Conspicuous invitation to ascend
A lofty mountain. After brief delay
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road we
took,

And clomb with eagerness, till anxious fears
Intruded, for we failed to overtake
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate
chance,

While every moment added doubt to doubt,
A peasant met us, from whose mouth we
learned

That to the spot which had perplexed us
first,

We must descend, and there should find the
road,

Which in the stony channel of the stream
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks :
And that our future course, all plain to sight.
Was downwards, with the current of that
stream.

Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,
For still we had hopes that pointed to the
clouds,

We questioned him again, and yet again ;
But every word that from the peasant's lips
Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
Ended in this,—that we had crossed the
Alps.

Imagination—here the Power so-called
Through sad incompetence of human speech,

That awful Power rose from the mind's
abyss

Like an unfathered vapor that enwraps,
At once, some lonely traveller. I was lost;
Hated without an effort to break through;
But to my conscious soul I now can say—
'I recognize thy glory;' in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world, doth greatness make
abode,

There harbors; whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home.
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be.
Under such banners militant, the soul
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils
That may attest her prowess, blest in
thoughts

That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in herself and in beatitude
That hides her, like the mighty flood of
Nile

Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds
To fertilize the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued
Upon those tidings by the peasant given
Was soon dislodged. Downwards we
hurried fast,
And, with the half-shaped road which we
had missed,
Entered a narrow chasm. The brook and
road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and for-
lorn,

The torrents shooting from the clear blue
sky,

The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-
side

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
Heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light—

Were all like workings of one mind, the
features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without
end.

That night our lodging was a house that
stood

Alone within the valley, at a point
Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent swelled
The rapid stream whose margin we had trod;
A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,
With high and spacious rooms, deafened and
stunned

By noise of waters, making innocent sleep
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we renewed,
Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified
Into a lordly river, broad and deep,
Dimpling along in silent majesty,
With mountains for its neighbors, and in
view

Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,
And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake,
Fit resting-place for such a visitant.

Locarno! spreading out in width like Heaven,
How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,
Bask in the sunshine of the memory;

And Como! thou, a treasure whom the earth
Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth
Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake

Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden
plots

Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids;
Thy lofty steeps, and pathways roofed with
vines,

Winding from house to house, from town to
town,

Sole link that binds them to each other;
walks,

League after league, and cloistral avenues,
Where silence dwells if music be not there:

While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
Through fond ambition of that hour I strove
To chant your praise; nor can approach you
now

Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,
Where tones of Nature smoothed by learned
Art

May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze
Or sunbeam over your domain I passed.

In motion without pause; but ye have left
Your beauty with me, a serene accord

Of forms and colors, passive, yet endowed
In their submissiveness with power as sweet

And gracious, almost might I dare to say,
As virtue is, or goodness; sweet as love,

Or the remembrance of a generous deed,
Or mildest visitations of pure thought,
When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked
Religiously, in silent blessedness ;
Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we advanced,

For two days' space, in presence of the Lake,
That, stretching far among the Alps, assumed
A character more stern. The second night,
From sleep awakened, and misled by sound
Of the church clock telling the hours with
strokes

Whose import then we had not learned, we
rose

By moonlight, doubting not that day was
And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path,
Along the winding margin of the lake,
Led, as before, we should behold the scene
Hushed in profound repose. We left the
town

Of Gravedona with this hope ; but soon
Were lost, bewildered among woods im-
mense,

And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.
An open place it was, and overlooked,
From high, the sullen water far beneath,
On which a dull red image of the moon
Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form
Like an uneasy snake. From hour to hour
We sate and sate, wondering, as if the night
Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On the
rock

At last we stretched our weary limbs or
sleep,

But *could not* sleep, tormented by the stings
Of insects, which, with noise like that of
noon,

Filled all the woods : the cry of unknown
birds ;

The mountains more by blackness visible
And their own size, than any outward light ;
The breathless wilderness of clouds ; the
clock

That told with unintelligible voice,
The widely parted hours ; the noise of
streams,

And sometimes rustling motions nigh at
hand,

That did not leave us free from personal
fear ;

And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that set
Before us, while she still was high in
heaven ;—

These were our food ; and such a summer's
night

Followed that pair of golden days that shed
On Como's Lake, and all that round it lay,
Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid farewell
To days, each offering some new sight, or
fraught

With some untried adventure, in a course
Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal snow
Checked our unwearied steps. Let thi'
alone

Be mentioned as a parting word, that not
In hollow exultation, dealing out
Hyperboles of praise comparative ;
Not rich one moment to be poor forever ;
Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind
Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner
On outward forms—did we in presence stand
Of that magnificent region. On the front
Of this whole Song is written that my heart
Must, in such Temple, needs have offered up
A different worship. Finally, whate'er
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
That flowed into a kindred stream ; a gale,
Confederate with the current of the soul,
To speed my voyage ; every sound or sight,
In its degree of power, administered
To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one
Directly, but to tender thoughts by means
Less often instantaneous in effect ;
Led me to these by paths that, in the main,
Were more circuitous, but not less sure
Duly to reach the point marked out by
Heaven.

Oh, most beloved Friend ! a glorious time,
A happy time that was ; triumphant looks
Were then the common language of all eyes ;
As if awaked from sleep, the Nations hailed
Their great expectancy : the life of war
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
We left the Swiss exulting in the fate
Of their near neighbors ; and, when shorten-
ing fast

Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,
We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret
For battle in the cause of Liberty.

A stripling, scarcely of the household then
Of social life, I looked upon these things
As from a distance ; heard, and saw, and
felt,

Was touched, but with no intimate concern ;
I seemed to move along them, as a bird
Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues
Its sport, or feeds in its proper element ;

I wanted not that joy, I did not need
Such help; the ever-living universe,
Turn where I might, was opening out its
glories,

And the independent spirit of pure youth
Called forth, at every season, new delights
Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er
green fields.

BOOK SEVENTH.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

Six changeful years have vanished since I first
Poured out (saluted by that quickening
breeze

Which met me issuing from the City's *
walls)

A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang
Aloud, with fervor irresistible

Of short-lived transport, like a torrent burst-
ing,

From a black thunder-cloud, down Scafell's
side

To rush and disappear. But soon broke
forth

(So willed the Muse) a less impetuous stream,
That flowed awhile with unabating strength,
Then stopped for years; not audible again
Before last primrose-time. Belovèd Friend!
The assurance which then cheered some
heavy thoughts

On thy departure to a foreign land
Has failed, too slowly moves the promised
work,

Through the whole summer have I been at
rest,

Partly from voluntary holiday,
And part through outward hindrance. But
I heard.

After the hour of sunset yester-even,
Sitting within doors between light and dark,
A choir of red-breasts gathered somewhere
near

My threshold,—minstrels from the distant
woods

Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,
With preparation artful and benign,
That the rough lord had left the surly
North

On his accustomed journey. The delight,
Due to this timely notice, unawares
Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers
said,

"Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be

Associates, and, unscared by blustering
winds,

Will chant together." Thereafter, as the
shades

Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied
A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume

Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,
Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen

Through a thick forest. Silence touchèd
me here

No less than sound had done before; the
child

Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,
The voiceless worm on the unfrequented
hills,

Seemed sent on the same errand with the
choir

Of Winter that had warbled at my door,
And the whole year breathed tenderness and
love.

The last night's genial feeling overflowed
Upon this morning, and my favorite grove,
Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,
As if to make the strong wind visible,
Wakes in me agitations like its own,
A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,
Which we will now resume with lively hope,
Nor checked by aught of tamer argument
That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion, soon I
bade

Farewell forever to the sheltered seats
Of gowned students, quitted hall and
bower,

And every comfort of that privileged
ground,

Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among
The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of life
I should adhere, and seeming to possess
A little space of intermediate time
At full command, to London first I turned
In no disturbance of excessive hope,
By personal ambition unenslaved,

* The City of Goslar, in Lower Saxony.

Frugal as there was need, and, though self-willed,
 From dangerous passions free. Three years had flown
 Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
 Of the huge town's first presence, and had paced
 Her endless streets, a transient visitant :
 Now, fixed amid that concourse of mankind
 Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,
 And life and labor seem but one, I filled
 An idler's place ; an idler well content
 To have a house (what matter for a home ?)
 That owned him ; living cheerfully abroad
 With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,
 And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoever is feigned
 Of airy palaces, and gardens built
 By Genii of romance : or bath in grave
 Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
 Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis ;
 Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
 Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
 Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far short,
 Of what my fond simplicity believed
 And thought of London—held me by a chain
 Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
 Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy shot
 For me beyond its ordinary mark,
 'Twere vain to ask ; but in our flock of boys
 Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom chance
 Summoned from school to London ; fortunate
 And envied traveller ! When the Boy returned,
 After short absence, curiously I scanned
 His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth,
 From disappointment, not to find some change
 In look and air, from that new region brought,
 As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned him ;
 And every word he uttered, on my ears
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,
 That answers unexpectedly awry,
 And mocks the prompter's listening. Marvellous things
 Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong

In a Child's heart as fear itself) conceived
 For my enjoyment. Would that I could now
 Recall what then I pictured to myself,
 Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,
 The King, and the King's Palace, and, not last,
 Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the renowned
 Lord Mayor :
 Dreams not unlike to those which once be-
 gat
 A change of purpose in young Whittington,
 When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,
 Sate on a stone, and heard the bells speak
 out
 Articulate music : Above all, one thought
 Baffled my understanding : how men lived
 Even next-door neighbors, as we say, yet
 still
 Strangers, not knowing each the other's
 name.

O, wondrous power of words, by simple
 faith
 Licensed to take the meaning that we love !
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh ! I then had heard
 Of your green groves, and wilderness of
 lamps
 Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,
 And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,
 Floating in dance, or warbling high in air
 The songs of spirits ! Nor had Fancy fed
 With less delight upon that other class
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent :
 The River proudly bridged ; the dizzy top
 And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's ; the
 tombs
 Of Westminster ; the Giants of Guildhall ;
 Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the
 gates.
 Perpetually recumbent ; Statues—man,
 And the horse under him—in gilded pomp
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast
 squares ;
 The Monument, and that Chamber of the
 Tower
 Where England's sovereigns sit in long ar-
 ray,
 Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic shape
 Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch
 wore,
 Whether for gorgeous tournament ad-
 dressed,
 Or life or death upon the battle-field
 Those bold imaginations in due time
 Had vanished, leaving others in their stead
 And now I looked upon the living scene ;

Familiarly perused it; oftentimes,
In spite of strongest disappointment,
Pleased
Through courteous self-submission, as a
tax
Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

Rise up thou monstrous ant-hill on the
plain
Of a too busy world! Before me flow,
Thou endless stream of men and moving
things!
Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by
awe—
On strangers, of all ages; the quick dance
Of colors, lights, and forms; the deafening
din;
The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face; the string of dazzling
wares,
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned
names,
And all the tradesman's honors overhead:
Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian
saints;
There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attrac-
tive head
Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at
length,
Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow
loud!
At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin
resort,
And sights and sounds that come at inter-
vals,
We take our way. A race-show is here,
With children gathered round; another
street
Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antic pair
Of monkeys on his back; a minstrel band
Of Savoyards; or, single and alone,
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes
Thrilled by some female vendor's scream,
belike
The very shrillest of all London cries,

May then entangle our impatient steps;
Conducted through those labyrinths, un-
wares,
To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodge studious law-
yers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens
green.

Thence back into the throng, until we
reach,
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider
streets
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead
walls;
Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
Press forward, in all colors, on the sight;
These bold in conscious merit, lower down;
That, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and
strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
'Tis one encountered here and everywhere;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
Another lies at length, beside a range
Of well-formed characters, with chalk in-
scribed
Upon the smooth flat stones: the Nurse is
here,
The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
The military Idler, and the Dame,
That field-ward takes her walk with decent
steps.
Now homeward through the thickening
hubbub, where
See, among less distinguishable shapes,
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;
The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
Upon his head; with basket at his breast
The Jew; the stately and slow-moving
Turk,
With freight of slippers piled beneath his
arm!
Enough;—the mighty concourse I sur-
veyed
With no unthinking mind, well pleased to
note
Among the crowd all specimens of man,
Through all the colors which the sun be-
stows,

And every character of form and face :
 The Swede, the Russian ; from the genial
 south,
 The Frenchman and the Spaniard ; from
 remote
 America, the Hunter-Indian ; Moors,
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
 And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to
 day,
 The spectacles within doors,—birds and
 beasts
 Of every nature, and strange plants con-
 vened
 From every clime ; and, next, those sights
 that ape
 The absolute presence of reality,
 Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,
 And what earth is, and what she has to
 show.

do not here allude to subtlest craft,
 By means refined attaining purest ends,
 But imitations, fondly made in plain
 Confession of man's weakness and his
 loves.

Whether the Painter, whose ambitious
 skill

Submits to nothing less than taking in
 A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,
 Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,
 Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,
 Or in a ship on waters, with a world
 Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,
 Above, behind, far stretching and before ;
 Or more mechanic artist represent
 By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,
 From blended colors also borrowing help,
 Some miniature of famous spots or things,—
 St. Peter's Church ; or, more aspiring aim,
 In microscopic vision, Rome herself ;
 Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the
 Falls

Of Tivoli ; and, high upon that steep,
 The Sibyl's mouldering Temple ! every
 tree,

Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks
 Throughout the landscape ; tuft, stone,
 scratch minute—

All that the traveller sees when he is there.

Add to these exhibitions, mute and still,
 Others of wider scope, where living men,
 Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,
 Diversified the allurement Need I fear
 To mention by its name, as in degree,
 Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,

Yet richly graced with honors of her own,
 Half-rural Sadler's Wells ? Though at
 that time

Intolerant, as is the way of youth
 Unless itself be pleased, here more than
 once

Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,
 With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs
 Clowns, conjurers, posture-masters, harle-
 quins,

Amid the uproar of the rabblement,
 Perform their feats. Nor was it mean de-
 light

To watch crude Nature work in untaught
 mirds ;

To note the laws and progress of belief ;
 Though obstinate on this way, yet on that
 How willingly we travel, and how far !
 To have, for instance, brought upon the
 scene

The champion, Jack the Giant-killer : Lo !
 He dons his coat of darkness ; on the stage
 Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the
 eye

Of living Mortal covert, " as the moon
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Delusion bold ! and how can it be wrought ?
 The garb he wears is black as death, the
 word

" Invisible " flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were " forms and pressures of
 the time,"

Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed
 When Art was young ; dramas of living
 men,

And recent things yet warm with life ; a sea-
 fight,

Shipwreck, or some domestic incident
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame ;
 Such as the daring brotherhood of late
 Set forth, too serious theme for that ligh'
 place—

I mean, O distant Friend ! a story drawn
 From our own ground,—The Maid of
 Buttermere,—

And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
 Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came
 And wooed the artless daughter of the hills
 And wedded her, in cruel mockery
 Of love and marriage bonds. These words
 to thee

Must needs bring back the moment when
 we first,

Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's
 name,

Beheld her serving at the cottage inn

Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
 With admiration of her modest mien
 And carriage, marked by unexampled grace
 We since that time not unfamiliarly
 Have seen her,—her discretion have observed,
 Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
 Her patience, and humility of mind
 Unspoiled by commendation and the excess
 Of public notice—an offensive light
 To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme
 I was returning, when, with sundry forms
 Commingled—shapes which met me in the
 way

That we must tread—thy image rose again,
 Maiden of Buttermere! She lives in peace
 Upon the spot where she was born and
 reared

Without contamination doth she live
 In quietness, without anxiety:
 Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth
 Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb
 That, thither driven from some unsheltered
 place,

Rests underneath the little rock-like pile
 When storms are raging. Happy are they
 both—

Mother and child!—These feelings, in them-
 selves

Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think
 On those ingenuous moments of our youth
 Ere we have learnt by use to slight the
 crimes

And sorrows of the world. Those simple
 days

Are now my theme: and, foremost of the
 scenes

Which yet survive in memory, appears
 One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,
 A sportive infant, who, for six months'
 space,

Not more, had been of age to deal about
 Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful
 As ever cling around a mother's neck,
 Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.
 There, too, conspicuous for stature tall
 And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood
 The mother; but, upon her cheeks diffused,
 False tints too well accorded with the glare
 From play-house lustres thrown without
 reserve

On every object near. The Boy had been
 The pride and pleasure of all lookers on
 In whatsoever place, but seemed in this
 A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.

Of lusty vigor, more than infantine
 He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose
 Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—
 e'er,

By cottage-door on breezy mountain side,
 Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe
 By Nature's gifts so favored. Upon a board
 Decked with refreshments had this child
 been placed,

His little stage in the vast theatre,
 And there he sate surrounded with a throng
 Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men
 And shameless women, treated and caressed;
 Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses
 played,

While oaths and laughter and indecent
 speech

Were rife about him as the songs of birds
 Contending after showers. The mother
 now

Is fading out of memory, but I see
 The lovely Boy as I beheld him then
 Among the wretched and the falsely gay,
 Like one of those who walked with hair un-
 singed

Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and spells
 Muttered on black and spiteful instigation
 Have stopped, as some believe, the kindest
 growths.

Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer
 Have been preferred, that this fair creature,
 checked

By special privilege of Nature's love,
 Should in his childhood be detained for-
 ever!

But with its universal freight the tide
 Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,
 Mary! may now have lived till he could
 look

With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps,
 Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been
 told

Since, travelling southward from our pastoral
 hills,

I heard, and for the first time in my life,
 The voice of woman utter blasphemy—
 Saw woman as she is, to open shame
 Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;
 I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once
 Thrown in that from humanity divorced
 Humanity, splitting the race of man
 In twain, yet leaving the same outward form
 Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,
 And ardent meditation. Later years
 Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,

Feelings of pure commiseration, grief
 For the individual and the overthrow
 Of her soul's beauty; farther I was then
 But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth
 The sorrow of the passion stopped me there.

But let me now, less moved, in order take
 Our argument. Enough is said to show
 How casual incidents of real life,
 Observed where pastime only had been
 sought,

Outweighed, or put to flight, the set events
 And measured passions of the stage, albeit
 By Siddons trod in the fulness of her power.
 Yet was the theatre my dear delight;
 The very gilding, lamps and painted scrolls,
 And all the mean upholstery of the place,
 Wanted not animation, when the tide
 Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast
 With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,
 Solemn or gay: whether some beauteous
 dame

Advanced in radiance through a deep recess
 Of thick entangled forest, like the moon
 Opening the clouds; or sovereign king,
 announced [state
 With flourishing trumpet, came in full-blown
 Of the world's greatness, winding round
 with train

Of courtiers, banners, in a length of guards;
 Or captive led in abject weeds, and jingling
 His slender manacles; or romping girl
 Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air; or
 mumbling sire,

A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up
 In all the tatters of infirmity
 All loosely put together, hobbled in,
 Stumping upon a cane with which he smites,
 From time to time, the solid boards, and
 makes them

Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts
 Of one so overloaded with his years.
 But what of this! the laugh, the grin, grimace,

The antics striving to outstrip each other,
 Were all received, the least of them not lost,
 With an unmeasured welcome. Through
 the night,

Between the show, and many-headed mass
 Of the spectators, and each several nook
 Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly
 And with what flashes, as it were, the mind
 Turned this way—that way! sportive and
 alert

And watchful, as a kitten when at play,
 While winds are eddying round her, among
 straws

And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and
 sweet!

Romantic almost, looked at through a space,
 How small, of intervening years! For then,
 Though surely no mean progress had been
 made

In meditations holy and sublime,
 Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss
 Of novelty survived for scenes like these:
 Enjoyment haply handed down from times
 When at a country-playhouse, some rude
 barn

Tricked out for that proud use, if I per-
 chance

Caught, on a summer evening through a
 chink

In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse
 Of daylight, the bare thought of where I
 was

Gladdened me more than if I had been led
 Into a dazzling cavern of romance,
 Crowded with Genii busy among works
 Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may
 seem,

To many, neither dignified enough
 Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by
 them

Who, looking inward, have observed the ties
 That bind the perishable hours of life
 Each to the other, and the curious props
 By which the world of memory and thought
 Exists and is sustained. More lofty themes,
 Such as at least do wear a prouder face,
 Solicit our regard; but when I think
 Of these, I feel the imaginative power
 Languish within me; even then it slept,
 When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the
 heart [tears

Was more than full; amid my sobs and
 It slept, even in the pregnant season of
 youth.

For though I was most passionately moved
 And yielded to all changes of the scene
 With an obsequious promptness, yet the
 storm

Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind;
 Save when realities of act and mien,
 The incarnation of the spirits that move
 In harmony amid the Poet's world,

Rose to ideal grandeur, or called forth
 By power of contrast, made me recognize,
 As at a glance, the things which I had
 shaped,

And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely
 seen,

When, having closed the mighty Shak-
speare's page,
I mused, and thought, and felt, in solitude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are
such

Professedly, to others titled higher,
Y^t, in the estimate of youth at least,
More near akin to those than names imply,—
I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts
Before the ermined judge, or that great stage
Where senators, tongue-favored men, per-
form,

Admired and envied. Oh! the beating
heart,

When one among the prime of these rose
up,—

One, of whose name from childhood we had
heard

Familiarly, a household term, like those,
The Bedfords, Glosters, Salsburys, of old
Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence!
hush!

This is no trifler, no short-flighted wit,
No stammerer of a minute, painfully
Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked
The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:
Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience
e'er

Grow weary of attending on a track
That kindles with such glory! All are
charmed,

Astonished; like a hero in romance,
He winds away his never-ending horn;
Words follow words, sense seems to follow
sense;

What memory and what logic! till the strain
Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,
Grows tedious even in a young man's car.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen se-
duced

By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered
men,

Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
And wise men, willing to grow wiser,
caught,

Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent
tongue—

Now mute, forever mute in the cold grave.
I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—
Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches
start

Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe
The younger brethren of the grove. But
some—

While he forewarns, denounces, launches
forth,

Against all systems built on abstract rights,
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;
Declares the vital power of social ties
Endeared by Custom; and with high dis-
dain,

Exploding upstart Theory, insists
Upon the allegiance to which men are born—
Some—say at once a froward multitude—
Murmur (for truth is hated, where not
loved)

As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,
Galled by their monarch's chain The
times were big

With ominous change, which, night by night,
provoked

Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion
raised;

But memorable moments intervened,
When Wisdom, like the Goddess from
Jove's brain,

Broke forth in armor of resplendent words,
Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and
one

In ancient story versed, whose breast had
heaved

Under the weight of classic eloquence,
Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail
To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfeèl
Were its admonishments, nor lightly heard
The awful truths delivered thence by
tongues [soul]

Endowed with various power to search the
Yet ostentation, domineering, oft
Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of
place!—

There have I seen a comely bachelor,
Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,
And, in a tone elaborately low
Beginning, lead his voice through many a
maze

A minut course; and, winding up his
mouth,

From time to time, into an orifice
Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,
And only not invisible, again
Open it out, diffusing thence a smile
Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.

Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,
Moses, and he who penned, the other day,
The death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the
Bard

Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy
 theme
 With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,
 And Ossian (doubt not—'tis the naked
 truth)
 Summoned from streamy Morven—each and
 all
 Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and
 flowers
 To entwine the crook of eloquence that
 helped
 This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the plains,
 To rule and guide his captivated flock.

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,
 Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,
 Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop,
 In public room or private, park or street,
 Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,
 Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,
 Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,
 And all the strife of singularity,
 Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—
 Of these, and of the living shapes they
 wear,

There is no end. Such candidates for
 regard,
 Although well pleased to be where they
 were found,

I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,
 Nor made unto myself a secret boast
 Of reading them with quick and curious
 eye;

But, as a common produce, things that are
 To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them
 Such willing note as, on some errand bound
 That asks not speed, a traveller might be-
 stow

On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach.
 Or daisies swarming through the fields of
 Jure

But foolishness and madness in parade,
 Though most at home in this their dear do-
 main,

Are scattered everywhere, no rarities.
 Even to the rudest novice of the Schools.
 Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep
 In memory, those individual sights
 Of courage, or integrity, or truth,
 Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,
 Appeared more touching. One will I select;
 A Father—for he bore that sacred name—
 Him saw I, sitting in an open square,
 Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,
 Wherein were fixed the iron pales that
 fenced

A spacious grass-plot; there, in silence,
 sate
 This One Man, with a sickly babe out-
 stretched
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither
 brought
 For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher
 air.
 Of those who passed, and me who looked at
 him,
 He took no heed; but in his brawny arms
 (The Artificer was to the elbow bare,
 And from his work this moment had been
 stolen)
 He held the child, and, bending over it,
 As if he were afraid both of the sun
 And of the air, which he had come to seek,
 Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain
 top
 Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so
 That huge fermenting mass of human-kind
 Serves as a solemn back-ground, or relief,
 To single forms and objects, whence they
 draw,

For feeling and contemplative regard,
 More than inherent liveliness and power.
 How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
 Have I gone forward with the crowd, and
 said

Unto myself, "The face of every one
 That passes by me is a mystery!"
 Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look, op-
 pressed

By thoughts of what and whither, when and
 how,

Until the shapes before my eyes became
 A second-sight procession, such as glides
 Over still mountains, or appears in dreams;
 And once, far-travelled in such mood, be-
 yond

The reach of common indication, lost
 Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten
 Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
 Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
 Stood, propped against a wall, upon his
 chest

Wearing a written paper, to explain
 His story, whence he came, and who he
 was.

Caught by the spectacle my mind turned
 round

As with the might of waters; and apt type
 This label seemed of the utmost we can
 know,

Both of ourselves and of the universe;

And, on the shape of that unmoving man
His steadiast face and sightless eyes, I
gazed,
As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of outward
things,
Structures like these the excited spirit
mainly

Builds for herself; scenes different there
are,

Full-formed, that take, with small internal
help,

Possession of the faculties,—the peace
That comes with night: the deep solemnity
Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,
When the great tide of human life stands
still:

The business of the day to come, unborn,
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave;
The blended calmness of the heavens and
earth,

Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and
sounds

Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours
Of winter evenings, when unwholesome
rains

Are falling hard, with people yet astir,
The feeble salutation from the voice
Of some unhappy woman, now and then
Heard as we pass, when no one looks about,
Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,

Are falsely catalogued; things that are, are
not,

As the mind answers to them, or the heart
Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say you,
then,

To times, when half the city shall break
out

Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or
fear?

To executions, to a street on fire,
Mobs, riots, or rejoicings? From these
sights

Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair,
Holden where martyrs suffered in past
time,

And named of St. Bartholomew; there,
A work completed to our hands, that lays,
If any spectacle on earth can do,
The whole creative powers of man asleep!—
For once, the Muse's help will we implore,
And she shall lodge us, wafted on her
wings,

Above the press and danger of the crowd,
Upon some showman's platform. What a
shock

For eyes and ears! what anarchy and din,
Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma,
Monstrous in color, motion, shape, sight,
sound!

Below, the open space, through every nook
Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive
With heads; the midway region, and above,
Is thronged with staring pictures and huge
scrolls,

Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies;
With chattering monkeys dangling from
their poles,

And children whirling in their roundabouts;
With those that stretch the neck and strain
the eyes,

And crack the voice in rivalry, the crowd
Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons
Grimacing, writhing, screaming,—him who
grinds

The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves,
Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-
drum,

And him who at the trumpet puffs his
cheeks,

The silver-collared Negro with his timbrel,
Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and
boys,

Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high tow-
ering plumes.—

All movables of wonder, from all parts,
Are here—Albinos, painted Indians, Dwarfs,
The Horse of knowledge, and the learned
Pig,

The Stone-eater, the man that swallows
fire,

Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,
The Bust that speaks and moves its gog-
gling eyes,

The Wax-work, clock-work, all the marvel-
lous craft

Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-
shows

All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted
things,

All freaks of nature, all Promethean thoughts
Of man, his dulness, madness, and their
feats

All jumbled up together, to compose
A parliament of Monsters. Tents and
Booths

Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast
mill,

Are vomiting, receiving on all sides,
Men, Women, three-years' children, Babes
in arms.

Oh, blank confusion! true epitoma

Of what the mighty City is herself,
 To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
 Living amid the same perpetual whirl
 Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
 To one identity, by differences
 That have no law, no meaning, and no
 end—
 Oppression, under which even highest
 minds [free.
 Must labor, whence the strongest are not
 But though the picture weary out the eye,
 By nature an unmanageable sight,
 It is not wholly so to him who looks
 In steadiness, who hath among least things
 An under-sense of greatest: sees the parts
 As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.
 This, of all acquisitions, first awaits
 On sundry and most widely different modes
 Of education, nor with least delight
 On that through which I passed. Attention
 springs,
 And comprehensiveness and memory flow,
 From early converse with the works of God
 Among all regions; chiefly where appear
 Most obviously simplicity and power.
 Think, how the everlasting streams and
 woods,
 Stretched and still stretching far and wide,
 exalt
 The roving Indian, on his desert sands:

What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant
 show
 Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's eye:
 And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone,
 Its currents; magnifies its shoals of life
 Beyond all compass; spreads, and sends
 aloft
 Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers and
 aspects
 Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
 The views and aspirations of the soul
 To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
 Perennial of the ancient hills; nor less
 The changeful language of their counte-
 nances
 Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids the
 thoughts,
 However multitudinous, to move
 With order and relation. This, if still,
 As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,
 Not violating any just restraint,
 As may be hoped, of real modesty,—
 This did I feel, in London's vast domain.
 The Spirit of Nature was upon me there;
 The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
 Through meagre lines and colors, and the
 press
 Of self-destroying, transitory things,
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

BOOK EIGHTH.

RETROSPECT—LOVE OF NATURE
 LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that
 are heard
 Up to thy summit, through the depth of
 air
 Ascending, as if distance had the power
 To make the sounds more audible? What
 crowd
 Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village green?
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee
 Though but a little family of men,
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground—be-
 times
 Assembled with their children and their
 wives,
 And here and there a stranger interspersed.
 They hold a rustic fair—a festival,
 Such as, on this side now, and now on that,
 Repeated through his tributary vales,
 Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,

Sees annually, if clouds towards either
 ocean
 Blown from their favorite resting-place, or
 mists
 Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded
 head.
 Delightful day it is for all who dwell
 In this secluded glen, and eagerly
 They give it welcome. Long ere heat of
 noon,
 From byre or field the kine were brought;
 the sheep [gun.
 Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is be-
 The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
 Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.
 Booths are there none; a stall or two is
 here;
 A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,
 The other to make music; hither, too,
 From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,
 Of hawker's wares—books, pictures, combs,
 and pins—

Some aged woman finds her way again,
 Year after year, a punctual visitant !
 There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
 Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-show ;
 And in the lapse of many years may come
 Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he
 Who e wonders in a covered wain he hid.
 But one there is, the loveliest of them all,
 Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out
 For gains, and who that sees her would not
 buy ?

Fruits of her father's orchard are her wares,
 And with the ruddy produce, she walks
 round

Among the crowd, half pleased with, half
 ashamed

Of her new office, blushing restlessly.
 The children now are rich, for the old to-
 day

Are generous as the young, and, if content
 With looking on, some ancient wedded pair
 Sit in the shade together, while they gaze,
 "A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled
 brow,

The days departed start again to life,
 And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing
 sun

To him who slept at noon and wakes at
 eye." *

Thus gayety and cheerfulness prevail,
 Spreading from young to old, from old to
 young,

And no one seems to want his share.—Im-
 mense

Is the recess, the circumambient world
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced.

They move about upon the soft green turf :
 How little they, they and their doings,
 seem,

And all that they can further or obstruct !
 Through utter weakness pitifully dear,
 As tender infants are ; and yet how great !
 For all things serve them ; them the morn-
 ing light

Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks ;
 And them the silent rocks, which now from
 high

Look down upon them ; the reposing
 clouds ;

The wild brooks prattling from invisible
 haunts ;

And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
 Which animates this day their cam abode.

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,
 In that enormous City's turbulent world
 Of men and things, what benefit I owed
 To thee, and those domains of rural peace,
 Where to the sense of beauty first my heart
 Was opened ; tract more exquisitely fair
 Than that famed paradise of ten thousand
 trees,

Or Gebol's matchless gardens, for delight
 Of the Tartarian dynasty composed
 (Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,
 China's stupendous mound) by patient toil
 Of myriads and boon nature's lavish help ;
 There, in a clime from widest empire
 chosen,

Fulfilling (could enchantment have done
 more ?)

A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with
 domes

Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells
 For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts
 With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,
 Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught to
 melt

Into each other their obsequious hues,
 Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase,
 Too fine to be pursued ; or standing forth
 In no discordant opposition, strong
 And gorgeous as the colors side by side
 Bedded among rich plumes of tropic birds
 And mountains over all, embracing all ;
 And all the landscape, endlessly enriched
 With waters running, falling, or asleep.

But lovelier far than this, the paradise
 Where I was reared ; in Nature's primitive
 gifts

Favored no less, and more to every sense
 Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,
 The elements, and seasons as they change,
 Do find a worthy fellow-laborer there—
 Man free, man working for himself, with
 choice

Of time, and place and object ; by his
 wants,

His comforts, native occupations, cares,
 Cheerfully led to individual ends
 Or social, and still followed by a train
 Unwooded, unthought-of even—simplicity,
 And beauty, and inevitable grace.

* These lines are from a descriptive Poem—
 "Malvern Hills"—by one of Mr. Words-
 worth's oldest friends, Mr. Joseph Cottle.

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial
 bowers

Would to a child be transport over-great,

When but a half-hour's roam through such
 a place
 Would leave behind a danœ of images,
 That shall break in upon his sleep for
 weeks ;
 Even then the common haunts of the green
 earth,
 And ordinary interests of man,
 Which they embosom, all without regard
 As both may seem, are fastening on the
 heart
 Insensibly, each with the other's help.
 For me, when my affections first were led
 From kindred, friends, and playmates, to
 partake
 Love for the human creature's absolute self,
 That noticeable kindness of heart
 Sprang out of fountains, there abounding
 most,
 Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks
 And occupations which her beauty adorned,
 And Shepherds were the men that pleased
 me first ;
 Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian
 wilds,
 With arts and laws so tempered that their
 lives
 Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
 A bright tradition of the golden age :
 Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses
 Sequestered, handed down among them-
 selves
 Felicity, in Grecian song renowned ;
 Nor such as—when an adverse fate had
 driven,
 From house and home, the courtly band
 whose fortunes
 Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the wild
 woods
 Of Arden—amid sunshine or in shade
 Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted
 hours,
 Ere Phœbe sighed for the false Ganymede ;
 Or there where Perdita and Florizel
 Together danced, Queen of the feast, and
 King ;
 Not such as Spenser fabled. True it is,
 That I had heard (what he perhaps had
 seen)
 Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far
 Their May-bush, and along the streets in
 flocks
 Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
 Aimed at the laggards slumbering within
 doors ;
 Had also heard, from those who yet re-
 membered,

Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths
 that decked
 Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar ; and of
 youths,
 Each with his maid, before the sun was up,
 By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,
 To drink the waters of some sainted well
 And hang it round with garlands. Love
 survives ;
 But, for such purpose, flowers no longer
 grow :
 The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have
 dropped
 These lighter graces ; and the rural ways
 And manners which my childhood looked
 upon
 Were the unluxuriant produce of a life
 Intent on little but substantial needs,
 Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.
 But images of danger and distress,
 Man suffering among awful Powers and
 Forms ;
 Of this I heard, and saw enough to make
 Imagination restless ; nor was free
 Myself from frequent perils ; nor were tales
 Wanting,—the tragedies of former times,
 Hazards and strange escapes, of which the
 rocks
 Immutable and overflowing streams,
 Where'er I roamed, were speaking monu-
 ments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in
 old time,
 Long springs and tepid winters, on the
 banks
 Of delicate Galesus ; and no less
 Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores :
 Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-
 white herd
 To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
 Devoted, on the inviolable stream
 Of rich Clitumnus ; and the goat-herd lived
 As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows
 Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe was
 heard
 Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks
 With tutelary music, from all harm
 The fold protecting. I myself, mature
 In manhood then, have seen a pastoral
 track
 Like some of these, where Fancy might run
 wild,
 Though under skies less generous, less
 serene ;
 There, for her own delight had Nature
 framed

A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse
Of level pasture, islanded with groves
And banked with woody risings; but the
Plain

Endless, here opening widely out, and there
Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Sheltered within a shelter, where at large
The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home.
Thither he comes with spring-time, there
abides

All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear
His flageolet to liquid notes of love
Attuned, or sprightly fife resounding far.
Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast
space [have

Where passage opens, but the same shall
In turn its visitant, telling there his hours
In unlaborous pleasure, with no task
More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl
For spring or fountain, which the traveller
finds,

When through the region he pursues at will
His devious course. A glimpse of such
sweet life

I saw when, from the melancholy walls
Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed
My daily walk along that wide champaign,
That, reaching to her gates, spreads east
and west,

And northwards, from beneath the moun-
tainous verge

Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to you
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow
vales,

Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's
voice,

Powers of my native region! Ye that seize
The heart with firmer grasp! Your snows
and streams

Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,
That howl so dismally for him who treads
Companionless your awful solitudes!

There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter
long

To wait upon the storms: of their approach
Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives
His flock, and thither from the homestead
bears

A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out their regular nourishment
Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the
spring

Looks out, and all the pastures dance with
lambs,

And when the flock, with warmer weather,
climbs

Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their goings, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose. For this he quits
his home

At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun
Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,
Than he lies down upon some shining rock
And breakfasts with his dog. When they
have stolen,

As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,
For rest not needed or exchange of love,
Then from his couch he starts; and now
his feet

Crush out a livelier fragrance from the
flowers

Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought
In the wild turf: the lingering dews of
morn [hies,

Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he
His staff protending like a hunter's spear,
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged
streams.

Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
Might deign to follow him through what he
does

Or sees in his day's march; himself he
feels,

In those vast regions where his service lies,
A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
And hazard, and hard labor interchanged
With that majestic indolence so dear
To native man A rambling school-boy,
thus

I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he was
there

When up the lonely brooks on rainy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant, a few steps,
In size a giant, stalking through thick fog,
His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he
stepped

Beyond the boundary line of some hill
shadow,

His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun;
Or him have I descried in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,

Above all height! like an aerial cross
Stationed alone upon a spiry rock
Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus was
man

Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
 And thus my heart was early introduced
 To an unconscious love and reverence
 Of human nature; hence the human form
 To me became an index of delight,
 Of grace and honor, power and worthiness.
 Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost
 As those of books, but more exalted far;
 Far more of an imaginative form
 Than the gay Corin of the groves, who
 lives
 For his own fancies, or to dance by the
 hour,
 In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
 Was, for the purposes of kind, a man
 With the most common; husband, father;
 learned,
 Could teach, admonish; suffered with the
 rest
 From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear;
 Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
 But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—
 Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth,
 This sanctity of Nature given to man—
 A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore
 On the dead letter, miss the spirit of things;
 Whose truth is not a motion or a shape
 Instinct with vital functions but a block
 Or waxen image which yourselves have
 made,

And ye adore! But blessed be the God
 Of Nature and of Man, that this was so;
 That men before my inexperienced eyes
 Did first present themselves thus purified,
 Removed, and to a distance that was fit:
 And so we all of us in some degree
 Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,
 And howsoever; were it otherwise,
 And we found evil fast as we find good
 In our first years, or think that it is found,
 How could the innocent heart bear up and
 live!

But doubly fortunate my lot: not here
 Alone, that something of a better life
 Perhaps was round me than it is the privi-
 lege

Of most to move in, but that first I looked
 At Man through objects that were great or
 fair;

First communed with him by their help.
 And thus

Was founded a sure safeguard and defence
 Against the weight of meanness, selfish
 cares,

Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat
 in

On all sides from the ordinary world
 In which we traffic. Starting from this
 point

I had my face turned toward the truth, be-
 gan

With an advantage furnished by that kind
 Of prepossession, without which the soul
 Receives no knowledge that can bring forth
 good,

No genuine insight ever comes to her.
 From the restraint of over-watchful eyes
 Preserved, I moved about, year after year,
 Happy, and now most thankful that my
 walk

Was guarded from too early intercourse
 With the deformities of crowded life,
 And those ensuing laughers and contempts,
 Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to
 think

With a due reverence on earth's rightful
 lord,

Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,
 Will not permit us; but pursue the mind,
 That to devotion willingly would rise,
 Into the temple and the temple's heart.

Yet deem not, Friend! that human kind
 with me

Thus early took a place pre-eminent;
 Nature herself was, at this unripe time,
 But secondary to my own pursuits

And animal activities, and all
 Their trivial pleasures; and when these had
 drooped

And gradually expired, and Nature, prized
 For her own sake, became my joy, even
 then—

And upwards through late youth, until not
 less

Than two-and-twenty summers had then
 told—

Was Man in my affections and regards
 Subordinate to her, her visible forms
 And viewless agencies: a passion, she,
 A rapure often, and immediate love
 Ever at hand; he, only a delight
 Occasional, an accidental grace,

His hour being not yet come. Far less and
 then

The inferior creatures, beast or bird, at
 My spirit to that gentleness of love
 (Though they had long been carefully ob-
 served),

Won from me those minute obeisances
 Of tenderness, which I may number now

With my first blessings. Nevertheless on
 these

The light of beauty did not fall in vain,
Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end.

But when that first poetic faculty
Of plain Imagination and severe,
No longer a mute influence of the soul,
Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest call,
To try her strength among harmonious
words;

And to book-notions and the rules of art
Did knowingly conform itself, there came
Among the simple shapes of human life
A wilfulness of fancy and conceit;
And Nature and her objects beautified
These fictions, as in some sort, in their
turn,

They burnished her. From touch of this
new power

Nothing was safe: the elder-tree that grew
Beside the well-known charnel-house had
then

A dismal look: the yew-tree had its ghost,
That took his station there for ornament:
The dignities of plain occurrence then
Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean, a
point

Where no sufficient pleasure could be
found.

Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow
Of her distress, was known to have turned
her steps

To the cold grave in which her husband
slept,

One night, or haply more than one, through
pain

Or half-insensate impotence of mind,
The fact was caught at greedily, and there
She must be visitant the whole year through,
Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might pur-
sue

These cravings; when the fox-glove, one by
one,

Upwards through every stage of the tall
stem,

Had shed beside the public way its bells,
And stood of all dismantled, save the last
Left at the tapering ladder's top, that
seemed

To bend as doth a slender blade of grass
Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to
seat,

Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested
still

With this last relic, soon itself to fall,
Some vagrant mother, whose arch little
ones,

All unconcerned by her dejected plight,
Laughed as with rival eagerness their hands
Gathered the purple cups which round them
lay,

Strewing the turf's green slope. A diamond light

(Whene'er the summer sun, declining,
smote

A smooth rock wet with constant springs)
was seen

Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that
rose

Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the
hearth

Seated, with open door, often and long
Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,

That made my fancy restless as itself.
'Twas now for me a burnished silver

shield
Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay
Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood:

An entrance now into some magic cave
Or palace built by fairies of the rock;

Nor could I have been bribed to disenchant
The spectacle, by visiting the spot.

Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,
Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings

bred

By pure Imagination: busy Power
She was, and with her ready pupil turned

Instinctively to human passions, then
Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent

swarm

Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich
As mine was through the bounty of a grand

And lovely region, I had forms distinct
To steady me: each airy thought revolved

Round a substantial centre, which at once
Incited it to motion, and controlled.

I did not pine like one in cities bred,
As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend!

Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams
Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things

Without the light of knowledge. Where
the harm, [ease

If, when the woodman languished with dis-
Induced by sleeping nightly on the ground

Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,
I called the pangs of disappointed love,

And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,
To help him to his grave? Meanwhile the

man,
If not already from the woods retired
To die at home, was haply as I knew,

Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle airs,
Birds, running streams, and hills so beau-
tiful

On golden evenings, while the charcoal
pile
Breathed up its smoke, an image of his
ghost

Or spirit that full soon must take her flight.
Nor shall we not be tending towards that
point

Of sound humanity to which our Tale
Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I
show

How Fancy, in a season when she wove
Those slender cords, to guide the uncon-
scious Boy

For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's
call

Some pensive musings which might well be-
seem

Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs
Stretch from the western marge of Thurs-
tonmere,

With length of shade so thick that who
glides

Along the line of low-roofed water, moves
As in a closter. Once—while, in that
shade

Loitering, I watched the golden beams of
light

Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed
In silent beauty on the naked ridge

Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my
thoughts

In a pure stream of words fresh from the
heart :

Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall
close

My mortal course, there will I think on you ;
Dying, will cast on you a backward look ;

Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale
Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)

Doth with the fond remains of his last
power

Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds
On the dear mountain-tops where first he
rose.

Enough of humble arguments ; recall,
My Song ! those high emotions which thy
voice

Has heretofore made known ; that bursting
forth

Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
When everywhere a vital pulse was felt,

And all the several frames of things, like
stars,

Through every magnitude distinguishable,
Shone mutually indebted, or half lost

Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
Of life and glory. In the midst stood Man,
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As, of all visible natures, crown, though
born

Of dust, and kindred to the worm ; a Being,
Both in perception and discernment, first
In every capability of rapture,
Through the divine effect of power and
love ;

As, more than anything we know, instinct
With godhead, and, by reason and by will,
Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I
move,

Begirt, from day to day, with temporal
shapes

Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,
Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,

Manners and characters discriminate,
And little bustling passions that eclipse,

As well they might, the impersonated
thought,

The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

An idler among academic bowers,

Such was my new condition, as at large
Has been set forth ; yet here the vulgar

light

Of present, actual, superficial life,
Gleaming through coloring of other times,

Old usages and local privilege,
Was welcomed, softened, if not solemnized,

This notwithstanding, being brought more
near

To vice and guilt, forerunning wretchedness,
I trembled,—thought, at times, of human life

With an indefinite terror and dismay,
Such as the storms and angry elements

Had bred in me ; but gloomier far, a dim
Analogy to uproar and misrule,

Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It might be told, (but wherefore speak of
things

Common to all ?) that, seeing, I was led
Gravely to ponder—judging between good

And evil, not as for the mind's delight
But for her guidance—one who was to act,

As sometimes to the best of feeble means
I did, by human sympathy impelled :

And, through dislike and most offensive
pain,

Was to the truth conducted ; of this faith
Never forsaken, that, by acting well,

And understanding, I should learn to love
The end of life, and everything we know.

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress! for at times

Thou canst put on an aspect most severe;
London, to thee I willingly return.

Erewhile my verse played idly with the flowers

Enwrought upon thy mantle; satisfied
With that amusement, and a simple look
Of child-like inquisition now and then
Cast upwards on thy countenance, to detect
Some inner meanings which might harbor there.

But how could I in mood so light indulge,
Keeping such fresh remembrance of the day
When, having thridded the long labyrinth
Of the suburban villages, I first
Entered thy vast dominion. On the roof
Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,
With vulgar men about me, trivial forms
Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and things,—

Mean shapes on every side; but, at the instant

When to myself it fairly might be said,
The threshold now is overpast, (how strange
That aught external to the living mind
Should have such mighty sway! yet so it was),

A weight of ages did at once descend
Upon my heart; no thought embodied, no
Distinct remembrances, but weight and power,—

Power growing under weight: alas! I feel
That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's pause,—
All that took place within me came and went

As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,
And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open day,
Hath passed with torches into some huge cave,

The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den
In old time haunted by that Danish Witch,
Yordas; he looks around and sees the vault
Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he sees,

Erelong, the massy roof above his head,
That instantly unsettles and recedes,—
Substance and shadow, light and darkness,
all

Commingled, making up a canopy
Of shapes and forms and tendencies to shape
That shaft and vanish, change and inter-
change

Like spectres,—ferment silent and sublime!
That after a short space works less and less,

Till, every effort, every motion gone,
The scene before him stands in perfect view
Exposed, and lifeless as a written book.—

But let him pause awhile, and look again,
And a new quickening shall succeed, at first
Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass
Busies the eye with images and forms
Boldly assembled,—here is shadowed forth
From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,
A variegated landscape,—there the shape
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail.
The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,
Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff
Strange congregation! yet not slow to meet
Eyes that perceive through minds that can
inspire.

Even in such sort had I at first been
moved,
Nor otherwise continued to be moved,
As explored the vast metropolis,
Fount of my country's destiny and the
world's:

That great emporium, chronicle at once
And burial-place of passions, and their home
Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it did
Of past and present, such a place must
needs

Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that
time

For less than craving power; yet knowledge
came,

Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
Came, of themselves, or at her call derived

In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,
From all sides, when whate'er was in itself

Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me
A correspondent amplitude of mind;

Such is the strength and glory of our youth!
The human nature unto which I felt

That I belonged, and revered with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit

Diffused through time and space, with aid
derived

Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common
rest

In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn

From books and what they picture and
record.

'Tis true, the history of our native land,
With those of Greece compared and popular
Rome,

And in our high wrought modern narratives
Strip of their harmonizing soul, the life
Of manners and familiar incidents,
Had never much delighted me. And less
Than other intellects had mine been used
To lean upon intrinsic circumstance
Of record or tradition; but a sense
Of what in the Great City had been done
And suffered, and was doing, suffering, still,
Weighed with me, could support the test of
thought;

And, in despite of all that had gone by,
Or was departing never to return,
There I conversed with majesty and power
Like independent natures. Hence the place
Was thronged with impregnations like the
Wilds

In which my early feelings had been nursed—
Bare hills and valleys, full of caverns, rocks,
And audible seclusions, dashing lakes,
Echoes and waterfalls and pointed crags
That into music touch the passing wind.
Here then my young imagination found
No uncongenial element; could here
Among new objects serve or give command,
Even as the heart's occasions might require,
To forward reason's else too-scrupulous
march.

The effect was, still more elevated views
Of human nature. Neither vice nor guilt,
Debasement undergone by body or mind,
Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,
Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes
scanned

Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust
In what we *may* become; induce belief
That I was ignorant, had been falsely taught,
A solitary, who with vain conceits
Had been inspired, and walked about in
dreams.

From those sad scenes when meditation
turned,

Lo! everything that was indeed divine
Retained its purity inviolate,
Nay brighter shone, by this portentous
gloom

Set off; such opposition as aroused
The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise
Though fallen from bliss, when in the East
he saw

* Darkness ere day's mid course, and morn-
ing light

More orient in the western cloud, that drew
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
Descending slow with something heavenly
fraught.

Add, that among the multitudes
Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
Affectingly set forth, more than elsewhere
Is possible, the unity of man,
One spirit over ignorance and vice
Predominant, in good and evil hearts;
One sense for moral judgments, as one eye
For the sun's light. The soul when smitten
thus

By a sublime *idea* whencesoe'er
Vouchsafed for union or communion, feeds
On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with
God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend
My thoughts by slow gradations had been
drawn

To human kind, and to the good and ill
Of human life: Nature had led me on;
And oft amid the "busy hum" I seemed
To travel independent of her help,
As if I had forgotten her; but no,
The world of human-kind outweighed not
hers

In my habitual thoughts; the scale of love,
Though filling daily, still was light, com-
pared

With that in which *her* mighty objects lay

BOOK NINTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

EVEN as a river,—partly (it might seem)
Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed
In part by fear to shape a way direct,
That would engulf him soon in the raven-
ous sea—

Turns, and will measure back his course, far
back,

Seeking the very regions which he crossed

In his first outset; so have we, my Friend
Turned and returned with intricate delay.
Or as a traveller who has gained the brow
Of some aerial Down, while there he halts
For breathing-time, is tempted to review
The region left behind him; and, if aught
Deserving notice have escaped regard,
Or been regarded with too careless eye,

* From Milton, Par. Lost. xi. 204.

Strives, from that height, with one and yet
one more

Last look, to make the best amends he may :
So have we lingered. Now we start afresh
With courage, and new hope risen on our
toil.

Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,
Whene'er it comes ! needful in work so long,
Thrice needful to the argument which now
Awaits us ! Oh, how much unlike the past ?

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,
I ranged at large, through London's wide
domain,

Month after month. Obscurely did I live,
Not seeking frequent intercourse with men
By literature, or elegance, or rank,
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus
spent

Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,
With less regret for its luxurious pomp,
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,
Than for the humble book-stalls in the
streets,
Exposed to eye and hand where'er I turned.

France lured me forth ; the realm that I
had crossed
So lately, journeying toward the snow-clad
Alps.

But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,
And all enjoyment which the summer sun
Sheds round the steps of those who meet the
day

With motion constant as his own, I went
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,
Washed by the current of the stately Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course, and
there :

Sojourning a few days, I visited
in haste each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly ; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martre southward to the
Don

Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Tossed like a ship at anchor, rocked by
storms ;

The Arcades I traversed in the Palace huge
Of Orleans ; coasted round and round the
line

Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and
Shop,

Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not ;

I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild !
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to
wear,

But seemed there present ; and I scanned
them all,

Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face.
With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the
dust

And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast ; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not
find,

Affecting more emotion than I felt ;
For 'tis most certain that these various
sights,

However potent their first shock, with me
Appeared to recompense the traveller's
pains

Less than the painted Magdalene of Le
Brun,

A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful
cheek

Pale and bedropped with overflowing tears.)

But hence to my more permanent abode
I hasten ; there, by novelties in speech,
Domestic manners, customs, gestures,
looks,

And all the attire of ordinary life,
Attention was engrossed ; and, thus
amused,

I stood 'mid those concussions, uncon-
cerned.

Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower
Glassed in a green-house, or a parlor shrub
That spreads its leaves in unmolested
peace,

While every bush and tree, the country
through,

Is shaking to the roots : indifference this
Which may seem strange : but I was un-
prepared

With needful knowledge, had abruptly
passed

Into a theatre whose stage was filled
And busy with an action far advanced.

Like others, I had skimmed, and sometimes
read

With care, the master pamphlets of the day ;

Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild
Upon that meagre soil, helped out by talk
And public news ; but having never seen
A chronicle that might suffice to show
Whence the main organs of the public
power

Had sprung, their transmigrations, when
and how

Accomplished, giving thus unto events
A form and body ; all things were to me
Loose and disjointed, and the affections left
Without a vital interest. At that time,
Moreover, the first storm was overblown,
And the strong hand of outward violence
Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear
Now in connection with so great a theme
To speak (as I must be compelled to do)
Of one so unimportant ; night by night
Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,
Whom, in the city, privilege of birth
Sequestered from the rest, societies
Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed ;
Whence, and from deeper causes, all dis-
course

Of good and evil of the time was shunned
With scrupulous care : but these restrictions
soon

Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew
Into a noisier world, and thus ere long
Became a patriot ; and my heart was all
Given to the people, and my love was
theirs.

A band of military Officers,
Then stationed in the city, were the chief
Of my associates : some of these wore
swords

That had been seasoned in the wars, and all
Were men well-born ; the chivalry of
France.

In age and temper differing, they had yet
One spirit ruling in each heart ; alike
(save only one, hereafter to be named)
Were bent upon undoing what was done :
This was their rest and only hope ; there-
with

No fear had they of bad becoming worse
For worst to them was come ; nor would
have stirred,

Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to
stir,

In anything, save only as the act
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by
years,

Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile

He had sate lord in many tender hearts ;
Though heedless of such honors now, and
changed :

His temper was quite mastered by the
times,

And they had blighted him, had eaten away
The beauty of his person, doing wrong
Alike to body and to mind : his port,
Which once had been erect and open, now
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
Of symmetry and light and bloom, ex-
pressed,

As much as any that was ever seen,
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow
cheek

Into a thousand colors ; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his
touch

Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment ; mildest men
Were agitated ; and commotions, strife
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
The soil of common life was, at that time,
Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
And not then only, "What a mockery this
Of history, the past and that to come !
Now do I feel how all men are deceived,
Reading of nations and their works, in
faith,

Faith given to vanity and emptiness :
Oh ! laughter for the page that would re-
flect

To future times the face of what now is !"
The land all swarmed with passion, like a
plain

Devoured by locusts,—Carra, Gorsas,—add
A hundred other names, forgotten now
Nor to be heard of more ; yet, they were
powers,

Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by
day,
And felt through every nook of town and
field.

Such was the state of things. Meanwhile
the chief

Of my associates stood prepared for flight,
To augment the band of emigrants in arms
Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued

With foreign foes mustered for instant war.
This was their undisguised intent, and they
Were waiting with the whole of their de-
sires
The moment to depart.

An Englishman,

Born in a land whose very name appeared
To license some unruliness of mind ;
A stranger, with youth's further privilege,
And the indulgence that a half-learnt
speech
Wins from the courteous ; I, who had been
else
Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived
With these defenders of the Crown, and
talked,
And heard their notions ; nor did they dis-
dain
The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by
books
To reason well of polity or law,
And nice distinctions, then on every tongue,
Of natural rights and civil ; and to acts
Of nations and their passing interests,
(If with unworldly ends and aims compared)
Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale
Prizing but little otherwise than I prized
Tales of the poets, as it made the heart
Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair
forms,
Old heroes and their sufferings and their
deeds ;
Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp
Of orders and degrees, I nothing found
Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,
That dazzled me, but rather what I mourned
And ill could brook, beholding that the best
Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to
rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which
yet
Retaineth more of ancient homeliness
Than any other nook of English ground,
It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,
Through the whole tenor of my school-day
time,
The face of one who, whether boy or man,
Was vested with attention or respect
Through claims of wealth or blood ; nor was
it least
Of many benefits, in later years
Derived from academic institutes
And rules, that they held something up to
view

Of a Republic, where all stood thus far
Upon equal ground ; that we were brothers
all

In honor, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen ; where, further
more,
Distinction open lay to all that came,
And wealth and titles were in less esteem
Than talents, worth, and prosperous in-
dustry.

Add unto this, subservience from the first
To presences of God's mysterious power
Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,
And fellowship with venerable books,
To sanction the proud workings of the soul,
And mountain liberty. It could not be
But that one tutored thus should look with
awe

Upon the faculties of man, receive
Gladly the highest promises, and hail,
As best, the government of equal rights
And individual worth. And hence, O
Friend !

If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
Less than might well benefit my youth, the
cause

In part lay here, that unto me the events
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain
course,

A gift that was come rather late than soon.
No wonder, then, if advocates like these,
Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice,
And stung with injury, at this riper day,
Were impotent to make my hopes put on
The shape of theirs, my understanding bend
In honor to their honor : zeal, which yet
Had slumbered, now in opposition burst
Forth like a Polar summer : every word
They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds
Blown back upon themselves ; their reason
seemed

Confusion-stricken by a higher power
Than human understanding, their discourse
Maimed, spiritless ; and in their weakness
strong,
I triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads
Were crowded with the bravest youth of
France,

And all the promptest of her spirits, linked
In gallant soldiership, and posting on
To meet the war upon her frontier bounds
Yet at this very moment do tears start
Into mine eyes : I do not say I weep—
I wept not then,—but tears have dimmed
my sight,
In memory of the farewells of that time,

Domestic severings, female fortitude
 At dearest separation, patriot love
 And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
 Encouraged with a martyr's confidence ;
 Even files of strangers merely seen but once,
 And for a moment, men from far with
 sound
 Of music, martial tunes, and banners
 spread,
 Entering the city, here and there a face
 Or person singled out among the rest,
 Yet still a stranger and beloved as such ;
 Even by these passing spectacles my heart
 Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed
 Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the
 cause
 Good, pure, which no one could stand up
 against,
 Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish,
 proud,
 Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,
 Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,
 Already hinted at, of other mould—
 A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,
 And with an oriental loathing spurned,
 As of a different cast. A meeker man
 Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
 Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
 Made *him* more gracious, and his nature
 then
 Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
 As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
 When foot hath crushed them. He through
 the events
 Of that great change wandered in perfect
 faith,
 As through a book, an old romance, or tale
 Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
 Behind the summer clouds. By birth he
 ranked
 With the most noble, but unto the poor
 Among mankind he was in service bound,
 As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
 To a religious order. Man he loved
 As man ; and, to the mean and the obscure,
 And all the homely in their homely works,
 Transferred a courtesy which had no air
 Of condescension ; but did rather seem
 A passion and a gallantry, like that
 Which he, a soldier, in his idler day
 Had paid to woman. somewhat vain he
 was,
 Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
 But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
 Diffused around him, while he was intent

On works of love or freedom, or revolved
 Complacently the progress of a cause
 Whereof he was a part : yet this was meek
 And placid, and took nothing from the man
 That was delightful. Oft in solitude
 With him did I discourse about the end
 Of civil government, and its wisest forms ;
 Of ancient royalty, and chartered rights,
 Custom and habit, novelty and change ;
 Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
 For patrimonial honor set apart,
 And ignorance in the laboring multitude.
 For he, to all intolerance indisposed,
 Balanced these contemplations in his mind ;
 And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped
 Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
 Than later days allowed ; carried about me
 With less alloy to its integrity,
 The experience of past ages, as, through
 help
 Of books and common life, it makes sure
 way
 To youthful minds, by objects over near
 Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
 By struggling with the crowd for present
 ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find
 Error without excuse upon the side
 Of them who strove against us, more delight
 We took, and let this freely be confessed,
 In painting to ourselves the miseries
 Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
 Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
 The meanest thrives the most ; where dig-
 nity,
 True personal dignity, abideth not ;
 A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
 From the natural inlets of just sentiment,
 From lowly sympathy and chastening truth ;
 Where good and evil interchange their
 names,
 And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired
 With vice at home. We added dearest
 themes—
 Man and his noble nature, as it is
 The gift which God has placed within his
 power,
 His blind desires and steady faculties
 Capable of clear truth, the one to break
 Bondage, the other to build liberty
 On firm foundations, making social life,
 Through knowledge spreading and imperish-
 able,
 As just in regulation, and as pure
 As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honorable deeds
 Of ancient Story, thought of each bright
 spot,
 That would be found in all recorded time,
 Of truth preserved and error passed away :
 Of single spirits that catch the flame from
 Heaven,
 And how the multitudes of men will feed
 And fan each other ; thought of sects, how
 keen
 They are to put the appropriate nature on,
 Triumphant over every obstacle
 Of custom, language, country, love, or hate,
 And what they do and suffer for their creed ;
 How far they travel, and how long endure ;
 How quickly mighty Nations have been
 formed,
 From least beginnings ; how, together locked
 By new opinions, scattered tribes have made
 One body, spreading wide as clouds in
 heaven.
 To aspirations then of our own minds
 Did we appeal ; and, finally, beheld
 A living confirmation of the whole
 Before us, in a people from the depth
 Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
 Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked
 Upon their virtues ; saw, in rudest men,
 Self-sacrifice the firmest ; generous love,
 And continence of mind, and sense of right,
 Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,
 Or such retirement, Friend ! as we have
 known
 In the green dales beside our Rotha's stream,
 Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
 To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
 On rational liberty, and hope in man,
 Justice and peace. (But far more sweet such
 toil—
 Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse—
 If nature then be standing on the brink
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
 Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance
 Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
 In action, give it outwardly a shape,
 And that of benediction, to the world.
 Then doubt is not, and truth is more than
 truth,—
 A hope it is, and a desire ; a creed
 Of zeal, by an authority Divine
 Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.)
 Such conversation, under Attic shades,
 Did Dion hold with Plato ; ripened thus
 For a Deliverer's glorious task,—and such
 He, on that ministry already bound,

Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
 Surrounded by adventurers in arms,
 When those two vessels with their daring
 freight,
 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
 Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war,
 Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,
 Though like ambition, such was he, O
 Friend !
 Of whom I speak. So Beauvais (let the
 name
 Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)
 Fashioned his life ; and many a long dis-
 course,
 With like persuasion honored, we main-
 tained :
 He, on his part, accoutred for the worst,
 He perished fighting, in supreme command,
 Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,
 For liberty, against deluded men,
 His fellow country-men ; and yet most
 blessed
 In this, that he the fate of later times
 Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,
 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet
 Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk ;
 Or in wide forests of continuous shade,
 Lofty and over-arched, with open space
 Beneath the trees, clear footing many a
 mile—
 A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,
 From earnest dialogues I slipped in thought,
 And let remembrance steal to other times,
 When, o'er those interwoven roots, moss-
 clad,
 And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,
 Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed,
 might pace
 In sylvan meditation undisturbed ;
 As on the pavement of a Gothic church
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath ex-
 pired
 In peace and silence. But if e'er was
 heard,—
 Heard, though unseen.—a devious traveller,
 Retiring or approaching from afar
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling
 hoofs
 From the hard floor reverberated, then
 It was Angelica thundering through the
 woods
 Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.
 Sometimes methought I saw a pair of knights

Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm
Rocked high above their heads; anon, the
din

Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,
In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance
Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,
A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.
The width of those huge forests, unto me
A novel scene, did often in this way
Master my fancy while I wandered on
With that revered companion. And some-
times—

When to a convent in a meadow green,
By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
And not by reverential touch of Time
Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
In spite of real fervor, and of that
Less genuine and wrought up within my-
self—

I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the *Matin*-bell to sound no more
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the
cross

High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
(How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes!)
Of hospitality and peaceful rest.

And when the partner of those varied walks
Pointed upon occasion to the site
Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Blois,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,
By the first Francis wooed, and bound to
him

In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,
As a tradition of the country tells,
Practised to commune with her royal knight
By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
'Twixt her high-seated residence and his
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;
Even here, though less than with the peace-
ful house

Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments
Of Kings, their voices and their better deeds,
Imagination, potent to inflame
At times with virtuous wrath and noble
scorn,

Did also often mitigate the force
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind;
And on these spots with many gleams I
looked

Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one
Is law for all, and of that barren pride

In them who, by immunities unjust,
Between the sovereign and the people stand,
His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold
Daily upon me, mixed with pity too
And love; for where hope is, there love will
be

For the abject multitude. And when w
chanced

One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the
lane

Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid
hands

Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, "'Tis against *that*
That we are fighting," I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that poverty
Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the
earth

Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes forever blotted out
That legalized exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,
Whether by edict of the one or few;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong hand
In framing their own laws; whence better
days

To all mankind. But, these things set apart,
Was not this single confidence enough
To animate the mind that ever turned
A thought to human welfare? That hence-
forth

Captivity by mandate without law
Should cease; and open accusation lead
To sentence in the hearing of the world,
And open punishment, if not the air
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man
Dread nothing. From this height I shall
not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us oft
In thought or conversation, public acts,
And public persons, and emotions wrought
Within the breast, as ever-varying winds
Of record or report swept over us;
But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events
That prove to what low depth had struck
the roots,

* See "Vaudracour and Julia," p. 115.—*Ed.*

How widely spread the boughs of that old tree
Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul
And black dishonor, France was weary of.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus
The story might begin,) oh, balmy time,
In which a love-knot, on a lady's brow,
Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!
So might—and with that prelude *did* begin
The record; and, in faithful verse, was given
The doleful sequel.

But our little bark
On a strong river boldly hath been launched;
And from the driving current should we
turn

To loiter wilfully within a creek,
Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager!
Would'st thou not chide? Yet deem not my
pains lost:

For Vaudracour and Julia (so were named
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will
draw

Tears from the hearts of others, when their
Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there may'st
read,

At leisure, how the enamoured youth was
driven,

By public power abused, to fatal crime,
Nature's rebellion against monstrous law;
How, between heart and heart, oppression
thrust

Her mandates, severing whom true love had
joined,

Harassing both; until he sank and pressed
The couch his fate had made for him;
supine,

Save when the stings of viperous remorse,
Trying their strength, enforced him to start
up,

Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood
He fled, to shun the haunts of human kind,
There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and
more,

Nor could the voice of Freedom, which
through France

Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own worst
wrongs,

Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy
shades,

His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

BOOK TENTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

CONTINUED.

It was a beautiful and silent day
That overspread the countenance of earth,
Then fading with unusual quietness,—
A day as beautiful as e'er was given
To soothe regret, though deepening what it
soothed,

When by the gliding Loire I paused, and
cast

Upon his rich domains, vineyard and tilth,
Green meadow-ground, and many-colored
woods,

Again, and yet again, a farewell look;
Then from the quiet of that scene passed
on,

Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From his
throne

The King had fallen, and that invading
host—

Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front
was written

The tender mercies of the dismal wind
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty
had burst innocuous. Say in bolder words,

They—who had come elate as eastern
hunters

Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent
To drive their prey enclosed within a ring
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,
Before the point of the life-threatening spear
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash
men,

Had seen the anticipated quarry turned
Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled
In terror. Disappointment and dismay
Remained for all whose fancies had in a
wild

With evil expectations; confidence
And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State, as if to stamp the final seal
On her security, and to the world
Show what she was, a high and fearless
soul,

Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung
By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt
With spiteful gratitude the baffled League,
That had stirred up her slackening faculties

To a new transition, when the King was
crushed,
Spared not the empty throne, and in proud
haste
Assumed the body and venerable name
Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,
'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire
work
Of massacre, in which the senseless sword
Was prayed to as a judge; but these were
past,
Earth free from them forever, as was
thought,—
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once!
Things that could only show themselves and
die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I re-
turned,
And ranged, with ardor heretofore unfelt,
The spacious city, and in progress passed
The prison where the unhappy Monarch
lay,
Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage; and the palace, lately stormed
With roar of cannon by a furious host.
I crossed the square (an empty area then!)
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and
gazed
On this and other spots, as doth a man
Upon a volume whose contents he knows
Are memorable, but from him locked up,
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
So that he questions the mute leaves with
pain.
And half upbraids their silence. But that
night
I felt most deeply in what world I was,
What ground I trod on, and what air I
breathed,
High was my room and lonely, near the
roof
Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge
That would have pleased me in more quiet
times;
Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.
With unextinguished taper I kept watch,
Reading at intervals; the fear gone by
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.
I thought of those September massacres,
Divided from me by one little month,
Saw them and touched: the rest was con-
jured up
From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishments
The horse is taught his manage, and no star

Of wildest course but treads back his own
steps;
For the spent hurricane the air provides
As fierce a successor; the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep; all things have second
birth;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, "Sleep no more." The
trance [birth;
Fled with the voice to which it had given
But vainly comments of a calmer mind
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetful-
ness.
The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-
walk
Of Orleans eagerly I turned; as yet
The streets were still; not so those long
Arcades;
There, 'mid a peal of ill matched sounds and
cries,
That greeted me on entering, I could hear
Shrill voices from the hawkers in the
throng.
Bawling, "Denunciation of the Crimes
Of Maximilian Robespierre," the hand,
Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed
speech,
The same that had been recently pro-
nounced,
When Robespierre, not ignorant for what
mark
Some words of indirect reproof had been
intended, rose in hardness and dared
The man who had an ill surmise of him
To bring his charge in openness; whereat,
When a dead pause ensued, and no one
stirred
In silence of all present, from his seat
Louvet walked single through the avenue,
And took his station in the Tribune, saying,
"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is
known
The ignominious issue of that charge, and
how
He, who had launched the startling thunder-
bolt,
The one bold man, whose voice the attack
had sounded,
Was left without a follower to discharge
His perilous duty, and retire lamenting

That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men
Who to themselves are false.

But these are things
Of which I speak, only as they were storm
Or sunshine to my individual mind,
No further. Let me then relate that now—
In some sort seeing with my proper eyes
That Liberty, and Life, and Death would
soon

To the remotest corners of the land
Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled
The capital City; what was struggled for,
And by what combatants victory must be
won;

The indecision on their part whose aim
Seemed best, and the straightforward path
of those

Who in attack or in defence were strong
Through their impiety—my inmost soul
Was agitated; yea, I could almost
Have prayed that throughout earth upon all
men,

By patient exercise of reason made
Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled
With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,
The gift of tongues might fall, and power
arrive

From the four quarters of the winds to do
For France, what without help she could
not do,

A work of honor; think not that to this
I added, work of safety: from all doubt
Or trepidation for the end of things
Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but
thought

Of opposition and of remedies:
An insignificant stranger and obscure,
And one, moreover, little graced with
power

Of eloquence even in my native speech,
And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,
Yet would I at this time with willing heart
Have undertaken for a cause so great
Service however dangerous. I revolved
How much the destiny of Man had still
Hung upon single persons; that there was,
Transcendent to all local patrimony,
One nature, as there is one sun in heaven;
That objects, even as they are great, there-
by

Do come within the reach of humblest
eyes;

That Man is only weak through his mis-
trust

And want of hope where evidence divine

Proclaims to him that hope should be most
sure;

Nor did the inexperience of my youth
Preclude conviction that a spirit strong
In hope and trained to noble aspirations,
A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,
Is for Society's unreasoning herd
A domineering instinct, serves at once
For way and guide, a fluent receptacle
That gathers up each petty straggling rill
And vein of water, glad to be rolled on
In safe obedience; that a mind, whose res-
is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,
In circumspection and simplicity,
Falls rarely in entire discomfiture
Below its aim, or meets with, from without,
A treachery that foils it or defeats;
And, lastly, if the means on human will,
Frail human will, dependent should betray
Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt
That 'mid the loud distractions of the world
A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,
Arbiter undisturbed of right and wrong,
Of life and death, in majesty severe
Enjoining, as may best promote the aims
Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,
From whatsoever region of our cares
Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,
Earnest and bland, against the stern decree.

On the other side, I called to mind those
truths

That are the common-places of the
schools—

(A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their
sires,)

Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,
In all their comprehensive bearings known
And visible to philosophers of old,
Men who, to business of the world un-
trained,

Lived in the shade; and to Harmodius
known

And his compeer Aristogiton, known
To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak,
Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,
Nor the support of good or evil men
To trust in; that the godhead which is ours
Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;
That nothing hath a natural right to last
But equity and reason; that all else
Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best
Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my
thoughts

Strong and perturbed, not doubting at that
time

But that the virtue of one paramount mind
Would have abashed those impious crests—
have quelled

Outrage and bloody power, and—in despite
Of what the People long had been and were
Through ignorance and false teaching, sad-
der proof

Of immaturity, and in the teeth
Of desperate opposition from without—
Have cleared a passage for just government
And left a solid birthright to the State,
Redeemed, according to example given
By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind,
Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,
So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknowl-
edge,

Forced by the gracious providence of
Heaven— [sured
To England I returned, else (though as-
That I both was and must be of small
weight,

No better than a landsman on the deck
Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)
Doubtless, I should have then made com-
mon cause

With some who perished; haply perished
too,

A poor mistaken and bewildered offering.—
Should to the breast of Nature have gone
back,

With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
A Poet only to myself, to men
Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a soul
To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall
Their leaves, as often Winter had put on
His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge
Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of
mine

Had caught the accents of my native speech
Upon our native country's sacred ground.
A patriot of the world, how could I glide
Into communion with her sylvan shades,
Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased me
more

To abide in the great City, where I found
The general air still busy with the stir
Of that first memorable onset made
By a strong levy of humanity
Upon the traffickers in Negro blood,
Effort which, though defeated, had recalled
To notice old forgotten principles,
And through the nation spread a novel heat
Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own
That this particular strife had wanted
power

To rivet my affections, nor did now
Its unsuccessful issue much excite
My sorrow; for I brought with me the
faith

That, if France prospered, good men would
not long

Pay fruitless worship to humanity,
And this most rotten branch of human
shame,

Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains,
Would fall together with its parent tree.
What, then, were my emotions, when in
arms

Britain put forth her free-born strength in
league,

Oh, pity and shame! with those confederate
Powers.

Not in my single self alone I found,
But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
Change and subversion from that hour. No
shock

Given to my moral nature had I known
Down to that very moment; neither lapse
Nor turn of sentiment that might be named
A revolution, save at this one time;

All else was progress on the self-same path
On which, with a diversity of pace,
I had been travelling: this a stride at once
Into another region. As a light
And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze
On some gray rock—its birth-place—so
had I

Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient
tower

Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune than to wither there;
Nor was I from that pleasant station torn
And tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced.
Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to re-
cord!—

Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
When Englishmen by thousands were o'er-
thrown,

Left without glory on the field, or driven,
Brave hearts! to shameful flight It was a
grief,—

Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—
A conflict of sensations without name,
Of which *he* only, who may love the sight
Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
When, in the congregation bending all
To their great Father, prayers were offered
up,

Or praises for our country's victories,
And, 'mid the simple worshippers, per-
chance

I only, like an uninvited guest

Whom no one owned, sate silent ; shall I
 add,
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh ! much have they to account for, who
 could tear,
 By violence, at one decisive rent,
 From the best youth in England their dear
 pride,
 Their joy, in England ; this, too, at a time
 In which worst losses easily might wear
 The best of names, when patriotic love
 Did of itself in modesty give way,
 Like the Precursor when the Deity
 Is come Whose harbinger he was ; a time
 In which apostasy from ancient faith
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed ;
 Withal a season dangerous and wild,
 A time when sage Experience would have
 snatched
 Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose
 A chaplet in contempt of his gray locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the red-
 cross flag
 In that unworthy service was prepared
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep ;
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy
 days
 In that delightful island which protects
 Their place of convocation—there I heard,
 Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,
 A monitory sound that never failed,—
 The sunset cannon. While the orb went
 down
 In the tranquillity of nature, came
 That voice, ill requiem ! seldom heard by
 me
 Without a spirit overcast by dark
 Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
 Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men who, for their desper-
 ate ends,
 Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were
 glad
 Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong be-
 fore
 In wicked pleas, were strong as demons
 now ;
 And thus, on every side beset with foes,
 The goaded land waxed mad, the crimes of
 few
 Spread into madness of the many, blasts
 From hell became sanctified like airs from
 heaven.

The sternness of the just, the faith of
 those [times
 Who doubted not that Providence had
 Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned
 The human Understanding paramount,
 And made of that their God, the hopes of
 men
 Who were content to barter short-lived
 pangs
 For a paradise of ages, the blind rage
 Of insolent tempers, the light vanity
 Of intermeddlers, steady purposes
 Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,
 And all the accidents of life were pressed
 Into one service, busy with one work
 The Senate stood aghast, her prudence
 quenched,
 Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,
 Her frenzy only active to extol
 Past outrages, and shape the way for new,
 Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole
 year
 With feast-days ; old men from the chimney-
 nook,
 The maiden from the bosom of her love,
 The mother from the cradle of her babe,
 The warrior from the field—all perished,
 all—
 Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,
 Head after head, and never heads enough
 For those that bade them fall. They found
 their joy,
 They made it proudly, eager as a child
 (If like desires of innocent little ones
 May with such heinous appetites be com-
 pared),
 Pleased in some open field to exercise
 A toy that mimics with revolving wings
 The motion of a wind-mill ; though the air
 Do of itself blow fresh, and make the
 vanes
 Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him not,
 But, with the plaything at arm's length, he
 sets
 His front against the blast, and runs amain,
 That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth
 Of those enormities, even thinking minds
 Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their
 being ;
 Forgot that such a sound was ever heard
 As Liberty upon earth : yet all beneath
 Her innocent authority was wrought,
 Nor could have been, without her blessed
 name.

The illustrious wife of Roland, in the hour
Of her composure, felt that agony,
And gave it vent in her last words. O
Friend!

It was a lamentable time for man,
Whether a hope had e'er been his or not;
A woful time for them whose hopes sur-
vived

The shock; most woful for those few who
still

Were flattered, and had trust in human
kind:

They had the deepest feeling of the grief.
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they de-
served:

The Herculean Commonwealth had put
forth her arms,
And throttled with an infant godhead's
might

The snakes about her cradle; that was
well,

And as it should be; yet no cure for them
Whose souls were sick with pain of what
would be

Hereafter brought in charge against man-
kind.

Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were
miserable;

Through months, through years, long after
the last beat

Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natural
gifts,

Such ghastly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of death;
And innocent victims sinking under fear,
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,
Each in his separate cell, or penned in
crowds

For sacrifice, and struggling with fond
mirth

And levity in dungeons, where the dust
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the
scene

Changed, and the unbroken dream entan-
gled me

In long orations, which I strove to plead
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
Laboring, a brain confounded, and a sense,
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful
prime

To yield myself to Nature, when that strong
And holy passion overcame me first,

Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was
free

From its oppression. But, O Power Su-
preme!

Without whose call this world would cease
to breathe,

Who from the fountain of Thy grace dost
fill

The veins that branch through every frame
of life,

Making man what he is, creature divine,
In single or in social eminence,

Above the rest raised infinite ascents
When reason that enables him to be

Is not sequestered—what a change is here!
How different ritual for this after-worship,

What countenance to prompt: this second
love!

The first was service paid to things which
Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.

Therefore to serve was high beatitude;
Tumult was therefore gladness, and the
fear

Ennobling, venerable; sleep secure,
And waking thoughts more rich than hap-
piest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft
In vision, yet constrained by natural laws

With them to take a troubled human heart,
Wanted not consolations, nor a creed

Of reconciliation, then when they de-
nounced,

On towns and cities, wallowing in the
abyss

Of their offences, punishment to come;
Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,

Before them, in some desolated place,
The wrath consummate and the threat ful-
filled.

So, with devout humility be it said,
So did a portion of that spirit fall

On me uplifted from the vantage-ground
Of pity and sorrow to a state of being

That through the time's exceeding fierce-
ness saw

Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
And in the order of sublime behests:

But, even if that were not, amid the awe
Of unintelligible chastisement,

Not only acquiescences of faith
Survived, but daring sympathies with power,

Motions not treacherous or profane, else
why

Within the folds of no ungentle breast
Their dread vibration to this hour pro-
longed?

Wild blasts of music thus could find their way
 Into the midst of turbulent events;
 So that worst tempests might be listened to.

Then was the truth received into my heart,
 That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
 If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
 Honor which could not else have been, a faith,

An elevation, and a sanctity,
 If new strength be not given nor old restored.

The blame is ours, not Nature's. When a taunt

Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
 Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
 From popular government and equality,"
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
 Of wild belief engrafted on their names
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,
 But a terrible reservoir of guilt

And ignorance filled up from age to age,
 That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,
 But burst and spread in deluge through the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea

Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,
 So that disastrous period did not want
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,
 To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven

Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not the less,

For those examples, in no age surpassed,
 Of fortitude and energy and love,
 And human nature faithful to herself
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think
 Of the glad times when first I traversed France

A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed
 That eventide, when under windows bright
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,
 And through a rainbow-arch that spanned the street,

Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,
 The town of Arras, whence with promise high

Issued, on delegation to sustain
 Humanity and right, *that* Robespierre,
 He who thereafter, and in how short time!

Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.
 When the calamity spread far and wide—
 And this same city, that did then appear
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son,
 As Lear reproached the winds—I could almost

Have quarrelled with that blameless spectacle

For lingering yet an image in my mind
 To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend! few happier moments have been mine

Than that which told the downfall of this Tribe

So dreaded, so abhorred. The day deserves
 A separate record. Over the smooth sands
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
 With distant prospect among gleams of sky
 And clouds, and intermingling mountain tops,

In one inseparable glory clad,
 Creatures of one ethereal substance met
 In consistory, like a diadem

Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
 In the empyrean Underneath that pomp
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
 Among whose happy fields I had grown up
 From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
 That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed

Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to draw

Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
 As even their pensive influence drew from mine.

How could it otherwise? for not in vain
 That very morning had I turned aside
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng of graves,

An honored teacher of my youth was laid,
 And on the stone were graven by his desire
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.
 This faithful guide, speaking from his death-bed,

Added no farewell to his parting counsel,
 But said to me, "My head will soon lie low;"

And when I saw the turf that covered him,
 After the lapse of full eight years, those words,

With sound of voice and countenance of the Man,
 Came back upon me, so that some few tears

Fell from me in my own despite. But
 now
 I thought, still traversing that widespread
 plain,
 With tender pleasure of the verses graven
 Upon this tombstone, whispering to my-
 self :
 He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
 Would have loved me, as one not destitute
 Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
 That he had formed, when I, at his com-
 mand,
 Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
 Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
 And rocky island near, a fragment stood
 (Itself like a sea rock), the low remains
 (With shells encrusted, dark with briny
 weeds)
 Of a dilapidated structure, once
 A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
 Said matins at the hour that suited those
 Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning
 tide.
 Not far from that still ruin all the plain
 Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
 Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
 Wading beneath the conduct of their guide
 In loose procession through the shallow
 stream
 Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
 Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I
 paused,
 Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
 And cheerful, but the foremost of the band
 As he approached, no salutation given
 In the familiar language of the day,
 Cried, "Robespierre is dead!"—nor was a
 doubt,
 After strict question, left within my mind

That he and his supporters all were fallen.
 Great was my transport, deep my grati-
 tude
 To everlasting Justice, by this fiat
 Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden
 times,"
 Said I fourth-pouring on those open sands
 A hymn of triumph: "as the morning
 comes
 From out the bosom of the night, come ye
 Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
 They who with clumsy desperation brought
 A river of Blood, and preached that nothing
 else
 Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the
 night
 Of their own helper have been swept away;
 Their madness stands declared and visible;
 Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and
 earth
 March firmly towards righteousness and
 peace."—
 Then schemes I framed more calmly, when
 and how
 The madding factions might be tranquillized,
 And how through hardships manifold and
 long
 The glorious renovation would proceed.
 Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts
 Of exultation, I pursued my way
 Along that very shore which I had skimmed
 In former days, when—spurring from the
 Vale
 Of Nightshade and St. Mary's mouldering
 fane,
 And the stone abbot, after circuit made
 In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
 Of school-boys hastening to their distant
 home
 Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level
 sand.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

FRANCE

CONCLUDED.

FROM that time forward, Authority in
 France
 Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,
 Yet everything was wanting that might give
 Courage to them who looked for good by
 light

Of rational Experience, for the shoots
 And hopeful blossoms of a second spring;
 Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired;
 The Senate's language, and the public acts
 And measures of the Government, though
 both
 Weak, and of heartless omen, had not
 power
 To daunt me; in the People was my trust:

And in the virtues which mine eyes had
seen,
I knew that wound external could not take
Life from the young Republic; that new
foes
Would only follow, in the path of shame,
Their brethren, and her triumphs be in the
end
Great, universal, irresistible.
This intuition led me to confound
One victory with another, higher far,—
Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,
And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still
Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
That what was in degree the same was like-
wise
The same in quality,—that, as the worse
Of the two spirits then at strife remained
Untired, the better, surely, would preserve
The heart that first had roused him. Youth
maintains,
In all conditions of society,
Communion more direct and intimate
With Nature,—hence, oftentimes, with reason
too— [then,
Than age or manhood, even. To Nature,
Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,
Had left an interregnum's open space
For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled.
Hence could I see how Babel-like their task,
Who, by the recent deluge stupefied,
With their whole souls went culling from
the day
Its petty promises, to build a tower
For their own safety; laughed with my com-
peers
At gravest heads, by enmity to France
Distempered, till they found, in every blast
Forced from the street-disturbing newsman's
horn,
For her great cause record or prophecy
Of utter ruin. How might we believe
That wisdom could, in any shape, come
near
Men clinging to delusions so insane?
And thus, experience proving that no few
Of our opinions had been just, we took
Like credit to ourselves where less was due,
And thought that other notions were as
sound,
Yea, could not but be right, because we saw
That foolish men opposed them.
To a strain
More animated I might here give way,
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
What in those days, through Britain, was
performed

To turn *all* judgments out of their right
course;
But this is passion over-near ourselves,
Reality too close and too intense,
And intermixed with something, in my
mind,
Of scorn and condemnation personal,
That would profane the sanctity of verse.
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that
time
Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of
law
A tool of murder; they who ruled the State,
Though with such awful proof before their
eyes
That he, who would sow death, reaps death,
or worse,
And can reap nothing better, child-like
longed
To imitate, not wise enough to avoid;
Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)
The plain straight road, for one no better
chosen
Than if their wish had been to undermine
Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

But from these bitter truths I must re-
turn
To my own history. It hath been told
That I was led to take an eager part
In arguments of civil polity,
Abruptly, and indeed before my time:
I had approached, like other youths, the
shield
Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought, even to the death,
to attest
The quality of the metal which I saw.
What there is best in individual man,
Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,
Benevolent in small societies,
And great in large ones, I had oft revolved.
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood
By reason: nay, far from it; they were
yet,
As cause was given me afterwards to learn,
Not proof against the injuries of the day:
Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,
Not safe within its bosom. Thus pre-
pared,
And with such general insight into evil,
And of the bounds which sever it from
good, [life
As books and common intercourse with
Must needs have given—to the inexperi-
enced mind,

When the world travels in a beaten road,
 Guide faithful as is needed—I began
 To meditate with ardor on the rule
 And management of nations; what it is
 And ought to be; and strove to learn how
 far
 Their power or weakness, wealth or pov-
 erty,
 Their happiness or misery, depends
 Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

* O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then
 stood

Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very Heaven! O
 times,
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding
 ways

Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
 The attraction of a country in romance!
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her
 rights

When most intent on making of herself
 A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
 Which then was going forward in her
 name!

Not favored spots alone, but the whole
 Earth,
 The beauty wore of promise—that which
 sets

(As at some moments might not be unfelt
 Among the bowers of Paradise itself)

The budding rose above the rose full blown
 What temper at the prospect did not wake
 To happiness unthought of? The inert
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
 They who had fed their childhood upon
 dreams,

The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
 strength

Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had
 stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
 And dealt with whatsoever they found
 there

As if they had within some lurking right
 To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to
 these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
 more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves;—

Now was it that *both* found, the meek and
 lofty

Did both find helpers to their hearts' desire,
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
 wish,—

Were called upon to exercise their skill,
 Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
 where!

But in the very world, which is the world
 Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
 We find our happiness, or not at all!

Why should I not confess that Earth was
 then

To me what an inheritance, new-fallen,
 Seems, when the first time visited, to one
 Who thither comes to find in it his home!
 He walks about and looks upon the spot
 With cordial transport, moulds it and re-
 moulds,
 And is half pleased with things that are
 amiss,
 'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked
 From every object pleasant circumstance
 To suit my ends; I moved among mankind
 With genial feelings still predominant;
 When erring, erring on the better part,
 And in the kinder spirit; placable,
 Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
 See as they have been taught—Antiquity
 Gives rights to error; and aware, no less,
 That throwing off oppression must be work
 As well of License as of Liberty;
 And above all—for this was more than all—
 Not caring if the wind did now and then
 Blow keen upon an eminence that gave
 Prospect so large into futurity;
 In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,
 Diffusing only those affections wider
 That from the cradle had grown up with
 me,

And losing, in no other way than light
 Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong.

In the main outline, such it might be
 said

Was my condition, till with open war
 Britain opposed the liberties of France.
 This threw me first out of the pale of love;
 Soured and corrupted, upwards to the
 source,

My sentiments; was not, as hitherto,
 A swallowing up of lesser things in great,
 But change of them into their contraries;

* See p. 190.—*Ed.*

And thus a way was opened for mistakes
 And false conclusions, in degree as gross,
 In kind more dangerous. What had been a
 pride
 Was now a shame; my likings and my
 loves
 Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry :
 And hence a blow that, in maturer age,
 Would but have touched the judgment,
 struck more deep
 Into sensations near the heart : meantime,
 As from the first, wild theories were afloat,
 To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,
 I had but lent a careless ear, assured
 That time was ready to set all things right,
 And that the multitude, so long oppressed,
 Would be oppressed no more.

But when events
 Brought less encouragement, and unto
 these
 The immediate proof of principles no more
 Could be entrusted, while the events them-
 selves,
 Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty,
 Less occupied the mind, and sentiments
 Could through my understanding's natural
 growth [tained
 No longer keep their ground, by faith main-
 Of inward consciousness, and hope that laid
 Her hand upon her object—evidence
 Safer, of universal application, such
 As could not be impeached, was sought
 elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their turn,
 Frenchmen had changed a war of self-
 defence
 For one of conquest, losing sight of all
 Which they had struggled for : up mounted
 now,
 Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,
 The scale of liberty. I read her doom,
 With anger vexed, with disappointment
 sore,
 But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame
 Of a false prophet. While resentment rose
 Striving to hide, what naught could heal
 the wounds
 Of mortified presumption, I adhered
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove
 Their temper, strained them more ; and
 thus, in heat
 Of contest, did opinions every day
 Grow into consequence, till round my mind
 They clung, as if they were its life, nay
 more,
 The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all things tend-
 ing fast
 To depravation, speculative schemes—
 That promised to abstract the hopes of Man
 Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth
 Forever in a purer element—
 Found ready welcome. Tempting region
 that
 For zeal to enter and refresh herself,
 Where passions had the privilege to work,
 And never hear the sound of their own
 names.
 But, speaking more in charity, the dream
 Flattered the young, pleased with extremes,
 nor least
 With that which makes our Reason's naked
 self
 The object of its fervor. What delight !
 How glorious ! in self-knowledge and self-
 rule, [world,
 To look through all the frailties of the
 And, with a resolute mastery shaking off
 Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
 Build social upon personal Liberty,
 Which, to the blind restraints of general
 laws
 Superior, magisterially adopts
 One guide, the light of circumstances,
 flashed
 Upon an independent intellect.
 Thus expectation rose again ; thus hope,
 From her first ground expelled, grew proud
 once more.
 Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human
 kind,
 I scorned indifference ; but, inflamed with
 thirst
 Of a secure intelligence, and sick
 Of other longing, I pursued what seemed
 A more exalted nature ; wished that Man
 Should start out of his earthly, worm-like
 state,
 And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
 Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—
 A noble aspiration ! yet I feel
 (Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)
 The aspiration, nor shall ever cease
 To feel it ;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea ex-
 cuse
 Those aberrations—had the clamorous
 friends
 Of ancient Institutions said and done
 To bring disgrace upon their very names ;
 Disgrace, of which, custom and written
 law,

And sundry moral sentiments as props
Or emanations of those institutes,
Too justly bore a part. A veil had been
Uplifted ; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,
'Twas even so ; and sorrow for the man
Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,
Or, seeing, had forgotten ! A strong shock
Was given to old opinions ; all men's minds
Had felt its power, and mine was beth let

loose,
Let loose and goaded. After what had
been

Already said of patriotic love,
Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern
In temperament, withal a happy man,
And therefore bold to look on painful things,
Free likewise of the world, and thence more
bold,

I summoned my best skill, and toiled, in-
tent

To anatomize the frame of social life,
Yea, the whole body of society
Searched to its heart. Share with me,
Friend ! the wish

That some dramatic tale, endued with
shapes

Livelier, and flinging out less guarded words
Than suit the work we fashion, might set
forth

What then I learned, or think I learned, of
truth,

And the errors into which I fell, betrayed
By present objects, and by reasonings false
From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn
Out of a heart that had been turned aside
From Nature's way by outward accidents,
And which was thus confounded, more and
more

Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims,
creeds,

Like culprits to the bar ; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honors ; now believing,
Now disbelieving ; endlessly perplexed
With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the
ground

Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction ; till, demanding formal *proof*,
And seeking it in every thing, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarities,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,
This the soul's last and lowest ebb ; I
drooped.

Deeming our blessèd reason of least use
Where wanted most : " The lordly at-
tributes

Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,
" What are they but a mockery of a Being
Who hath in no concerns of his a test
Of good and evil ; knows not what to fear
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun :
And who, if those could be discerned, would

yet
Be little profited, would see, and ask
Where is the obligation to enforce ?
And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss ;
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not walk,
With scoffers, seeking light and gay re-
venge

From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate down
In reconcilment with an utter waste
Of intellect ; such sloth I could not brook,
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of
life,

Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their dear
reward)

But turned to abstract science, and there
sought

Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned
Where the disturbances of space and time—
Whether in matters various, properties
Inherent, or from human will and power
Derived—find no admission. Then it was—
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all
good !—

That the beloved Sister in whose sight
Those days were passed, now speaking in a
voice

Of sudden admonition—like a brook
That did but *cross* a lonely road, and now
Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every
turn,

Companion never lost through many a
league—

Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self ; for, though bedimmed
and changed

Much, as it seemed, I was no further
changed

Than as a clouded and a waning moon :
She whispered still that brightness would
return,

She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth ;
And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,

By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day
To those sweet counsels between head and
heart

Whence grew that genuine knowledge,
fraught with peace,
Which, through the later sinkings of this
cause,

Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now
In the catastrophe (for so they dream,
And nothing less), when, finally to close
And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope
Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor—
This last opprobrium, when we see a peo-
ple,

[Heaven
That once looked up in faith, as if to
For manna, take a lesson from the dog
Returning to his vomit; when the sun
That rose in splendor, was alive, and moved
In exultation with a living pomp
Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—
Hath dropped all functions by the gods be-
stowed,

And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,
Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend!

Through times of honor and through times
of shame

Descending, have I faithfully retraced
The perturbations of a youthful mind
Under a long-lived storm of great events—
A story destined for thy ear, who now,
Among the fallen of nations, dost abide
Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts
His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,
The city of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!
How are the mighty prostrated! They
first,

They first of all that breathe, should have
awaked

When the great voice was heard from out
the tombs

Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief
For ill-requited France, by many deemed
A trifer only in her proudest day;
Have been distressed to think of what she
once

Promised, now is; a far more sober cause
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,
To the reanimating influence lost
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,
Though with the wreck of loftier years be-
strewn

But indignation works where hope is not,
And thou, O Friend! wilt be refreshed.

There is

One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

Thine be such converse strong and sane
tive,

A ladder for thy spirit to reascend
To health and joy and pure contentedness;
To me the grief confined, that thou art gone
From this last spot of earth, where Free-
dom now

Stands single in her only sanctuary;
A lonely wanderer art gone, by pain
Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.

I feel for thee, must utter what I feel:

The sympathies, erewhile in part discharged,
Gather afresh, and will have vent again:

My own delights do scarcely seem to me
My own delights; the lordly Alps them-
selves,

Those rosy peaks, from which the Morning
looks

Abroad on many nations, are no more
For me that image of pure gladness
Which they were wont to be. Through
kindred scenes,

For purpose, at a time, how different!
Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart and
soul

That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought
Matured, and in the summer of their
strength.

Oh! wrap him in your shades, ye giant
woods,

On Etna's side; and thou, O flowery field
Of Enna! is there not some nook of thine,
From the first play-time of the infant world
Kept sacred to restorative delight,

When from afar invoked by anxious love?

Child of the mountains, among shepherds
reared,

Ere yet familiar with the classic page,
I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,
The gloom, that, but a moment past, was
deepened

At thy command, at her command gives
way;

A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
Comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold
Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales;
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name
Of note belonging to that honored isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,
Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!

That doth not yield a solace to my grief:

And, O Theocritus,* so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven and
earth,
By their endowments, good or great, that
they
Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
Wrought for them in old time: yea, not
unmoved,
When thinking on my own beloved friend,
I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
Divine Comates, by his impious lord
Within a chest imprisoned; how they came
Laden from blooming grove or flowery
field,
And fed him there, alive, month after month,
Because the goatherd, blessed man! had lips
Wet with the Muses' nectar.

Thus I soothe
The pensive moments by this calm fireside,
And find a thousand bounteous images
To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and
mine.

* Theocrit. Idyll. vii. 78.

Our prayers have been accepted; thou wilt
stand
On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
Triumphant, winning from the invaded
heavens
Thoughts without bound, magnificent de-
signs,
Worthy of poets who attuned their harps
In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,
'Mid temples, served by sapient priests, and
choirs
Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in vain
Those temples, where they in their ruins
yet
Survive for inspiration, shall attract
Thy solitary steps: and on the brink
Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;
Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,
Then, near some other spring—which by the
name
Thou gratelest, willingly deceived—
I see thee linger a glad votary,
And not a captive pining for his home.

BOOK TWELFTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

LONG time have human ignorance and guilt
Detained us, on what spectacles of woe
Compelled to look, and inwardly impress
With sorrow, disappointment, vexing
thoughts,
Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,
And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself
And things to hope for! Not with these
began [end.—
Our song, and not with these our song must
Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing
flowers,
Feelingly watched, might teach Man's
haughty race
How without injury to take, to give
Without offence; ye who, as if to show
The wondrous influence of power gently
used,
Bend the complying heads of lordly pines.
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous
clouds
Through the whole compass of the sky; ye
brooks,

Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
By day, a quiet sound in silent night;
Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal
forth
In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm;
And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
To interpose the covert of your shades,
Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
And outward troubles, between man himself,
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart:
Oh, that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
What ye have done for me. The morning
shines,
Nor heedeth Man's perverseness; Spring
returns,—
I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice,
In common with the children of her love,
Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh
fields,
Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven
On wings that navigate cerulean skies.
So neither were complacency, nor peace,
Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good
Through these distracted times; in Nature
still
Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her,

Which when the spirit of evil reached its height
Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend! hath chiefly told

Of intellectual power, fostering love,
Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,
Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing
Prophetic sympathies of genial faith:

So was I favored—such my happy lot—
Until that natural graciousness of mind
Gave way to overpressure from the times
And their disastrous issues. What availed,
When spells forbade the voyager to land,
That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore
Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower
Of blissful gratitude and fearless love?
Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,
And hope that future times *would* surely
see,

The man to come, parted, as by a gulph,
From him who had been; that I could no
more

Trust the elevation which had made me one
With the great family that still survives
To illuminate the abyss of ages past,
Sage warrior, patriot, hero; for it seemed
That their best virtues were not free from
taint

Of something false and weak, that could not
stand

The open eye of Reason. Then I said,
"Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee
More perfectly of purer creatures;—yet
If reason be nobility in man,
Can aught be more ignoble than the man
Whom they delight in, blinded as he is
By prejudice, the miserable slave
Of low ambition or distempered love?"

In such strange passion, if I may once
more

Review the past, I warred against myself—
A bigot to a new idolatry—
Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn the
world,

Zealously labored to cut off my heart
From all the sources of her former strength;
And as, by simple waving of a wand,
The wizard instantaneously dissolves
Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul
As readily by syllogistic words
Those mysteries of being which have made,
And shall continue evermore to make,
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far
Perverted, even the visible Universe
Fell under the dominion of a taste
Less spiritual, with microscopic view
Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral
world?

O Soul of Nature! excellent and fair!
That didst rejoice with me, with whom I,
too, [winds
Rejoiced through early youth, before the
And roaring waters, and in lights and shades
That marched and countermarched about
the hills

In glorious apparition, Powers on whom
I daily waited, now all eye and now
All ear; but never long without the heart
Employed, and man's unfolding intellect:
O Soul of Nature! that, by laws divine
Sustained and governed, still dost overflow
With an impassioned life, what feeble ones
Walk on this earth! how feeble have I been
When thou wert in thy strength! Nor this
through stroke

Of human suffering, such as justifies
Remissness and inaptitude of mind,
But through presumption; even in pleasure
pleased

Unworthily, disliking here, and there
Liking; by rules of mimic art transferred
To things above all art; but more,—for
this,

Although a strong infection of the age,
Was never much my habit—giving way
To a comparison of scene with scene,
Bent overmuch on superficial things,
Pampering myself with meagre novelties
Of color and proportion; to the moods
Of time and season, to the moral power,
The affections and the spirit of the place,
Insensible. Nor only did the love
Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt
My deeper feelings, but another cause,
More subtle and less easily explained,
That almost seems inherent in the creature,
A twofold frame of body and of mind.

I speak in recollection of a time
When the bodily eye, in every stage of life
The most despotic of our senses, gained
Such strength in *me* as often held my mind
In absolute dominion. Gladly here,
Entering upon abstruser argument,
Could I endeavor to unfold the means
Which Nature studiously employs to thwart
This tyranny, summons all the senses each
To counteract the other, and themselves,
And makes them all, and the objects with
which all

Are conversant, subservient in their turn
To the great ends of Liberty and Power.
But leave we this; enough that my de-
lights

(Such as they were) were sought insatiably.
Vivid the transport, vivid though not pro-
found;

I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to
rock,

Still craving combinations of new forms,
New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,
Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced
To lay the inner faculties asleep.

Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife
And various trials of our complex being,
As we grow up, such thralldom of that sense
Seems hard to shun. (And yet I knew a
maid, [bonds;

A young enthusiast, who escaped these
Her eye was not the mistress of her heart;
Far less did rules prescribed by passive
taste,

Or barren intermeddling subtleties,
Perplex her mind; but, wise as women are
When genial circumstance hath favored
them,

She welcomed what was given, and craved
no more;

Whate'er the scene presented to her view
That was the best, to that she was attuned
By her benign simplicity of life,

And through a perfect happiness of soul,
Whose variegated feelings were in this
Sisters, that they were each some new
delight.

Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green
field,

Could they have known her, would have
loved; methought

Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent
hills,

And everything she looked on, should have
had

An imitation how she bore herself
Towards them and to all creatures. God
delights

In such a being; for, her common thoughts
Are piety, her life is gratitude.)

Even like this maid, before I was called
forth

From the retirement of my native hills,
I loved whate'er I saw: nor lightly loved,
But most intensely; never dreamt of aught
More grand, more fair, more exquisitely
framed

Than those few nooks to which my happy
feet

Were limited. I had not at that time
Lived long enough, nor in the least survived
The first diviner influence of this world,
As it appears to unaccustomed eyes.

Worshipping them among the depth of
things,

As piety ordained; could I submit
To measured admiration, or to aught
That should preclude humility and love?

I felt, observed, and pondered; did not
judge,

Yea, never thought of judging; with the
gift

Of all this glory filled and satisfied.

And afterwards, when through the gorgeous
Alps

Roaming, I carried with me the same heart:
In truth, the degradation—howsoe'er

Induced, effect, in whatsoever degree,

Of custom that prepares a partial scale

In which the little oft outweighs the great;

Or any other cause that hath been named;

Or lastly, aggravated by the times

And their impassioned sounds, which well
might make

The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes

Inaudible—was transient; I had known

Too forcibly, too early in my life,

Visitings of imaginative power

For this to last: I shook the habit off

Entirely and forever, and again

In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,

A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,

That with distinct pre-eminence retain

A renovating virtue, whence, depressed

By false opinion and contentious thought,

Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,

In trivial occupations, and the round

Of ordinary intercourse, our minds

Are nourished and invisibly repaired;

A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced,

That penetrates, enables us to mount,

When high, more high, and lifts us up when
fallen.

This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks

Among those passages of life that give

Profoundest knowledge to what point, and
how,

The mind is lord and master—outward sense

The obedient servant of her will. Such
moments

Are scattered everywhere, taking their date

From our first childhood. I remember well,

That once while yet my inexperienced hand
 Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud
 hopes

I mounted, and we journeyed towards the
 hills:

An ancient servant of my father's house
 Was with me, my encourager and guide:
 We had not travelled long, ere some mis-
 chance

Disjoined me from my comrade; and,
 through fear

Dismounting, down the rough and stony
 moor

I led my horse, and, stumbling on, at length
 Came to a bottom, where in former times
 A murderer had been hung in iron chains.

The gibbet-mast had mouldered down, the
 bones

And iron case were gone; but on the turf,
 Hard by, soon after that fell deed was
 wrought,

Some unknown hand had carved the mur-
 derer's name.

The monumental letters were inscribed
 In times long past; but still, from year to
 year,

By superstition of the neighborhood,
 The grass is cleared away, and to this hour
 The characters are fresh and visible;
 A casual glance had shown them, and I fled,
 Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the
 road:

Then, reascending the bare common, saw
 A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,
 The beacon on the summit, and, more near
 A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head,
 And seemed with difficult steps to force her
 way

Against the blowing wind. It was, in truth,
 An ordinary sight; but I should need
 Colors and words that are unknown to man,
 To paint the visionary dreariness
 Which, while I looked all round for my lost
 guide,

Invested moorland waste, and naked pool
 The beacon crowning the lone eminence,
 The female and her garments vexed and
 tossed

By the strong wind. When, in the blessed
 hours

Of early love, the loved one at my side,
 I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,
 Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,
 And on the melancholy beacon, fell
 A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden
 gleam;

And think ye not with radiance more sublime

For these remembrances, and for the power
 They had left behind? So feeling comes in
 aid

Of feeling, and diversity of strength
 Attends us, if but once we have been strong
 Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth
 Proceed thy honors. I am lost, but see
 In simple childhood something of the base
 On which thy greatness stands; but this I
 feel,

That from thyself it comes, that thou must
 give,

Else never canst receive. The days gone by
 Return upon me almost from the dawn
 Of life: the hiding-places of man's power
 Open; I would approach them, but they
 close.

I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,
 May scarcely see at all; and I would give,
 While yet we may, as far as words can give,
 Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,
 Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past
 For future restoration.—Yet another
 Of these memorials:—

One Christmas-time,
 On the glad eve of its dear holidays,
 Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went
 forth

Into the fields, impatient for the sight
 Of those led palfreys that should bear us
 home;

My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,
 That, from the meeting-point of two high-
 ways

Ascending, overlooked them both, far
 stretched;

Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
 My expectation, thither I repaired,
 Scout-like, and gained the summit; 'twas a
 day

Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the
 grass

I sat half-sheltered by a naked wall;
 Upon my right hand couched a single sheep,
 Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood;
 With those companions at my side, I watched,
 Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist
 Gave intermitting prospect of the copse
 And plain beneath. Ere we to school re-
 turned,—

That dreary time,—ere we had been ten
 days

Sojourners in my father's house, he died,
 And I and my three brothers, orphans then,
 Followed his body to the grave. The event,
 With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared
 A chastisement; and when I called to mind

That day so lately past, when from the crag
I looked in such anxiety of hope ;
With trite reflections of morality,
Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low
To God, Who thus corrected my desires ;
And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone
wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the line of each of those two roads
Advanced in such indisputable shapes ;

All these were kindred spectacles and
sounds [drink
To which I oft repaired, and thence would
As at a fountain ; and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm and
rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,
Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock
In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,
Some inward agitations thence are brought,
Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
Thoughts over busy in the course they took,
Or animate an hour of vacant ease.)

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

CONCLUDED.

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and
moods

Of calmness equally are Nature's gift :
This is her glory ; these two attributes
Are sister horns that constitute her strength.
Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange
Of peace and excitation, finds in her
His best and purest friend ; from her re-
ceives

That energy by which he seeks the truth,
From her that happy stillness of the mind
Which fits him to receive it when unsought.

Such benefit the humblest intellects
Partake of, each in their degree ; 'tis mine
To speak, what I myself have known and
felt ;

Smooth task ! for words find easy way, in-
spired

By gratitude, and confidence in truth.
Long time in search of knowledge did I
range

The field of human life, in heart and mind
Benighted ; but, the dawn beginning now
To reappear, 'twas proved that not in vain
I had been taught to reverence a Power
That is the visible quality and shape
And image of right reason ; that matures
Her processes by steadfast laws ; gives birth
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,
No heat of passion or excessive zeal,
No vain conceits ; provokes to no quick turns
Of self-applauding intellect ; but trains
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith ;

Holds up before the mind intoxicate
With present objects, and the busy dance
Of things that pass away, a temperate show
Of objects that endure ; and by this course
Disposes her, when over-fondly set
On throwing off incumbances, to seek
In man, and in the frame of social life,
Whate'er there is desirable and good
Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form
And function, or, through strict vicissitude
Of life and death, revolving. Above all
Were re-established now those watchful
thoughts

Which, seeing little worthy or sublime
In what the Historian's pen so much delights
To blazon—power and energy detached
From moral purpose—early tutored me
To look with feelings of fraternal love
Upon the unassuming things that hold
A silent station in this beauteous world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found
Once more in Man an object of delight,
Of pure imagination, and of love ;
And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
Again I took the intellectual eye
For my instructor, studious more to see
Great truths, than touch and handle little
ones.

Knowledge was given accordingly ; my trust
Became more firm in feelings that had stood
The test of such a trial ; clearer far
My sense of excellence—of right and wrong :
The promise of the present time retired
Into its true proportion ; sanguine schemes,
Ambitious projects, pleased me less ; I
sought

For present good in life's familiar face,
And built thereon my hopes of good to come.

With settling judgments now of what
would last

And what would disappear; prepared to find
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive
world

As Rulers of the world; to see in these,
Even when the public welfare is their aim,
Plans without thought, or built on theories
Vague and unsound; and having brought
the books

Of modern statist to their proper test,
Life, human life; with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,
Mortal, of those beyond the reach of death;
And having thus discerned how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
"The Wealth of Nations," where alone
that wealth

Is lodged, and how increased; and having
gained

A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man,
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes—I could not but in-
quire—

Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued—
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is,
Why may not millions be? What bars are
thrown

By Nature in the way of such a hope?
Our animal appetites and daily wants,
Are these obstructions insurmountable?
If not, then others vanish into air.
"Inspect the basis of the social pile:
Inquire," said I, "how much of mental
power

And genuine virtue they possess who live
By bodily toil, labor exceeding far
Their due proportion, under all the weight
Of that injustice which upon ourselves
Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame
I chiefly looked (what need to look be-
yond?)

Among the natural abodes of men,
Fields with their rural works; recalled to
mind

My earliest notices; with these compared
The observations made in later youth,
And to that day continued.—For the time

Had never been when throes of mighty
Nations

And the world's tumult unto me could yield,
How far soe'er transported and possessed,
Full measure of content; but still
craved

An intermingling of distinct regards
And truths of individual sympathy
Nearer ourselves. Such often might be
gleaned

From the great City, else it must have
proved

To me a heart-depressing wilderness;
But much was wanting: therefore did I
turn

To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads;
Sought you enriched with everything I
prized,

With humane kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh! next to one dear state of bliss, vouch-
safed

Alas! to few in this untoward world,
The bliss of walking daily in life's prime
Through field or forest with the maid we
love,

While yet our hearts are young, while yet
we breathe

Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook;
Deep vale, or any where, the home of both,
From which it would be misery to stir:

Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,
In my esteem, next to such dear delight,
Was that of wandering on from day to day
Where I could meditate in peace, and cull
Knowledge that step by step might lead me
on

To wisdom; or, as lightsome as a bird
Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,
Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or
groves,

Which lacked not voice to welcome me in
turn:

And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to
please,

Converse with men, where if we meet a
face

We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths
With long long ways before, by cottage
bench,

Or well-spring where the weary traveller
rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his
eye

The windings of a public way? the sight,
Familiar object as it is, hath wrought

On my imagination since the morn
Of childhood, when a disappearing line
One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
The naked summit of a far-off hill
Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
Was like an invitation into space
Boundless, or guide into eternity.
Yes, something of the grandeur which invests

The mariner who sails the roaring sea
Through storm and darkness, early in my
mind [earth;
Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the
Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more.
Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamites;
From many other uncouth vagrants (passed
In fear) have walked with quicker step; but
why

Take note of this? When I began to en-
quire, [speak
To watch and question those I met, and
Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
Were open schools in which I daily read
With most delight the passions of man-
kind,
Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears, re-
vealed;

There saw into the depth of human souls,
Souls that appear to have no depth at all
To careless eyes. And—now convinced at
heart

How little those formalities, to which
With overweening trust alone we give
The name of Education, have to do
With real feeling and just sense; how vain
A correspondence with the talking world
Proves to the most; and called to make
good search

If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
With toil, be therefore yoked with igno-
rance;

If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,
And intellectual strength so rare a boon—
I prized such walks still more, for there I
found [peace
Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure
And steadiness, and healing and repose
To every angry passion. There I heard,
From mouths of men obscure and lowly,
truths

Replete with honor; sounds in unison
With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong affection,
love
Known by whatever name, is falsely
deemed

A gift, to use a term which they would use,
Of vulgar nature; that its growth requires
Retirement, leisure, language purified
By manners studied and elaborate;
That whoso feels such passion in its
strength

Must live within the very light and air
Of courteous usages refined by art.
True is it, where oppression worse than
death

Salutes the being at his birth, where grace
Of culture hath been utterly unknown,
And poverty and labor in excess
From day to day pre-occupy the ground
Of the affections, and to Nature's self
Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed,
Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with
ease

Among the close and overcrowded haunts
Of cities, where the human heart is sick,
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed.
—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I
feel

How we mislead each other; above all,
How books mislead us, seeking their re-
ward

From judgments of the wealthy Few, who
see

By artificial lights; how they debase
The Many for the pleasure of those Few;
Effeminately level down the truth
To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else
Through want of better knowledge in the
heads

That framed them; flattering self-conceit
with words,

That, while they most ambitiously set forth
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby society has parted man
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here, calling up to mind what then I
saw,

A youthful traveller, and see daily now
In the familiar circuit of my home,
Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds,
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in show,—
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel, that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and
shower.

Of these, said I, shall be my song; of
these,

If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things ; in
truth

And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due : thus happy shall I teach,
Inspire ; through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my
theme

No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who
live,

Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books,
though few,

In Nature's presence : thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight ;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we
are.

Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me : it shall be my
pride

That I have dared to tread this holy
ground,

Speaking no dream, but things oracular ;
Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward promise
Do read the invisible soul ; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the
world

Accomplished ; minds whose faculties are
then

Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.

Men may be found of other mould than
these,

Who are their own upholders, to them-
selves

Encouragement, and energy, and will,
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life
Still higher, men for contemplation framed,
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase ;
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would
sink

Beneath them, summoned to such inter-
course :

Theirs is the language of the heavens, the
power,

The thought, the image, and the silent joy ;
Words are but under-agents in their souls ;
When they are grasping with their greatest
strength,

They do not breathe among them : this I
speak

In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts
For his own service ; knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than hereto-
fore,

Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that, no
less,

Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life. I felt that the array
Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind
What passion makes them ; that meanwhile
the forms

Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
That intermingles with those works of man
To which she summons him ; although the
works

Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own ;
And that the Genius of the Poet hence
May boldly take his way among mankind
Wherever Nature leads, that he hath stood
By Nature's side among the men of old,
And so shall stand forever. Dearest
Friend !

If thou partake the animating faith
That poets, even as Prophets, each with
each

Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
Have each his own peculiar faculty,
Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to
perceive

Objects unseen before, thou wilt not blame
The humblest of this band who dares to
hope

That unto him hath also been vouchsafed
An insight that in some sort he possesses,
A privilege whereby a work of his,
Proceeding from a source of untaught
things,

Creative and enduring, may become
A power like one of Nature's. To a hope
Not less ambitious once among the wilds
Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was
raised ;

There, as I ranged at will the pastoral
downs

Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare
white roads

Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,

Time with his retinue of ages fled
Backwards, nor checked his flight until I
saw

Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear;
Saw multitudes of men, and, here and there,
A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,
With shield and stone-axe, stride across the
word;

The voice of spears was heard, the rattling
spear

Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in
strength,

Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.

I called on Darkness—but before the word
Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed to
take

All objects from my sight; and lo! again

The Desert visible by dismal flames;

It is the sacrificial altar, fed

With living men—how deep the groans!
the voice

Of those that crowd the giant wicker thrills

The monumental hillocks, and the pomp

Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.

At other moments—for through that wide
waste

Three summer days I roamed) where'er the
Plain

Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or
mounds,

That yet survive, a work, as some divine,

Shaped by the Druids, so to represent

Their knowledge of the heavens, and image
forth

The constellations—gently was I charmed

Into a waking dream, a reverie

That, with believing eyes, where'er I
turned,

Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white
wands

Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,
Alternately, and plain below, while breath
Of music swayed their motions, and the
waste [sounds.
Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet

This for the past, and things that may be
viewed

Or fancied in the obscurity of years

From monumental hints: and thou, O
Friend!

Pleased with some unpremeditated strains
That served those wanderings to beguile,
hast said

That then and there my mind had exercised
Upon the vulgar forms of present things,

The actual world of our familiar days,

Yet higher power; had caught from them a
tone,

An image, and a character, by books

Not hitherto reflected. Call we this

A partial judgment—and yet why? for *then*

We were as strangers; and I may not speak

Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,

Which on thy young imagination, trained

In the great City, broke like light from far.

Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself

Witness and judge; and I remember well

That in life's every-day appearances

I seemed about this time to gain clear sight

Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit

To be transmitted, and to other eyes

Made visible; as ruled by those fixed laws

Whence spiritual dignity originates,

Which do both give it being and maintain

A balance, an ennobling interchange

Of action from without and from within;

The excellence, pure function, and best
power

Both of the object seen, and eye that sees.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

CONCLUSION.

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance!) through the
Northern tracts

Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,

And westward took my way, to see the sun
Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the
door

Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who at-
tends

The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty
guide;

Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied
forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer
night,

Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog

Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky ;

But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt us round,

And, after ordinary travellers' talk
With our conductor, pensively we sank
Each into commerce with his private thoughts :

Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself

Was nothing either seen or heard that checked

Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the crags,

Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog,
teased

His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.
This small adventure, for even such it seemed

In that wild place and at the dead of night,
Being over and forgotten, on we wound

In silence as before. With forehead bent
Earthward, as if in opposition set

Against an enemy, I panted up
With eager pace and no less eager thoughts.

Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,

And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band ;

When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten

And with a step or two seemed brighter still ;

Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,

For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I looked up,

The Moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet

Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved

All over this still ocean ; and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the solid vapors stretched,

In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,

Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,

Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
Not so the ethereal vault ; encroachment none

Was there, nor loss ; only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light

In the clear presence of the full-orbed Moon,
Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed

Upon the billow ocean, as it lay

All meek and silent, save that through a rift—

[stood,
Not distant from the shore whereon we
A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place—

Mounted the roar of waters, torrents,
streams

Innumerable, roaring with one voice !
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,

For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved
That vision, given to spirits of the night

And three chance human wanderers, in calm thought

Reflected, it appeared to me the type
Of a majestic intellect, its acts

And its possessions, what it has and craves,
What in itself it is, and would become.

There I beheld the emblem of a mind
That feeds upon infinity, that broods

Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
Its voices issuing forth to silent light

In one continuous stream ; a mind sustained

By recognitions of transcendent power,
In sense conducting to ideal form,

In soul of more than mortal privilege.
One function, above all, of such a mind

Had Nature shadowed there, by putting forth,

'Mid circumstances awful and sublime,
That mutual domination which she loves

To exert upon the face of outward things,
So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed

With interchangeable supremacy,
That men, least sensitive, see, hear, perceive,

And cannot choose but feel. The power,
which all

Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus

To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
Resemblance of that glorious faculty

That higher minds bear with them as their own.

This is the very spirit in which they deal
With the whole compass of the universe :

They from their native selves can send abroad

Kindred mutations ; for themselves create
A like existence ; and, when'er it dawns

Created for them, catch it, or are caught
By its inevitable mastery,

Like angels stopped upon the wing by sound

Of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres.

Them the enduring and the transient both
Serve to exalt; they build up greatest
things

From least suggestions; ever on the watch,
Willing to work and to be wrought upon,
They need not extraordinary calls
To rouse them; in a world of life they live,
By sensible impressions not enthralled,
But by their quickening impulse made more
prompt

To hold fit converse with the spiritual
world,

And with the generations of mankind
Spread over time, past, present, and to
come,

Age after age, till Time shall be no more.

Such minds are truly from the Deity,
For they are Powers; and hence the highest
bliss

That flesh can know is theirs—the con-
sciousness

Of Whom they are, habitually infused
Through every image and through every
thought,

And all affections by communion raised
From earth to heaven, from human to di-
vine;

Hence endless occupation for the Soul,
Whether discursive or intuitive;

Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,
Emotions which best foresight need not
fear,

Most worthy then of trust when most in-
tense.

Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that
crush

Our hearts—if here the words of Holy
Writ

May with fit reverence be applied—that
peace

Which passeth understanding, that repose
In moral judgments which from this pure
source

Must come, or will by man be sought in
vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life
long

Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in him-
self?

For this alone is genuine liberty:
Where is the favored being who hath
held

That course unchecked, unerring, and un-
tired,

In one perpetual progress smooth and
bright?—

A humbler destiny have we retraced,
And told of lapse and hesitating choice,
And backward wanderings along thorny
ways:

Yet—compassed round by mountain soli-
tudes,

Within whose solemn temple I received
My earliest visitations, careless then
Of what was given me; and which now I
range,

A meditative, oft a suffering man—
Do I declare—in accents which, from truth
Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend

Their modulation with these vocal streams—
That, whatsoever falls my better mind,

Revolving with the accidents of life,
May have sustained, that, howsoe'er misled,

Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,
Tamper with conscience from a private aim;

Nor was in any public hope the dupe
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield

Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,
But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy

From every combination which might aid
The tendency, too potent in itself,

Of use and custom to bow down the soul
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,

And substitute a universe of death
For that which moves with light and life in-
formed,

Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,
To love as prime and chief, for there fear

ends,

Be this ascribed, to early intercourse,
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,

With the adverse principles of pain and
joy—

Evil, as one is rashly named by men
Who know not what they speak. By love

subsists

All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold the

fields

In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the

lamb

And the lamb's mother, and their tender
ways

Shall touch thee to the heart; thou callest
this love,

And not inaptly so, for love it is,
Far as it carries thee. In some green

bower
Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there
The One who is thy choice of all the world:
There linger, listening, gazing, with de-
light

Impassioned, but delight how pitiable !
 Unless this love by a still higher love
 Be hallowed, love that breathes not without
 awe,
 Love that adores, but on the knees of
 prayer,
 By heaven inspired ; that frees from chains
 the soul,
 Lifted, in union with the purest, best,
 Of earth-born passions, on the wings of
 praise
 Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's
 Throne.)

This spiritual Love acts not nor can
 exist

Without Imagination, which, in truth,
 Is but another name for absolute power
 And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
 And Reason in her most exalted mood.
 This faculty hath been the feeding source
 Of our long labor : we have traced the
 stream

From the blind cavern whence is faintly
 heard

Its natal murmur ; followed it to light
 And open day ; accompanied its course
 Among the ways of Nature, for a time
 Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed ;
 Then given it greeting as it rose once more
 In strength, reflecting from its placid
 breast

The works of man, and face of human life ;
 And lastly, from its progress have we
 drawn

Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
 Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme,
 So also hath that intellectual Love,
 For they are each in each, and cannot stand
 Dividually.—Here must thou be, O Man !
 Power to thyself ; no helper hast thou here ;
 Here keepest thou in singleness thy state :
 No other can divide with thee this work :
 No secondary hand can intervene
 To fashion this ability ; 'tis thine,
 The prime and vital principle is thine
 In the recesses of thy nature, far
 From any reach of outward fellowship,
 Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,
 Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath
 laid

Here, the foundation of his future years !
 For all that friendship, all that love can do,
 All that a darling countenance can look
 Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,

Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,
 All shall be his : and he whose soul hath
 risen

Up to the height of feeling intellect
 Shall want no humbler tenderness ; his
 heart

Be tender as a nursing mother's heart ;
 Of female softness shall his life be full,
 Of humble cares and delicate desires,
 Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents ! Sister of my soul !
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been else-
 where

Poured out for all the early tenderness
 Which I from thee imbibed : and 'tis most
 true

That later seasons owed to thee no less ;
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and the
 touch

Of kindred hands that opened out the
 springs

Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite
 Of all that unassisted I had marked

In life or nature of those charms minute
 That win their way into the heart by stealth,
 Still, to the very going-out of youth,
 I too exclusively esteemed *that* love,
 And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton
 sings,

Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down
 This over-sternness ; but for thee, dear
 Friend !

My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had
 stood

In her original self too confident,
 Retained too long a countenance severe ;
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the
 clouds

Familiar, and a favorite of the stars :
 But thou didst plant its crevices with
 flowers,

Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the
 breeze,

And teach the little birds to build their
 nests

And warble in its chambers. At a time
 When Nature, destined to remain so long
 Foremost in my affections, had fallen back

Into a second place, pleased to become
 A handmaid to a nobler than herself,
 When every day brought with it some new
 sense

Of exquisite regard for common things,
 And all the earth was budding with these
 gifts

Of more refined humanity, thy breath,

Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring
That went before my steps. Thereafter
came

One whom with thee friendship had early
paired;

She came, no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low;
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines, in the brightness of ten thousand
stars,

And the meek worm that feeds her lonely
lamp

Couched in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,
Coleridge! with this my argument, of thee
Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!

Placed on this earth to love and under-
stand,

And from thy presence shed the light of
love,

Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?
Thy kindred influence to my heart of
hearts

Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed
Her over-weening grasp; thus thoughts and
things

In the self-haunting spirit learned to take
More rational proportions; mystery,
The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,
Of life and death, time and eternity,
Admitted more habitually a mild

Interposition—*a serene delight*

In closer gathering cares, such as become
A human creature, howso'er endowed,
Poet, or destined for a humbler name;

And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
The rapture of the hallelujah sent

From all that breathes and is, was chastened,
stemmed

And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay

Of Providence; and in reverence for duty,
Here, if need be, struggling with storms,
and there

Strewing in peace life's humblest ground
with herbs,

At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend! this history is
brought

To its appointed close: the discipline
And consummation of a Poet's mind,
In everything that stood most prominent,
Have faithfully been pictured; we have
reached

The time (our guiding object from the first)
When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,
Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and
such

My knowledge, as to make me capable
Of building up a Work that shall endure.
Yet much hath been omitted, as need was;
Of books how much! and even of the other
wealth

That is collected among woods and fields,
Far more: for Nature's secondary grace
Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,
The charm more superficial that attends
Her works, as they present to Fancy's
choice

Apt illustrations of the moral world,
Caught at a glance, or traced with curious
pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend! (I
speak

With due regret) how much is overlooked
In human nature and her subtle ways,

As studied first in our own hearts, and then
In life among the passions of mankind,

Varying their composition and their hue,
Where'er we move, under the diverse
shapes

That individual character presents
To an attentive eye. For progress meet,
Along this intricate and difficult path,
Whate'er was wanting, something had
gained,

As one of many schoolfellows compelled
In hardy independence to stand up

Amid conflicting interests, and the shock
Of various tempers; to endure and note

What was not understood, though known to
be;

Among the mysteries of love and hate,
Honor and shame, looking to right and left,

Unchecked by innocence too delicate,
And moral notions too intolerant,

Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when
called

To take a station among men, the step
Was easier, the transition more secure,

More profitable also; for the mind
Learns from such timely exercise to keep

In wholesome separation the two natures,
The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one more word of personal con-
cern;—

Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,
I led an undomestic wanderer's life,

In London chiefly harbored, whence I
roamed,

Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot
Of rural England's cultivated vales.

Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth—(he
bore

The name of Calvert—it shall live, if words
Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief

That by endowments not from me with-
held

Good might be furthered—in his last de-
cay

By a bequest sufficient for my needs
Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk
At large and unrestrained, nor damped too
soon

By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet
Far less a common follower of the world,
He deemed that my pursuits and labors lay
Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even
A necessary maintenance insures,
Without some hazard to the finer sense ;
He cleared a passage for me, and the
stream

Flowed in the bent of Nature.

Having now
Told what best merits mention, further
pains

Our present purpose seems not to require,
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind
The mood in which this labor was begun,
O Friend ! The termination of my course
Is nearer now, much nearer ; yet even then,
In that distraction and intense desire,
I said unto the life which I had lived,
Where art thou ? Hear I not a voice from
thee,

Which 'tis reproach to hear ? Anon I rose
As if on wings, and saw beneath me
stretched

Vast prospect of the world which I had
been

And was ; and hence this Song, which like
a lark

I have protracted, in the unwearied heav-
ens

Singing, and often with more plaintive
voice

To earth attempered and her deep-drawn
sighs,

Yet centring all in love, and in the end
All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,
And, with life, power to accomplish aught
of worth,

That will be deemed no insufficient plea
For having given the story of myself,
Is all uncertain : but, beloved Friend !

When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer
view

Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
That summer, under whose indulgent skies
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we
roved

Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan
combs,

Thou in bewitching words, with happy
heart,

Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient
Man,

The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ;

And I, associate with such labor, steeped
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was
found,

After the perils of his moonlight ride,
Near the loud waterfall ; or her who sate
In misery near the miserable Thorn ;

When thou dost to that summer turn thy
thoughts,

And hast before thee all which then we
were,

To thee, in memory of that happiness,
It will be known, by thee at least, my
Friend !

Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind
Is labor not unworthy of regard :
To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift
Have been prepared, not with the buoyant
spirits

That were our daily portion when we first
Together wantoned in wild Poesy,
But, under pressure of a private grief,
Keen and enduring, which the mind and
heart,

That in this meditative history
Have been laid open, needs must make me
feel

More deeply, yet enable me to bear
More firmly ; and a comfort now hath risen
From hope that thou art near, and wilt be
soon

Restored to us in renovated health ;
When, after the first mingling of our tears,
'Mong other consolations we may draw
Some pleasure from this offering of my
love.

Oh ! yet a few short years of useful life,
And all will be complete, thy race be run,
Thy monument of glory will be raised ;
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways
of truth)

This age fall back to old idolatry,
 Though men return to servitude as fast
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame
 By nations sink together, we shall still
 Find solace—knowing what we have learnt
 to know,
 Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
 Faithful alike in forwarding a day
 Of firmer trust, joint laborers in the work
 (Should Providence such grace to us vouch-
 safe)
 Of thy deliverance, surely yet to come.
 Prophets of Nature, to them will speak
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified

By reason, blest by faith: what we have
 loved,
 Others will love, and we will teach them
 how;
 Instruct them how the mind of man be-
 comes [earth
 A thousand times more beautiful than the
 On which he dwells, above this frame of
 things
 (Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
 And fears of men, doth still remain un-
 changed)
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

THE EXCURSION.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K. G.,
 ETC., ETC.

OFT, through thy fair domains, illustrious
 Peer!
 In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent;
 And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
 Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear,
 —Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
 Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work pre-
 sent,

A token (may it prove a monument!)
 Of high respect and gratitude sincere.
 Gladly would I have waited till my task
 Had reached its close; but life is insecure,
 And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:
 Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask
 Thy favor, trusting that thou wilt not deem
 The offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
 July 29, 1814.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814.

THE title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts.—The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first; but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to

passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding, to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interests, the Author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the

poem, of which *The Excursion* is a part, derives its Title of *THE RECLUSE*.—Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary Work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That Work, addressed to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's Intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished, and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled *The Recluse*; as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.—The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labor which he had proposed to himself; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, on this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labor bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavors to please and, he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.—Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of *The Recluse* will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own person; and that in the intermediate part (*The Excursion*) the interven-

tion of characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system; it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the system for himself. And in the mean time, the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of *The Recluse*, may be acceptable as a kind of *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

“On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,

Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence
soothes

Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.

—To these emotions, whencesoe'er they
come,

Whether from breath of outward circumstance,

Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself—
I would give utterance in numerous verse.

Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and
Hope,

And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind, that keeps her own
Inviolatè retirement, subject there

To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that intelligence which governs all—
I sing:—fit audience let me find though
few!

So prayed, more gaining than he asked,
the Bard—

In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest
heaven!

For I must tread on shadowy ground, must
sink

Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in
worlds

To which the heaven of heavens is but a
veil.

All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form—
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal
thrones—

I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams—can breed such fear and
awe

As fall upon us often when we look
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man—
My haunt, and the main region of my song.
—Beauty—a living presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath com-
posed

From earth's materials—waits upon my
steps;

Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main—why should
they be

A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
—I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal
verse

Of this great consummation:—and, by
words

Which speak of nothing more than what we
are,

Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice pro-
claims

How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no
less

Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted:—and how exquisitely, too—

Theme this but little heard of among men—
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name

Can it be called) which they with blended
might

Accomplish:—this is our high argument.
—Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the
tribes

And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities—may these sounds
Have their authentic comment; that even
these

Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn!—
Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'd
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come; and dost pos-
sess

A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets: upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight, that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influence, and secure,
Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the nether sphere!—And if
with this

I mix more lowly matter; with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
Contemplating; and who, and what he
was—

The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision: when and where, and how he
lived;

Be not this labor useless. If such theme
May sort with highest objects, then—dread
Power!

Whose gracious favor is the primal source
Of all illumination—may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners:—
nurse

My Heart in genuine freedom:—all pure
thoughts

Be with me;—so shall thy unfailing love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the
end!"

BOOK FIRST.

THE WANDERER.

ARGUMENT.

A summer forenoon.—The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an account.—The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last Inhabitant.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high :

Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam ; but all the northern
downs,

In clearest air ascending, showed far off
A surface capped o'er with shadows, flung
From brooding clouds ; shadows that lay in
spots

Determined and unmoved, with steady
beams

Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed ;
To him most pleasant who on soft cool moss
Extends his careless limbs along the front
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the wren warbles, while the dreaming
man,

Half-conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,
By power of that impending covert, thrown
To finer distance. Mine was at that hour
Far other lot, yet with good hope that soon
Under a shade as grateful I should find
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier joy.
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling
With languid steps that by the slippery turf
Were baffled ; nor could my weak arm dis-
perse

The host of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,
The wished-for port to which my course was
bound.

Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
Appeared a roofless Hut ; four naked walls
That stared upon each other !—I looked
round,

And to my wish and to my hope espied
The Friend I sought ; a Man of reverend
age,

But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.
There was he seen upon the cottage-bench,
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep ;
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before—alone
And stationed in the public way, with face
Turned toward the sun then setting, while
that staff

Afforded, to the figure of the man
Detained for contemplation or repose,
Graceful support ; his countenance as he
stood

Was hidden from my view, and he remained
Unrecognized ; but, stricken by the sight,
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and
soon

A glad congratulation we exchanged
At such unthought-of meeting.—For the
night

We parted, nothing willingly ; and now
He by appointment waited for me here,
Under the covert of these clustering eims.

We were tried Friends ; amid a pleasant
vale,

In the antique market-village where was
passed

My school-time, an apartment he had
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,
And found a kind of home or harbor there.
He loved me ; from a swarm of rosy boys
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my
years.

As I grew up, it was my best delight
To be his chosen comrade. Many a time,
On holidays, we rambled through the woods ;
We sate—we walked ; he pleased me with
report

Of things which he had seen ; and often
touched

Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind
Turned inward ; or at my request would sing
Old songs, the product of his native hills ;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing water, by the care
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
Through a parched meadow-ground, in time
of drought,

Still deeper welcome found his pure dis-
course :

How precious when in riper days I learned

To weigh with care his words, and to rejoice
In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
(Which, in the docile season of their youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through lack
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favored
Beings,

All but a scattered few, live out their time,
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave, unthought of. Strongest
minds

Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least; else surely this Man had not
left

His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
But, as the mind was filled with inward
light,

So not without distinction had he lived,
Beloved and honored—far as he was known.
And some small portion of his eloquent
speech,

And something that may serve to set in view
The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
His observations, and the thoughts his mind
Had dealt with—I will here record in verse;
Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink
Or rise as venerable Nature leads,
The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred
praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born;
Where, on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His Parents, with their numerous offspring,
dwelt; [poor!

A virtuous household, though exceeding
Pure lovers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's
word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English
ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I
speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the hills;

But, through the inclement and the perilous
days

Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
Equipped with satchel, to a school, that
stood

Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
Remote from view of city spire, or sound
Of minster clock! From that bleak ten
ment

He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness; all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no
one near

To whom he might confess the things he
saw.

So the foundations of his mind were laid.
In such communion, not from terror free.
While yet a child, and long before his time,
Had he perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had im-
pressed

So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, whose pres-
ence

Perplexed the bodily sense. He had re-
ceived

A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still com-
pare

All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes,
and forms;

And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons
brought

To feed such appetite—nor this alone
Appeased his yearning:—in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sat, and even in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,
He had small need of books; for many a tale

Traditional, round the mountains hung,
 And many a legend, peopling the dark
 woods,
 Nourished Imagination in her growth,
 And gave the Mind that apprehensive power
 By which she is made quick to recognize
 The moral properties and scope of things,
 But eagerly he read, and read again,
 Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied ;
 The life and death of martyrs, who sus-
 tained,
 With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
 Triumphantly displayed in records left
 Of persecution, and the Covenant—times
 Whose echo rings through Scotland to this
 hour !
 And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved
 A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
 That left half-told the preternatural tale,
 Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,
 Romance in garniture of wooden cuts
 Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures
 dire,
 Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled
 too,
 With long and ghostly shanks—forms which
 once seen
 Could never be forgotten !

In his heart,
 Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
 Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
 By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
 Or by the silent looks of happy things,
 Or flowing from the universal face
 Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
 Of Nature, and already was prepared,
 By his intense conceptions, to receive
 Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
 Whom Nature, by whatever means, has
 taught
 To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing
 Youth
 What soul was his, when, from the naked
 top
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He
 looked—
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
 And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
 Beneath him :—Far and wide the clouds
 were touched,
 And in their silent faces could he read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
 The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form,

All melted into him : they swallowed up
 His animal being ; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live ; they were his life
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered no re-
 quest ;
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
 Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
 Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.
 O then how beautiful, how bright, appeared
 The written promise ! Early had he learned
 To reverence the volume that displays
 The mystery, the life which cannot die ;
 But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
 All things, responsive to the writing, there
 Breathed immortality, revolving life,
 And greatness still revolving ; infinite :
 There littleness was not ; the least of things
 Seemed infinite ; and there his spirit shaped
 Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he *saw*.
 What wonder if his being thus became
 Sublime and comprehensive ! Low desires,
 Low thoughts had there no place ; yet was
 his heart
 Lowly ; for he was meek in gratitude,
 Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
 And whence they flowed ; and from them he
 acquired
 Wisdom, which works thro' patience thence
 he learned
 In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
 To look on Nature with a humble heart,
 Self-questioned where it did not understand,
 And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time ; yet to the nearest
 town
 He duly went with what small overplus
 His earnings might supply, and brought
 away
 The book that most had tempted his de-
 sires
 While at the stall he read. Among the
 hills
 He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
 The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
 The annual savings of a toilsome life,
 His School-master supplied ; books that ex-
 plain
 The purer elements of truth involved

In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
 Especially perceived where nature droops
 And feeling is suppressed) preserve the
 mind

Busy in solitude and poverty.

These occupations oftentimes deceived
 The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,
 Hollow and green, he lay on the green
 turf

In pensive idleness. What could he do,
 Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome
 life,

With blind endeavors? Yet, still upper-
 most,

Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting
 power

In all things that from her sweet influence
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with
 her hues,

Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
 He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.

While yet he lingered in the rudiments
 Of science, and among her simplest laws,
 His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,
 The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
 To measure the altitude of some tall crag
 That is the eagle's birth-place, or some
 peak

Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
 Inscribed upon its visionary sides
 The history of many a winter storm,
 Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year was
 told,

Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
 With still increasing weight; he was o'er-
 powered

By Nature; by the turbulence subdued
 Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
 And the first virgin passion of a soul
 Communing with the glorious universe.
 Full often wished he that the winds might
 rage

When they were silent: far more fondly
 now

Than in his earlier season did he love
 Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the
 sounds

That live in darkness. From his intellect
 And from the stillness of abstracted thought
 He asked repose; and, failing oft to win
 The peace required, he scanned the laws of
 light

Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
 From hollow clefts up to the clearer air

A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun
 Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
 And vainly by all other means, he strove
 To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
 Thus was he reared; much wanting to as-
 sist

The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
 And every moral feeling of his soul
 Strengthened and braced, by breathing in
 content

The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
 And drinking from the well of homely life.

—But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,
 He now was summoned to select the course
 Of humble industry that promised best
 To yield him no unworthy maintenance.

Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach
 A village-school—but wandering thoughts
 were then

A misery to him; and the Youth resigned
 A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who con-
 strains

The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
 The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow
 vales,

(Spirit attached to regions mountainous
 Like their own steadfast clouds) did now
 impel

His restless mind to look abroad with hope.
 —An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
 Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting
 storm,

A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load
 Bent as he moves, and needing frequent
 rest;

Yet do such travellers find their own de-
 light;

And their hard service, deemed debasing
 now,

Gained merited respect in simpler times;
 When squire, and priest, and they who
 round them dwelt

In rustic sequestration—all dependent
 Upon the PEDLER'S toil—supplied their
 wants,

Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he
 brought.

Not ignorant was the Youth that still no
 few

Of his adventurous countrymen were led
 By perseverance in this track of life
 To competence and ease:—to him it offered
 Attractions manifold;—and this he chose.

—His Parents on the enterprise bestowed
 Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
 Foreboding evil. From his native hills
 He wandered far; much did he see of men,
 Their manners, their enjoyments, and pur-
 suits,
 Their passions and their feelings; chiefly
 those

Essential and eternal in the heart,
 That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
 Exist more simple in their elements,
 And speak a plainer language. In the
 woods,

A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
 Itinerant in this labor, he had passed
 The better portion of his time; and there
 Spontaneously had his affections thriven
 Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
 And liberty of nature; there he kept
 In solitude and solitary thought
 His mind in a just equipoise of love.
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
 Of ordinary life: unvexed, unwarped
 By partial bondage. In his steady course,
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,
 No wild varieties of joy and grief.
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
 His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned
 And constant disposition of his thoughts
 To sympathy with man, he was alive
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
 And all that was endured; for, in himself
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
 He had no painful pressure from without
 That made him turn aside from wretched-
 ness

With coward fears. He could afford to
 suffer

With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it
 came

That in our best experience he was rich,
 And in the wisdom of our daily life.
 For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
 He had observed the progress and decay
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
 The history of many families;
 How they had prospered; how they were
 o'erthrown

By passion or mischance, or such misrule
 Among the unthinking masters of the earth
 As makes the nations groan.

This active course
 He followed till provision for his wants
 Had been obtained;—the Wanderer then
 resolved

To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
 With needless services, from hardship free.

His calling laid aside, he lived at ease:
 But still he loved to pace the public roads
 And the wild paths; and, by the summer's
 warmth

Invited, often would he leave his home
 And journey far, revisiting the scenes
 That to his memory were most endeared.
 —Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, un-
 damped

By worldly-mindedness or anxious care;
 Observant, studious, thoughtful, and re-
 freshed

By knowledge gathered up from day to
 day;

Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself
 and those

With whom from childhood he grew up,
 had held

The strong hand of her purity; and still
 Had watched him with an unrelenting eye
 This he remembered in his riper age
 With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.
 But by the native vigor of his mind,
 By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
 By loneliness, and goodness, and kind
 works,

Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,
 He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
 Was melted all away; so true was this,
 That sometimes his religion seemed to me
 Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;
 Who to the model of his own pure heart
 Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
 And human reason dictated with awe.

—And surely never did there live on earth
 A man of kindlier nature. The rough
 sports [him];

And teasing ways of children vexed not
 Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
 Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's
 tale,

To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
 Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb;
 Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
 For Sabbath duties; yet he was a man
 Whom no one could have passed without
 remark.

Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs
 And his whole figure breathed intelligence.
 Time had compressed the freshness of his
 cheek

Into a narrower circle of deep red,
 But had not tamed his eye; that, under
 brows

Shaggy and gray, had meanings which it brought
 From years of youth ; which, like a Being made
 Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
 To blend with knowledge of the years to come,
 Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed ; and such his course of life
 Who now, with no appendage but a staff,
 The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
 Upon that cottage-bench reposed his limbs,
 Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,
 His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
 The shadows of the breezy elms above
 Dappling his face. He had not heard the sound
 Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
 Unnoticed did I stand some minutes' space.
 At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat
 Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim
 Had newly scooped a running stream. He rose,
 And are our lively greeting into peace
 Had settled, "'Tis," said I, "a burning day :
 My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems,
 Have somewhere found relief." He, at the word,
 Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb
 The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out
 Upon the public way. It was a plot
 Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds
 Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
 The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,
 Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems
 In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
 The broken wall. I looked around, and there,
 Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs
 Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well
 Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern. [spot
 My thirst I slaked, and, from the cheerless
 Withdrawing, straightway to the shade re-
 turned

Where sate the old Man on the cottage bench ;
 And, while, beside him, with uncovered head,
 I yet was standing, freely to respire,
 And cool my temples in the fanning air,
 Thus did he speak "I see around me here
 Things which you cannot see : we die, my Friend,
 Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
 And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
 Dies with him, or is changed ; and very soon
 Even of the good is no memorial left.
 —The Poets, in their elegies and songs
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
 They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
 And senseless rocks ; nor idly ; for they speak,
 In these their invocations, with a voice
 Obedient to the strong creative power
 Of human passion. Sympathies there are
 More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
 That steal upon the meditative mind,
 And grow with thought. Beside yon spring
 I stood,
 And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
 One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
 Of brotherhood is broken : time has been
 When, every day, the touch of human hand
 Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
 In mortal stillness ; and they ministered
 To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
 Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
 The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
 Green with the moss of years, and subject only
 To the soft handling of the elements :
 There let it lie—how foolish are such thoughts !
 Forgive them ;—never—never did my steps
 Approach this door but she who dwelt within
 A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her first,
 As my own child. Oh, Sir ! the good die
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
 Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,

When she upheld the cool refreshment
 drawn
 From that forsaken spring; and no one
 came
 But he was welcome; no one went away
 But that it seemed she loved him. She
 is dead,
 The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
 The hut itself abandoned to decay,
 And she forgotten in the quiet grave.

I speak," continued he, "of One whose
 stock
 Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.
 She was a Woman of a steady mind,
 Tender and deep in her excess of love;
 Not speaking much, pleased rather with the
 joy
 Of her own thoughts: by some especial
 care
 Her temper had been framed, as if to make
 A Being who by adding love to peace
 Might live on earth a life of happiness.
 Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
 The humble worth that satisfied her heart:
 Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
 Keenly industrious. She with pride would
 tell

That he was often seated at his loom,
 In summer, ere the mower was abroad
 Among the dewy grass,—in early spring,
 Ere the last star had vanished.—They who
 passed
 At evening, from behind the garden fence
 Might hear his busy spade, which he would
 ply,
 After his daily work, until the light
 Had failed, and every leaf and flower were
 lost
 In the dark hedges. So their days were
 spent
 In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
 Was their best hope, next to the God in
 heaven.

Not twenty years ago, but you I think
 Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there
 came
 Two blighting seasons, when the fields were
 left
 With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to
 add
 A worse affliction in the plague of war:
 This happy land was stricken to the heart!
 A Wanderer then among the cottages,
 I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw
 The hardships of that season: many rich

Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor;
 And of the poor did many cease to be,
 And their place knew them not. Mean
 while, abridged
 Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
 To numerous self-denials, Margaret
 Went struggling on through those calamitous
 years
 With cheerful hope, until the second au-
 tumn,
 When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
 Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
 He lingered long; and, when his strength
 returned,
 He found the little he had stored, to meet
 The hour of accident or crippling age,
 Was all consumed. A second infant now
 Was added to the troubles of a time
 Laden, for them and all of their degree,
 With care and sorrow: shoals of artisans
 From ill-requited labor turned adrift
 Sought daily bread from public charity,
 They, and their wives and children—hap-
 pier far
 Could they have lived as do the little birds
 That peck along the hedge-rows, or the
 kite
 That makes her dwelling on the mountain
 rocks!

A sad reverse it was for him who long
 Had filled with plenty, and possessed in
 peace,
 This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,
 And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
 That had no mirth in them; or with his
 knife
 Carved uncouth figures on the heads of
 sticks—
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every
 nook
 In house or garden, any casual work
 Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
 Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
 He mingled, where he might the various
 tasks
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
 But this endured not; his good humor soon
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was:
 And poverty brought on a petted mood
 And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,
 And he would leave his work—and to the
 town
 Would turn without an errand his slack
 steps;
 Or wander here and there among the fields,

One while he would speak lightly of his babes,
And with a cruel tongue : at other times
He tossed them with a false unnatural joy :
And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children. 'Every
smile,'

Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,
'Made my heart bleed.' "

At this the Wanderer paused,
And, looking up to those enormous elms,
He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest
noon.

At this still season of repose and peace,
This hour when all things which are not at
rest

Are cheerful ; while this multitude of flies
With tuneful hum is filling all the air ;
Why should a tear be on an old Man's
cheek ?

Why should we thus, with an untoward
mind,

And in the weakness of humanity,
From natural wisdom turn our hearts away ;
To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears ;
And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
The calm of nature with our restless
thoughts ? "

HE spake with somewhat of a solemn tone :
But, when he ended, there was in his face
Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,
That for a little time it stole away
All recollection ; and that simple tale
Passed from my mind like a forgotten
sound.

A while on trivial things we held discourse,
To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,
I thought of that poor Woman as of one
Whom I had known and loved. He had
rehearsed

Her homely tale with such familiar power,
With such an active countenance, an eye
So busy, that the things of which he spake
Seemed present ; and, attention now re-
laxed,

A heartfelt chillness crept along my veins.
I rose ; and, having left the breezy shade,
Stood drinking comfort from the warmer
sun,

That had not cheered me long—ere, looking
round

Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,
And begged of the old Man that, for my
sake,

He would resume his story.

He replied,

"It were a wantonness, and would demand
Severe reproof, if we were men whose
hearts

Could hold vain dalliance with the misery
Even of the dead ; contented thence to
draw

A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason, barren of all future good.

But we have known that there is often
found,

In mournful thoughts, and always might be
found,

A power to virtue friendly ; were't not so,
I am a dreamer among men, indeed

An idle dreamer ! 'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,

A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form.—But without further bid-
ding

I will proceed.

While thus it fared with them,
To whom this cottage, till those hapless
years,

Had been a blessed home, it was my chance
To travel in a country far remote ;

And when these lofty elms once more ap-
peared

What pleasant expectations lured me on
O'er the flat Common !—With quick step I
reached

The threshold, lifted with light hand the
latch ;

But, when I entered, Margaret looked at
me

A little while ; then turned her head away
Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a
chair,

Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch ! at
last

She rose from off her seat, and then,—O
Sir !

I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my
name :—

With fervent love, and with a face of grief
Unutterably helpless, and a look

That seemed to cling upon me, she en-
quired

If I had seen her husband. As she spake
A strange surprise and fear came to my
heart,

Nor had I power to answer ere she told
That he had disappeared—not two months
gone.

He left his house : two wretched days had
past,

And on the third, as wistfully she raised
 Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,
 Within her chamber-casement she espied
 A folded paper, lying as if placed
 To meet her waking eyes. This trem-
 blingly
 She opened—found no writing, but beheld
 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,
 Silver and gold. ‘I shuddered at the sight,’
 Said Margaret, ‘for I knew it was his hand
 That must have placed it there; and ere
 that day
 Was ended, that long anxious day, I learned
 From one who by my husband had been
 sent
 With the sad news, that he had joined
 a troop
 Of soldiers, going to a distant land.
 —He left me thus—he could not gather
 heart
 To take a farewell of me; for he feared
 That I should follow with my babes, and
 sink
 Beneath the misery of that wandering life.’

This tale did Margaret tell with many
 tears;
 And, when she ended, I had little power
 To give her comfort, and was glad to take
 Such words of hope from her own mouth as
 served
 To cheer us both. But long we had not
 talked
 Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
 And with a brighter eye she looked
 around
 As if she had been shedding tears of joy.
 We parted.—’Twas the time of early
 spring;
 I left her busy with her garden tools;
 And well remember, o’er that fence she
 looked,
 And, while I paced along the foot-way
 path,
 Called out, and sent a blessing after me,
 With tender cheerfulness, and with a voice
 That seemed the very sound of happy
 thoughts.

I roved o’er many a hill and many a
 dale,
 With my accustomed load; in heat and
 cold,
 Through many a wood and many an open
 ground,
 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,

Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall;
 My best companions now the driving winds,
 And now the ‘trotting brooks’ and whisper-
 ing trees,
 And now the music of my own sad steps,
 With many a short-lived thought that passed
 between,
 And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,
 When, in the warmth of midsummer, the
 wheat
 Was yellow; and the soft and bladed grass,
 Springing afresh, had o’er the hay-field
 spread
 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,
 I found that she was absent. In the shade,
 Where now we sit, I waited her return.
 Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
 Its customary look,—only, it seemed,
 The honeysuckle, crowding round th
 porch,
 Hung down in heavier tufts; and that
 bright weed,
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
 Along the window’s edge, profusely grew
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,
 And strolled into her garden. It appeared
 To lag behind the season, and had lost
 Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and
 thrift
 Had broken their trim border-lines, and
 straggled [once
 O’er paths they used to deck: carnations,
 Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
 For the peculiar pains they had required,
 Declined their languid heads, wanting sup-
 port.
 The cumbrous bind-weed, with its weraths
 and bells,
 Had twined about her two small rows of
 peas,
 And dragged them to the earth.
 Ere this an hour
 Was wasted.—Back I turned my restless
 steps;
 A stranger passed; and, guessing whom I
 sought,
 He said that she was used to ramble far.—
 The sun was sinking in the west; and now
 I sate with sad impatience. From within
 Her solitary infant cried aloud;
 Then, like a blast that dies away self-
 stilled,
 The voice was silent. From the bench I
 rose;
 But neither could divert nor soothe my
 thoughts.

The spot, though fair, was very desolate—
 The longer I remained, more desolate
 And, looking round me, now I first ob-
 served
 The corner stones, on either side the porch,
 With dull red stains discolored, and stuck
 o'er
 With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the
 sheep,
 That fed upon the Common, thither came
 Familiarly, and found a couching-place
 Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows
 fell
 From these tall elms; the cottage clock
 struck eight;—
 I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.
 Her face was pale and thin—her figure, too,
 Was changed. As she unlocked the door,
 she said,
 'It grieves me you have waited here so long,
 But, in good truth, I've wandered much of
 late;
 And, sometimes—to my shame I speak—
 have need
 Of my best prayers to bring me back again.'
 While on the board she spread our evening
 meal,
 She told me—interrupting not the work
 Which gave employment to her listless
 hands—
 That she had parted with her elder child;
 To a kind master on a distant farm
 Now happily apprenticed.—'I perceive
 You look at me, and you have cause; to-
 day
 I have been travelling far; and many days
 About the fields I wander, knowing this
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
 And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
 And to myself,' she said, 'have done much
 wrong,
 And to this helpless infant. I have slept
 Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my
 tears
 Have flowed as if my body were not such
 As others are; and I could never die.
 But I am now in mind and in my heart
 More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that
 God
 Will give me patience to endure the things
 Which I behold at home.'
 It would have grieved
 Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel
 The story linger in my heart; I fear
 'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings
 To that poor woman:—so familiarly
 Do I perceive her manner, and her look,

And presence; and so deeply do I feel
 Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walks
 A momentary trance comes over me;
 And to myself I seem to muse on One
 By sorrow laid asleep, or borne away,
 A human being destined to awake
 To human life, or something very near
 To human life, when he shall come again
 For whom she suffered. Yes, it would
 have grieved
 Your very soul to see her evermore
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward
 were cast;
 And, when she, at her table, gave me food,
 She did not look at me. Her voice was
 low,
 Her body was subdued. In every act
 Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind
 Self-occupied; to which all outward things
 Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
 No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
 We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
 I knew not how, and hardly whence they
 came.

Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
 For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
 Which with a look of welcome she received,
 And I exhorted her to place her trust
 In God's good love, and seek his help by
 prayer
 I took my staff, and, when I kissed her
 babe,
 The tears stood in her eyes. I left her then
 With the best hope and comfort I could
 give;
 She thanked me for my wish;—but for my
 hope
 It seemed she did not thank me.

I returned,
 And took my rounds along this road again
 When on its sunny bank the primrose
 flower
 Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the
 Spring.
 I found her sad and drooping; she had
 learned
 No tidings of her husband; if he lived,
 She knew not that he lived; if he were
 dead, [same
 She new not he was dead. She seemed the
 In person and appearance; but her house
 Bespoke a sleepy hand of negligence;
 The floor was neither dry nor neat, the
 hearth

Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,
Which, in the cottage window, heretofore
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves,
Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
As they had chanced to fall. Her infant

Babe

Had from its Mother caught the trick of
grief,

And sighed among its playthings. I with-
drew,

And once again entering the garden, saw,
More plainly still, that poverty and grief
Were now come nearer to her; weeds de-
faced

The hardened soil, and knots of withered
grass:

No ridges there appeared of clear black
mould,

No winter greenness; of her herbs and
flowers,

It seemed the better part were gnawed away
Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw,
Which had been twined about the slender
stem

Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root;
The bark was nibbled round by truant sheep.
—Margaret stood near, her infant in her
arms,

And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gone
Ere Robert come again.' When to the
House

We had returned together, she enquired
If I had any hope:—but for her babe
And for her little orphan boy, she said,
She had no wish to live, that she must die
Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung
Upon the self-same nail; his very staff
Stood undisturbed behind the door.

And when,

In bleak December, I retraced this way,
She told me that her little babe was dead,
And she was left alone. She now, re-
leased

From her maternal cares, had taken up
The employment common through these
wilds, and gained,

By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;
And for this end had hired a neighbor's boy
To give her needful help. That very time

Most willingly she put her work aside,
And walked with me along the miry road,
Heedless how far; and in such piteous sort
That any heart had ached to hear her,
begged

That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask
For him whom she had lost. We parted
then—

Our final parting; for from that time forth
Did many seasons pass ere I returned
Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years;

From their first separation, nine long years,
She lingered in unquiet widowhood;

A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have
been

A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my
Friend,

That in yon arbor oftentimes she sate
Alone, through half the vacant sabbath
day;

And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit
The shade, and look abroad. On this old
bench

For hours she sate; and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick. You see
that path,

Now faint—the grass has crept o'er its gray
line;

There, to and fro, she paced through many
a day

Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
That girt her waist, spinning the long-
drawn thread

With backward steps. Yet ever as there
passed

A man whose garments showed the soldier's
red,

Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
The little child who sate to turn the wheel
Ceased from his task; and she with falter-
ing voice

Made many a fond enquiry; and when they,
Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone
by,

Her heart was still more sad. And by yon
gate,

That bars the traveller's road, she often
stood,

And when a stranger horseman came, the
latch

Would lift, and in his face look wistfully:
Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat

The same sad question. Meanwhile her
poor Hut

Sank to decay; for he was gone whose
hand,

At the first nipping of October frost,
Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands
of straw

Checked the green-grown thatch. And so she lived
 Through the long winter, reckless and alone ;
 Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,
 Was sapped ; and while she slept, the nightly damps
 Did chill her breast ; and in the stormy day
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
 Have parted hence : and still that length of road,
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,
 Fast rooted at her heart : and here, my Friend,—
 In sickness she remained ; and here she died :
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls ! ”

The old Man ceased he saw that I was moved ;
 From that low bench, rising instinctively,
 I turned aside in weakness, nor had power
 To thank him for the tale which he had told.
 I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall
 Reviewed that Woman's sufferings ; and it seemed
 To comfort me while with a brother's love
 I blessed her in the impotence of grief.
 Then towards the cottage I returned ; and traced
 Fondly, though with an interest more mild,
 That secret spirit of humanity
 Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies
 Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
 And silent overgrowing, still survived.
 The old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,
 “ My Friend ! enough to sorrow you have given,
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more :
 Nor more would she have craved as due to
One

Who, in her worst distress, had ofttimes felt
 The unbounded might of prayer ; and learned, with soul
 Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs
 From sources deeper far than deepest pain
 For the meek sufferer. Why then should we read

The forms of things with an unworthy eye ?
 She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.

I well remember that those very plumes,
 Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,

By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
 As once I passed, into my heart conveyed
 So still an image of tranquillity,
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
 Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,

That what we feel of sorrow and despair,
 From ruin and from change, and all the grief

That passing shows of Being leave behind,
 Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,

Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit

Whose meditative sympathies repose
 Upon the breast of Faith. I turned away,
 And walked along my road in happiness.”

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining shot

A slant and mellow radiance, which began
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
 We sate on that low bench, and now we felt,
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air.
 The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien

Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff ;
 Together casting then a farewell look
 Upon those silent walls, we left the shade ;
 And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
 A village-inn, our evening resting-place

BOOK SECOND.

THE SOLITARY

ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated—Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat—Sound of singing from below—A funeral procession—Descent into the Valley—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley—Meeting with the Wanderer's friend—the Solitary—Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district—Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage—The cottage entered—Description of the Solitary's apartment—Repat there—View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the companionship they afford him—Account of the departed inmate of the cottage—Description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind—Leave the house.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! wandering on from hall to
hall,
Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,
Humbly in a religious hospital;
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared;
He walked—protected from the sword of
war
By virtue of that sacred instrument
His harp, suspended at the traveller's side;
His dear companion wheresoe'er he went,
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody, and by the charm of verse.
Yet not the noblest of that honored race
Grew happier, loftier, more impassioned,
thoughts
From his long journeyings and eventful
life,

Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
To gather, ranging through the tamer
ground
Of these our unimaginative days;
While he trod the earth in humblest
guise
Accoutred with his burthen and his staff;
And now, when free to move with lighter
pace.

What wonder then, if I, whose favorite
school
Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural
lanes,
Looked on this guide with reverential love?
Each with the other pleased, we now pur-
sued
Our journey, under favorable skies.
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light
Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,
Rarely a house, that did not yield to him
Remembrances; or from his tongue call
forth

Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard
Accompanied those strains of apt discourse
Which nature's various objects might in-
spire;
And in the silence of his face I read
His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insects hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household dog—
In his capacious mind, he loved them all;
Their rights acknowledging he felt for all.
Oft was occasion given me to perceive
How the calm pleasures of the pasturing
herd
To happy contemplation soothed his walk;
How the poor brute's condition, forced to
run

Its course of suffering in the public road,
Sad contrast! all too often smote his heart
With unavailing pity. Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
To the degree that he desired, beloved.
Smiles of good-will from faces that he knew
Greeted us all day long; we took our seats
By many a cottage-hearth, where he received
The welcome of an Inmate from afar,
And I at once forgot I was a Stranger.

--Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,
Huts where his charity was blest; his voice
Heard as the voice of an experienced friend.
And, sometimes--where the poor man held
dispute

With his own mind, unable to subdue
Impatience through inaptness to perceive
General distress in his particular lot;
Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
Struggling against it; with a soul perplexed,
And finding in herself no steady power
To draw the line of comfort that divides
Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
From the injustice of our brother men--
To him appeal was made as to a judge;
Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
The perturbation; listened to the plea;
Resolved the dubious point; and sentence
gave,

So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
With softened spirit, even when it con-
demned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we
roved,

Now as his choice directed. now as mine;
Or both, with equal readiness of will,
Our course submitting to the changeful
breeze

Of accident. But when the rising sun
Had three times called us to renew our
walk,

My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
As if the thought were but a moment old,
Claimed absolute dominion for the day.
We started--and he led me toward the
hills

Up through an ample vale, with higher hills
Before us, mountains stern and desolate;
But, in the majesty of distance, now
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress
Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their
time,

May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
Of the fleet coursers they bestride to raise
From earth the dust of morning, slow to
rise;

And they, if blest with health and hearts
at ease,

Shall lack not their enjoyment:--but how
faint

Compared with ours! who, pacing side by
side,

Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
That we beheld; and lend the listening
sense

To every grateful sound of earth and air;
Pausing at will--our spirits braced, our
thoughts

Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
And pure as dew bathing their crimson
leaves.

Mount slowly, sun! that we may journey
long,

By this dark hill protected from thy beams!
Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent wish:
But quickly from among our morning
thoughts

'Twas chased away: for, toward the western
side

Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,
We saw a throng of people;--wherefore
met?

Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose
On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising, yield
Prompt answer; they proclaim the annual
Wake,

Which the bright season favors.--Tabor and
pipe

In purpose join to hasten or reprove
The laggard Rustic; and repay with boons
Of merriment a party-colored knot,
Already formed upon the village-green.

--Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight
That gay assemblage. Round them and
above,

Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of
trees

Half-veiled in vapory cloud, the silver steam
Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like a
mast

Of gold, the Maypole shines; as if the rays
Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,
With gladsome influence could re-animate
The faded garlands dangling from its sides

Said I, "The music and the sprightly
scene

Invite us; shall we quit our road, and join
These festive matins?"--He replied, "Not
loth

To linger I would here with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening's close,
The simple pastimes of the day and place.
By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,

The turf of yon large pasture will be
skimmed;

There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall contend .

But know we not that he, who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day ;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed !
A length of journey yet remains untraced .
Let us proceed .” Then, pointing with his
staff

Raised toward those craggy summits, his
intent

He thus imparted :—

“ In a spot that lies
Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,
You will receive, before the hour of noon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day’s toil,
From sight of One who lives secluded there,
Lonesome and lost . of whom, and whose
past life,

(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
More faithfully collected from himself)
This brief communication shall suffice.

Though now sojourning there, he, like
myself,

Sprung from a stock of lowly parentage
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
Where many a sheltered and well-tended
plant

Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,
Blossoms of piety and innocence.

Such grateful promises his youth displayed :
And, having shown in study forward zeal,
He to the Ministry was duly called ;
And straight, incited by a curious mind
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the
charge

Of Chaplain to a military troop
Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they
marched

In plaided vest,—his fellow-countrymen.
This office filling, yet by native power
And force of native inclination made
An intellectual ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity, he walked the world,
Gay, and affecting graceful gayety ;
Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his flock
Than a soldier among soldiers—lived and
roamed

Where Fortune led —and Fortune, who oft
proves

The careless wanderer’s friend, to him made
known

A blooming Lady—a conspicuous flower,
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness
praised ;

Whom he had sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of
mind,

Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,
His office he relinquished ; and retired
From the world’s notice to a rural home.
Youth’s season yet with him was scarcely
past,

And she was in youth’s prime. How free
their love,

How full their joy ’Till, pitiable doom !
In the short course of one unready year,
Death blasted all. Death suddenly o’erthrew
Two lovely Children—all that they possessed ;
The Mother followed.—miserably bare
The one Survivor stood ; he wept, he
prayed

For his dismissal. day and night, compelled
To hold communion with the grave, and
face

With pain the regions of eternity.
An uncomplaining apathy displaced
This anguish ; and, indifferent to delight,
To aim and purpose, he consumed his days,
To private interest dead, and public care.
So lived he ; so he might have died.

But now,
To the wide world’s astonishment, appeared
A glorious opening, the unlooked-for dawn,
That promised everlasting joy to France !
Her voice of social transport reached even
him !

He broke from his contracted bounds, re-
paired

To the great City, an emporium then
Of golden expectations, and receiving
Freights every day from a new world of
hope.

Thither his popular talents he transferred :
And, from the pulpit, zealously maintained
The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
As one, and moving to one glorious end.
Intoxicating service ! I might say
A happy service ; for he was sincere
As vanity and fondness for applause,
And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

That righteous cause (such power hath
freedom) bound,

For one hostility, in friendly league,
Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves ;
Was served by rival advocates that came
From regions opposite as heaven and hell.
One course seemed to animate them all :

And, from the dazzling conquests daily
gained

By their united efforts, there arose

A proud and most presumptuous confidence

In the transcendent wisdom of the age,

And her discernment : not alone in rights,

And in the origin and bounds of power

Social and temporal ; but in laws divine,

Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.

An overweening trust was raised ; and fear

Cast out, alike of person and of thing.

Plague from this union spread, whose subtle
bane

The strongest did not easily escape ;

And He, what wonder ! took a mortal taint.

How shall I trace the change, how bear to
tell

That he broke faith with them whom he had
laid

In earth's dark chambers, with a Christian's
hope !

An infidel contempt of holy writ

Stole by degrees upon his mind ; and hence

Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced ;

Vilest hypocrisy—the laughing gay

Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but pride.

Smooth words he had to wheedle simple
souls ;

But, for disciples of the inner school,

Old freedom was old servitude, and they

The wisest whose opinions stooped the
least

To known restraints ; and who most boldly
drew

Hopeful prognostications from a creed

That, in the light of false philosophy,

Spread like a halo round a misty moon,

Widening its circle as the storms advance.

His sacred function was at length re-
nounced ;

And every day and every place enjoyed

The unshackled layman's natural liberty ;

Speech, manners, morals, all without dis-
guise.

I do not wish to wrong him ; though the
course

Of private life licentiously displayed

Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown

Upon the insolent aspiring brow

Of spurious notions—worn as open signs

Of prejudice subdued—still he retained,

'Mid much abasement, what he had re-
ceived

From nature, an intense and glowing mind.

Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew
weak,

And mortal sickness on her face appeared,
He colored objects to his own desire

As with a lover's passion. Yet his moods

Of pain were keen as those of better men,

Nay keener, as his fortitude was less :

And he continued, when worse days were
come,

To deal about his sparkling eloquence,

Struggling against the strange reverse with
zeal

That showed like happiness. But, in de-
spite

Of all this outside bravery, within,

He neither felt encouragement nor hope :

For moral dignity, and strength of mind,

Were wanting ; and simplicity of life ;

And reverence for himself, and, last and
best,

Confiding thoughts, through love and fear
of Him [world

Before whose sight the troubles of this
Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

The glory of the times fading away—

The splendor, which had given a festal air

To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled

From his own sight—this gone, he for-
feited

All joy in human nature ; was consumed,

And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,

And fruitless indignation : galled by pride ;

Made desperate by contempt of men who
throve

Before his sight in power or fame, and won,
Without desert, what he desired ; weak

men,

Too weak even for his envy or his hate !

Tormented thus, after a wandering course

Of discontent, and inwardly oppress

With malady—in part, I fear, provoked

By weariness of life—he fixed his home,

Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,

Among these rugged hills ; where now he
dwells

And wastes the sad remainder of his hours,
Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that wants

not

Its own voluptuousness ;—on this resolved,

With this content, that he will live and die
Forgotten,—at a safe distance from 'a

world
Not moving to his mind."

These serious words

Closed the preparatory notices

That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile

The way, while we advanced up that wide
vale.

Diverging now (as if his quest had been
Some secret of the mountains, cavern, fall
Of water, or some lofty eminence,
Renowned for splendid prospect far and
wide)

We scaled, without a track to ease our
steps,

A steep ascent; and reached a dreary
plain,

With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
Before us; savage region! which I paced
Dispirited: when, all at once, behold!

Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been from eldest time by wish of
theirs

So placed, to be shut out from all the
world!

Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;
With rocks encompassed, save that to the
south

Was one small opening, where a heath-clad
ridge

Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet treeless nook, with two green
fields,

A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no
more!

It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want: the little fields, made
green

By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland
house.

—There crows the cock, single in his do-
main:

The small birds find in spring no thicket
there

To shroud them; only from the neighbor-
ing vales

The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder
place.

Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I, is
here!

Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
Upon a bed of heath;—full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy
Among the mountains; never one like this;
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy—no, for it is green,
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life re-
quires.

—In rugged arms how softly does it lie,
How tenderly protected! Far and near
We have an image of the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness: were this
Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
First, last, and single, in the breathing
world,

It could not be more quiet: peace is here
Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale
Of public news or private; years that pass
Forgetfully; uncalled upon to pay
The common penalties of mortal life,
Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent I
lay

In silence musing by my Comrade's side,
He also silent; when from out the heart
Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,
Or several voices in one solemn sound,
Was heard ascending; mournful, deep, and
slow

The cadence, as of psalms—a funeral
dirge!

We listened, looking down upon the hut,
But seeing no one: meanwhile from below
The strain continued, spiritual as before;
And now distinctly could I recognize
These words:—“*Shall in the grave thy
love be known,*

In death thy faithfulness?”—“*God rest
his soul!*”

Said the old man, abruptly breaking si-
lence,—

“He is departed, and finds peace at last!”

This scarcely spoken, and those holy
strains

Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
Of rustic persons, from behind the hut
Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which
They shaped their course along the sloping
side

Of that small valley, singing as they
moved:

A sober company and few, the men
Bare-headed, and all decently attired!
Some steps when they had thus advanced,
the dirge

Ended; and, from the stillness that ensued
Recovering, to my Friend I said, “You
spake,
Methought, with apprehension that these
rites

Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat
This day we purposed to intrude.”—“I did
so,

But let us hence, that we may learn the truth :

Perhaps it is not he but some one else
For whom this pious service is performed ;
Some other tenant of the solitude."

So, to a steep and difficult descent
Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,
Where passage could be won ; and, as the last

Of the mute train, behind the heathy top
Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,
I, more impatient in my downward course,
Had landed upon easy ground ; and there
Stood waiting for my Comrade. When behold

An object that enticed my steps aside !
A narrow, winding, entry opened out
Into a platform—that lay, sheepfold-wise,
Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall ;—a cool recess,

And fanciful ! For where the rock and
Met in an angle, hung a penthouse, framed
By thrusting two rude staves into the wall
And overlaying them with mountain sods ;
To weather-fend a little turf-built seat
Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor dread

The burning sunshine, or a transient shower ;
But the whole plainly wrought by children's hands !

Whose skill had thronged the floor with a proud show

Of baby-houses, curiously arranged ;
Nor wanting ornament of walks between,
With mimic trees inserted in the turf,
And gardens interposed. Pleased with the sight,

I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,
Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance,

Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,
" Lo ! what is here ? " and, stooping down,
drew forth

A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss

And wreck of party-colored earthen-ware,
Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise
One of those petty structures. " His it must be ! "

Exclaimed the Wanderer, " cannot but be his,

And he is gone ! " The book, which in my hand

Had opened of itself (for it was swoln
With searching damp, and seemingly had lain

To the injurious elements exposed
From week to week,) I found to be a work
In the French tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,
His famous Optimist " Unhappy Man ! " Exclaimed my Friend : " here then has been to him

Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-place
Within how deep a shelter ! He had sits,
Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,
And loved the haunts of children : here, no doubt,

Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports,

Or sate companionless ; and here the book,
Left and forgotten in his careless way,
Must by the cottage-children have been found :

Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate work !

To what odd purpose have the darlings turned

This sad memorial of their hapless friend ! "

" Me," said I, " most doth it surprise to find

Such book in such a place ! "—" A book it is,"

He answered, " to the Person suited well,
Though little suited to surrounding things.

'Tis strange, I grant ; and stranger still had been

To see the man who owned it, dwelling here,

With one poor shepherd, far from all the world !—

Now, if our errand hath been thrown away,
As from these intimations I forebode,

Grieved shall I be—less for my sake than yours,

And least of all for him who is no more."

By this, the book was in the old Man's hand,

And he continued, glancing on the leaves
An eye of scorn.—" The lover," said he,
" doomed

To love when hope hath failed him—whom no depth

Of privacy is deep enough to hide,
Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,
And that is joy to him. When change of times

Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do but give

The faithful servant, who must hide his head

Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,
A kerchief sprinkled with his master's blood,

And he too hath his comforter. How poor,
Beyond all poverty how destitute,
Must that Man have been left, who, hither driven,

Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
No dearer relique, and no better stay,
Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,
Impure conceits discharging from a heart
Hardened with impious pride!—I did not fear

To tax you with this journey;”—mildly
My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped
Into the presence of the cheerful light—

“For I have knowledge that you do not shrink

From moving spectacles;—but let us on.”

So speaking, on he went, and at the word
I followed, till he made a sudden stand :

For full in view, approaching through a gate

That opened from the enclosure of green fields

Into the rough uncultivated ground,
Behold the Man whom he had fancied dead!

I knew from his deportment, mien, and dress,

That it could be no other; a pale face,
A meagre person, tall, and in a garb
Not rustic—dull and faded like himself!
He saw us not, though distant but few steps;

For he was busy, dealing, from a store
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
Of red ripe currants; gift by which he strove,

With intermixture of endearing words,
To soothe a Child, who walked beside him,
weeping

As if disconsolate.—“They to the grave
Are bearing him, my Little-one,” he said,
“To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;
His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.”

More might have followed—but my honored Friend

Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank
And cordial greeting.—Vivid was the light
That flashed and sparkled from the other's eyes;

He was all fire; no shadow on his brow

Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.
Hands joined he with his Visitant,—a grasp,

An eager grasp; and many moments' space—

When the first glow of pleasure was no more,

And, of the sad appearance which at once
Had vanished, much was come and coming back—

An amicable smile retained the life
Which it had unexpectedly received,
Upon his hollow cheek. “How kind,” he said,

“Nor could your coming have been better timed;

For this, you see, is in our narrow world
A day of sorrow. I have here a charge”—

And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly
The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping child—

“A little mourner, whom it is my task
To comfort;—but how came ye?—if you track

(Which doth at once befriend us and betray)
Conducted hither your most welcome feet,
Ye could not miss the funeral train—they yet

Have scarcely disappeared.” “This blooming Child,”

Said the old Man, “is of an age to weep
At any grave or solemn spectacle,
Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
He knows not wherefore;—but the boy to-day

Perhaps is shedding orphan's tears; you also

Must have sustained a loss.”—“The hand of Death,”

He answered, “has been here; but could not well

Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen

Upon myself.”—The other left these words

Unnoticed, thus continuing.—“From yon crag,

Down whose steep sides we dropped into the vale,

We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn sound

Heard any where; but in a place like this
'Tis more than human! Many precious rites

And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hope,

Will last forever. Oft on my way have I
 Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
 So much I felt the awfulness of life,
 In that one moment when the corse is
 lifted

In silence, with a hush of decency ;
 Then from the threshold moves with song
 of peace,
 And confidential yearnings, tow'rds its
 home,

Its final home on earth. What traveller—
 who—

(How far soe'er a stranger) does not own
 The bond of brotherhood, when he sees
 them go,

A mute procession on the houseless road ;
 Or passing by some single tenement
 Or clustered dwellings, where again they
 raise

The monitory voice? But most of all
 It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
 Then, when the body, soon to be consigned
 Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,
 Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward
 borne

Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
 The nearest in affection or in blood ;
 Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt
 Beside the coffin, resting on its lid
 In silent grief their unuplifted heads,
 And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mourn-
 ful plaint,

And that most awful scripture which de-
 clares

We shall not sleep, but we shall all be
 changed ! [seen—

—Have I not seen—ye likewise may have
 Son, husband, brothers—brothers side by
 side,

And son and father also side by side,
 Rise from that posture:—and in concert
 move,

On the green turf following the vested
 Priest,

Four dear supporters of one senseless
 weight,

From which they do not shrink, and under
 which

They faint not, but advance towards the
 open grave

Step after step—together, with their firm
 Unhidden faces: he that suffers most,

He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,
 The most serene, with most undaunted
 eye !—

Oh ! blest are they who live and die like
 these,

Loved with such love, and with such sorrow
 mourned !”

“That poor Man taken hence to-day,” re-
 plied

The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile
 Which did not please me, “must be deemed
 I fear,

Of the unblest ; for he will surely sink
 Into his mother earth without such pomp
 Of grief, depart without occasion given
 By him for such array of fortitude.
 Full seventy winters hath he lived, and
 mark !

This simple Child will mourn his one short
 hour,

And I shall miss him ; scanty tribute ! yet,
 This wanting, he would leave the sight of
 men,

If love were his sole claim upon their care,
 Like a ripe date which in the deserts falls
 Without a hand to gather it.”

At this

I interposed, though loth to speak, and
 said,

“Can it be thus among so small a band
 As ye must needs be here ? in such a place
 I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight
 Of a departing cloud.”—“’Twas not for
 love,”

Answered the sick Man with a careless
 voice—

“That I came hither ; neither have I
 found

Among associates who have power of
 speech,

Nor in such other converse as is here,
 Temptation so prevailing as to change

That mood, or undermine my first resolve.”

Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said
 To my benign Companion,—“Pity ’tis

That fortune did not guide you to this
 house

A few days earlier ; then would you have
 seen

What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be

The seat and besom of pure innocence,
 Are made of ; an ungracious matter this !

Which, for truth’s sake, yet in remembrance
 too

Of past discussions with this zealous friend
 And advocate of humble life, I now

Will force upon his notice ; undeterred
 By the example of his own pure course,

And that respect and deference which a
 soul

May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched
In what she most doth value, love of God
And his frail creature Man ;—but ye shall
hear.

I talk—and ye are standing in the sun
Without refreshment !”

Quickly had he spoken,
And, with light steps still quicker than his
words,

Led toward the Cottage. Homely was the
spot ;

And, to my feeling, ere we reached the
door,

Had almost a forbidding nakedness ;
Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,
Than it appeared when from the beetling
rock

We had looked down upon it. All within,
As left by the departed company,
Was silent ; save the solitary clock
That on mine ear ticked with a mournful
sound.—

Following our Guide, we clomb the cottage-
stairs

And reached a small apartment dark and
low,

Which was no sooner entered than our
Host

Said gayly, “This is my domain, my cell,
My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—
I love it better than a snail his house.
But now ye shall be feasted with our best.”

So, with more ardor than an unripe girl
Left one day mistress of her mother’s
stores,

He went about his hospitable task.

My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no
less,

And pleased I looked upon my gray-haired
Friend,

As if to thank him ; he returned that look,
Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What a
wreck

Had we about us ! scattered was the floor,
And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and
shelf,

With books, maps, fossils, withered plants
and flowers,

And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic
tools

Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, some
Scribbled with verse : a broken angling-rod
And shattered telescope, together linked
By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook ;
And instruments of music, some half-
made

Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the
walls.

But speedily the promise was fulfilled ;
A feast before us, and a courteous Host
Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.

A napkin, white as foam of that rough
brook

By which it had been bleached, o’erspread
the board ;

And was itself half-covered with a store
Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese, and
cream ;

And cakes of butter curiously embossed,
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-
flowers

A golden hue, delicate as their own
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.

Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm
day,

Our table, small parade of garden fruits,
And whortle-berries from the mountain
side.

The Child, who long ere this had stilled his
sobs,

Was now a help to his late comforter,
And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid,
Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,

While at our pastoral banquet thus we sate
Fronting the window of that little cell,
I could not, ever and anon, forbear
To glance an upward look on two huge

Peaks,

That from some other vale peered into this.
“Those lusty twins,” exclaimed our host,
“if here

It were your lot to dwell, would soon be-
come

Your prized companions.—Many are the
notes

Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws
forth

From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and
dashing shores ;

And well those lofty brethren bear their
part

In the wild concert—chiefly when the
storm

Rides high ; then all the upper air they fill
With roaring sound, that ceases not to
flow,

Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
In mighty current ; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom
fails ;

And, in the grim and breathless hour of
noon,

Methinks that I have heard them echo
back

The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's
laws

Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer tone ; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice ;—the
clouds,

The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thither—
touch,

And have an answer—thither come, and
shape

A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits :—there the sun himself,
At the calm close of summer's longest day,
Rests his substantial orb ;—between those
heights

And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue
vault,

Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.
Thoughts are not busier in the mind of
man

Than the mute agents stirring there :—
alone

Here do I sit and watch.”—

A fall of voice,
Regretted like the nightingale's last note,
Had scarcely closed this high-wrought strain
of rapture

Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer said :
“ Now for the tale with which you threat-
ened us ! ”

“ In truth the threat escaped me unawares ;
Should the tale tire you, let this challenge
stand [kind,

For my excuse. Dissevered from man-
As to your eyes and thoughts we must have
seemed

When ye looked down upon us from the
crag,

Islanders mid a stormy mountain sea,
We are not so ;—perpetually we touch
Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world ;
And he, whom this our cottage hath to-day
Relinquished, lived dependent for his bread
Upon the laws of public charity.

The Housewife, tempted by such slender
gains

As might from that occasion be distilled,
Opened, as she before had done for me,
Her doors to admit this homeless Pen-
sioner :

The portion gave of coarse but wholesome
fare

Which appetite required—a blind dull
nook,

Such as she had, the *kennel* of his rest !
This, in itself not ill, would yet have been
Ill borne in earlier life ; but his was now
The still contentedness of seventy years.

Calm did he sit under the wide-spread tree
Of his old age ; and yet less calm and meek,
Winningly meek or venerably calm,

Than slow and torpid ; paying in this wise
A penalty, if penalty it were,

For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.
I loved the old Man, for I pitied him !

A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
With one so slow in gathering up his
thoughts,

But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes ;
Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,
And helpful to his utmost power : and
there

Our housewife knew full well what she pos-
sessed !

He was her vassal of all labor, tilled
Her garden, from the pasture fetched her
kine ;

And, one among the orderly array
Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun
Maintained his place ; or heedfully pur-
sued

His course, on errands bound, to other
vales,

Leading sometimes an inexperienced child
Too young for any profitable task.

So moved he like a shadow that performed
Substantial service. Mark me now, and
learn

For what reward !—The Moon her monthly
round

Hath not completed since our dame, the
queen

Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,
Into my little sanctuary rushed—

Voice to a rueful treble humanized,
And features in deplorable dismay

I treat the matter lightly, but, alas !
It is most serious : persevering rain

Had fallen in torrents ; all the mountain
tops

Were hidden, and black vapors coursed their
sides ;

This had I seen, and saw ; but, till she
spoke,

Was wholly ignorant that my ancient
Friend—

Who at her bidding, early and alone,
Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf
For winter fuel—to his noontide meal

Returned not, and now, haply, on the heights

Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.

'Inhuman!' said I, 'was an old Man's life
Not worth the trouble of a thought?—alas!
This notice comes too late.' With joy I saw

Her husband enter—from a distant vale.
We sallied forth together; found the tools
Which the neglected veteran had dropped,
But through all quarters looked for him in vain.

We shouted—but no answer! Darkness fell

Without remission of the blast or shower,
And fears for our own safety drove us home.

I, who weep little, did, I will confess,
The moment I was seated here alone,
Honor my little cell with some few tears
Which anger and resentment could not dry.
All night the storm endured; and, soon as help

Had been collected from the neighboring vale,
With morning we renewed our quest: the wind

Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;
And long and hopelessly we sought in vain:
'Till chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
A heap of ruin—almost without walls
And wholly without roof (the bleached remains

Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,
The peasants of these lonely valleys used
To meet for worship on that central height)
We there espied the object of our search,
Lying full three parts buried among tufts
Of heath-plant, under and above him strewn,
To baffle, as he might, the watery storm:
And there we found him breathing peacefully,

Snug as a child that hides itself in sport
'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
We spake—he made reply, but would not stir

At our entreaty; less from want of power
Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts.

So was he lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the shepherds moved

Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,

A single step, that freed me from the skirts

Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth!
Far sinking into splendor—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought

Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified: on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, where-
unto

The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!

Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky

Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped,
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared

Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen

To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power

For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.

That which I saw was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swelled in my breast.—'I have been dead,

I cried, [live?
'And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I
And with that pang I prayed to be no more!

—But I forget our charge, as utterly
I then forgot him:—there I stood and
gazed:

The apparition faded not away,
And I descended.

Having reached the house,
I found its rescued inmate safely lodged,
And in serene possession of himself,
Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed
met

By a faint shining from the heart, a gleam
Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.
Great show of joy the housewife made, and
truly

Was glad to find her conscience set at ease;
And not less glad, for sake of her good
name,

That the poor sufferer had escaped with
life.

But, though he seemed at first to have re-
ceived

No harm, and uncomplaining as before

Went through his usual tasks, a silent
change

Soon showed itself: he lingered three short
weeks;

And from the cottage hath been borne to-
day.

So ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am
That it is ended." At these words he
turned—

With blithe air of open fellowship,
Brought from the cupboard wine and stouter
cheer,

Like one who would be merry. Seeing
this,

My gray-haired friend said courteously—

"Nay, nay,

You have regaled us as a hermit ought:
Now let us forth into the sun!"—Our

Host

Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we
went.

BOOK THIRD.

DESPONDENCY

ARGUMENT.

Images in the Valley.—Another Recess in it
entered and described.—Wanderer's sensa-
tions.—Solitary's excited by the same objects.
—Contrast between these.—Despondency of
the Solitary gently reproved.—Conversation
exhibiting the Solitary's past and present
opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his
own History at length.—His domestic fel-
city.—Afflictions.—Dejection.—Roused by
the French Revolution.—Disappointment
and disgust.—Voyage to America.—Disap-
pointment and disgust pursue him.—His re-
turn.—His languor and depression of mind,
from want of faith in the great truths of Re-
ligion, and want of confidence in the virtue of
Mankind.

A HUMMING BEE—a little tinkling rill—
A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,
In clamorous agitation, round the crest
Of a tall rock, their airy citadel—
By each and all of these the pensive ear
Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,
When through the cottage threshold we had
passed,
And, deep within that lonesome valley
stood

Once more beneath the concave of a blue
And cloudless sky.—Anon exclaimed our
Host,

Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt
The shade of discontent which on his brow
Had gathered,—“Ye have left my cell,—
but see

How Nature hems you in with friendly
arms!

And by her help ye are my prisoners still.
But which way shall I lead you?—how con-
trive

In spot so parsimoniously endowed,
That the brief hours, which yet remain, may
reap

Some recompense of knowledge or de-
light?”

So saying, round he looked, as if perplexed;
And, to remove those doubts, my gray-haired
Friend

Said—“Shall we take this pathway for our
guide?—

Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,
Its line had first been fashioned by the
flock

Seeking a place of refuge at the root
Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded
boughs

Darken the silver bosom of the crag,

From which she draws her meagre sustenance.

There in commodious shelter may we rest,
Or let us trace this streamlet to its source ;
Feebly it tinkles with an earthly sound,
And a few steps may bring us to the spot
Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and
green herbs,

The mountain infant to the sun comes
forth,

Like human life from darkness."—A quick
turn

Through a straight passage of encumbered
ground,

Proved that such hope was vain : for now
we stood

Shut out from prospect of the open vale,
And saw the water that composed this rill,
Descending, disembodied, and diffused
O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,
Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower.
All further progress here was barred ;—And
who,

Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly detained ?
Whether to such wild objects he were led
When copious rains have magnified the
stream

Into a loud and white-robed waterfall,
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
The hidden nook discovered to our view
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that
rests

Fearless of winds and waves. Three several
stones

Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
To monumental pillars : and, from these
Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen,
That with united shoulders bore aloft
A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth :
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared
A tall and shining holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if inserted by some human hand

In mockery, to wither in the sun,
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,
The first that entered. But no breeze did
now

Find entrance ;—high or low appeared no
trace

Of motion, save the water that descended,
Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock,
And softly creeping, like a breath of air,

Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen
To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

" Behold a cabinet for sages built,
Which kings might envy !"—Praise to this
effect

Broke from the happy old Man's reverend
lip ;

Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
" In sooth, with love's familiar privilege,
You have decried the wealth which is your
own.

Among these rocks and stones, methinks, I
see

More than the heedless impress that be-
longs

To lonely nature's casual work : they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.

Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,
How gracefully that slender shrub looks
forth

From its fantastic birth-place ! And I own
Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,
That in these shows a chronicle survives
Of purposes akin to those of Man.

But wrought with mightier arm than now
prevails.

—Voiceless the stream descends into the
gulf

With timid lapse ;—and lo ! while in this
strait

I stand—the chasm of sky above my head
Is heaven's profoundest azure ; no domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,
Or to pass through ; but rather an abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide ;
And whose soft gloom, and boundless depth,
might tempt

The curious eye to look for them by day.
—Hail Contemplation ! from the stately
towers,

Reared by the industrious hand of human
art

To lift thee high above the misty air
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast ;
From academic groves, that have for thee
Been planted, hither come and find a lodge
To which thou mayst resort for holier
peace,—

From whose calm centre thou, through
height or depth,

Mayst penetrate, wherever truth shall lead ;
Measuring through all degrees, until the
scale

Of time and conscious nature disappear
Lost in unsearchable eternity !"

A pause ensued; and with minuter care
We scanned the various features of the
scene:

And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale
With courteous voice thus spake—

“I should have grieved
Her after, not escaping self-reproach,
If from my poor retirement ye had gone
Leaving this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,
Your unexpected presence had so roused
My spirits, that they were bent on enter-
prise;

And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,
Or, shall I say?—disdained, the game that
lurks [eyes

At my own door. The shapes before our
And their arrangement doubtless must be
deemed

The sport of Nature, aided by blind Chance
Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.
And hence, this upright shaft of unhewn
stone,

From Fancy, willing to set off her stores
By sounding titles, hath acquired the name
Of Pompey's pillar; that I gravely style
My Theban obelisk; and, there, behold
A Druid Cromlech!—thus I entertain
The antiquarian humor, and am pleased
To skim along the surfaces of things,
Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours.
But if the spirit be oppressed by sense
Of instability, revolt, decay,

And change, and emptiness, these freaks of
Nature

And her blind helper Chance, do *then* suffice
To quicken, and to aggravate—to feed
Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,
Not less than that huge Pile (from some
abyss

Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks
Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind, round
and round

Eddying within its vast circumference,
On Sarum's naked plain—than pyramid
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved—
Or Syria's marble ruins towering high
Above the sandy desert, in the light
Of sun or moon.—Forgive me, if I say
That an appearance which hath raised your
minds

To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause
Different effect producing) is for me
Fraught rather with depression than de-
light,

Though shame it were, could I not look
around.

By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.
Yet happier in my judgment, even than
you

With your bright transports fairly may be
deemed,

The wandering Herbalist,—who, clear alike
From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing
thoughts,

Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,
Upon these uncouth Forms a slight regard
Of transitory interest, and peeps round
For some rare floweret of the hills, or plant
Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for
wins,

Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won:
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed
hound

By soul-engrossing instinct driven along
Through wood or open field, the harmless
Man

Departs, intent upon his onward quest!—
Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft,
By scars which his activity has left
Besides our roads and pathways, though,
thank Heaven!

This covert nook reports not of his hand)
He who with pocket-hammer smites the
edge

Of luckless rock or prominent stone, dis-
guised

In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature
With her first growths, detaching by the
stroke

A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous
name,

And hurries on; or from the fragments
picks

His specimen, if but haply interveined
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal
cube

Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself en-
riched,

Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than be-
fore!

Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill
Range; if it please them, speed from clime
to clime;

The mind is full—and free from pain their
pastime.”

“Then,” said I, interposing, “One is
near.

Who cannot but possess in your esteem

Place Worthier still of envy. May I name,
Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-
boy?

Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,
Youngest apprentice in the school of art!
Him, as we entered from the open glen,
You might have noticed, busily engaged,
Heart, soul, and hands,—in mending the
defects

Left in the fabric of a leaky dam
Raised for enabling this penurious stream
To turn a slender mill (that new-made play-
thing)

For his delight—the happiest he of all!"

"Far happiest," answered the desponding
Man,

"If, such as now he is, he might remain!
Ah! what avails imagination high
Or question deep? what profits all that
earth,
Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put
forth

Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar
Far as she finds a yielding element
In past or future; far as she can go
Through time or space—if neither in the
one,

Nor in the other region, nor in aught
That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of
things,

Hath placed beyond these penetrable
bounds, [where
Words of assurance can be heard; if no-
A habitation, for consummate good,
Or for progressive virtue, by the search
Can be attained,—a better sanctuary
From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless
grave?"

"Is this," the gray-haired Wanderer
mildly said,

"The voice, which we so lately overheard,
To that same child, addressing tenderly
The consolations of a hopeful mind?

His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.
These were your words; and, verily, me-
thinks

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."

The Other, not displeased,
Promptly replied—"My notion is the same.
And I, without reluctance, could decline
All act of inquisition whence we rise,
And what, when breath hath ceased, we may
become

Here are we, in a bright and breathing
world.

Our origin, what matters it? In lack
Of worthier explanation, say at once
With the American (a thought which suits
The place where now we stand) that certain
men

Leapt out together from a rocky cave;
And these were the first parents of man-
kind:

Or, if a different image be recalled
By the warm sunshine, and the jocund
voice

Of insects chirping out their careless lives
On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled
turf,

Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit
As sound—blithe race! whose mantles were
bedecked

With golden grasshoppers, in sign that they
Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from
the soil

Whereon their endless generations dwelt.
But stop!—these theoretic fancies jar
On serious minds: then, as the Hindoos
draw

Their holy Ganges from a skiey fount,
Even so deduce the stream of human life
From seats of power divine; and hope, or
trust,

That our existence winds her stately course
Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part
Of a living ocean; or, to sink engulfed,
Like Niger, in impenetrable sands
And utter darkness: thought which may be
faced,

Though comfortless!—

Not of myself I speak;
Such acquiescence neither doth imply,
In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed
By natural piety; nor a lofty mind,
By philosophic discipline prepared
For calm subjection to acknowledged law;
Pleased to have been, contented not to be.
Such palms I boast not; no! to me, who
find,

Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,
Little to praise, and nothing to regret,
(Save some remembrance of dream-like
joys

That scarcely seem to have belonged to me)
If I must take my choice between the pair
That rule alternately the weary hours,
Night is than day more acceptable; sleep
Doth, in my estimate of good, appear
A better state than waking; death than
sleep:

Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
Though under covert of the wormy ground!

Yet be it said, in justice to myself,
That in more genial times, when I was free

To explore the destiny of human kind
(Not as an intellectual game pursued
With curious subtilty, from wish to cheat
Irk some sensations; but by love of truth
Urged on, or haply by intense delight
In feeding thought, wherever thought could feed)

I did not rank with those (too dull or nice,
For to my judgment such they then appeared,

Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive
An object whereunto their souls are tied
In discontented wedlock; nor did e'er,
From me, those dark impervious shades,
that hang

Upon the region whither we are bound,
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams
Of present sunshine.—Deities that float
On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse
O'er what from eldest time we have been told

Of your bright forms and glorious faculties,
And with the imagination rest content,
Not wishing more; repining not to tread
The little sinuous path of earthly care,
By flowers embellished, and by springs refreshed.

—Blow winds of autumn!—let your chilling breath

Take the live herbage from the mead, and
The shady forest of its green attire,—
And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse

The gentle brooks!—Your desolating sway,
Sheds,' I exclaimed, 'no sadness upon me,
And no disorder in your rage I find.

What dignity, what beauty, in this change
From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,
Alternate and revolving! How benign,
How rich in animation and delight,

How bountiful these elements—compared
With aught, as more desirable and fair,
Devised by fancy for the golden age;

Or the perpetual warbling that prevails
In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,
Through the long year in constant quiet bound,

Night hushed as night, and day serene as day!

—But why this tedious record?—Age, we know,

Is garrulous; and solitude is apt
To anticipate the privilege of Age.
From far ye come; and surely with a hope
Of better entertainment:—let us hence!"

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more loth

To be diverted from our present theme,
I said, "My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with yours,

Would push this censure farther;—for, if smiles

Of scornful pity be the just reward
Of Poesy thus courteously employed
In framing models to improve the scheme
Of Man's existence, and recast the world,
Why should not grave Philosophy be styled,
Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock.

A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?
Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts
Establish sounder titles of esteem
For her, who (all too timid and reserved
For onset, for resistance too inert,
Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame)

Placed, among flowery gardens curtained round

With world-excluding groves, the brotherhood

Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they
The ends of being would secure, and win
The crown of wisdom—to yield up their souls

To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,"
I cried, "More worthy of regard, the Power
Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed
The Stoic's heart against the vain approach
Of admiration, and all sense of joy?"

His countenance gave notice that my zeal
Accorded little with his present mind;
I ceased, and he resumed.—"Ah! gentle Sir,

Slight, if you will, the *means*; but spare to slight

The *end* of those, who did, by system, rank,
As the prime object of a wise man's aim,
Security from shock of accident,
Release from fear; and cherished peaceful days

For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief good,

And only reasonable felicity.
What motive drew, what impulse, I would ask,

Through a long course of later ages, drove
The hermit to his cell in forest wide;

Or what detained him, till his closing eyes
Took their last farewell of the Sun and
stars,

Fast anchored in the desert?—Not alone
Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,
Wrongs unredeemed, or insults unavenged
And unavengable, defeated pride,
Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,
Love with despair, or grief in agony;—
Not always from intolerable pangs
He fled; but, compassed round by pleasure,
sighed

For independent happiness; craving peace,
The central feeling of all happiness.
Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
But for its absolute self; a life of peace,
Stability without regret or fear;
That hath been, is, and shall be evermore!—
Such the reward he sought; and wore out
life,
There, where on few external things his
heart
Was set, and those his own; or, if not his,
Subsisting under nature's steadfast law.

What other yearning was the master tie
Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock
Aërial, or in green secluded vale,
One after one, collected from afar,
An undissolving fellowship?—What but
this,

The universal instinct of repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime:
The life where hope and memory are as
one;

Where earth is quiet and her face unchanged
Save by the simplest toil of human hands
Or seasons' difference; the immortal Soul
Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed
To meditation in that quietness!—
Such was their scheme: and though the
wished-for end

By multitudes was missed, perhaps attained
By none, they for the attempt, and pains
employed,

Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed
From the unqualified disdain that once
Would have been cast upon them by my
voice

Delivering her decisions from the seat
Of forward youth—that scruples not to solve
Doubts, and determine questions, by the
rules

Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone

To overweening faith; and is inflamed,
By courage, to demand from real life
The test of act and suffering, to provoke
Hostility—how dreadful when it comes,
Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

A child of earth, I rested, in that stage
Of my past course to which these thoughts
advert,

Upon earth's native energies; forgetting
That mine was a condition which required
Nor energy, nor fortitude—a calm
Without vicissitude; which, if the like
Had been presented to my view elsewhere,
I might have even been tempted to despise.
But no—for the serene was also bright;
Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,
With joy, and—oh! that memory should
survive

To speak the word—with rapture! Nature's
Life's genuine inspiration, happiness
Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign;
Abused, as all possessions *are* abused
That are not prized according to their worth.
And yet, what worth? what good is given
to men,

More solid than the gilded clouds of heaven?
What joy more lasting than a vernal flower?
None! 'tis the general plaint of human kind
In solitude: and mutually addressed
From each to all, for wisdom's sake:—This
truth

The priest announces from his holy seat:
And, crowned with garlands in the summer
grove,

The poet fits it to his pensive lyre.
Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,
Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom
Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
That the prosperities of love and joy
Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure
So long, and be at once cast down forever.
Oh! tremble, ye, to whom hath been as-
signed

A course of days composing happy months,
And they as happy years; the present still
So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
Of a congenial future, that the wheels
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:
For Mutability is Nature's bane;
And slighted Hope *will* be avenged; and
when

Ye need her favors, ye shall find her not;
But in her stead—fear—doubt—and agony!"

This was the bitter language of the heart:
But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of
voice,

Though discomposed and vehement, were
such

As skill and graceful nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, beset
With dark events. Desirous to divert
Or stem the current of the speaker's
thoughts,

We signified a wish to leave that place
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
That seemed for self-examination made ;
Or for confession, in the sinner's need,
Hidden from all men's view. To our at-
tempt

He yielded not ; but, pointing to a slope
Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
And on that couch inviting us to rest,
Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
A serious eye, and his speech thus renewed.

“ You never saw, your eyes did never look
On the bright form of Her whom once I
loved :—

Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A sound unknown to you ; else, honored
Friend !

Your heart had borne a pitiable share
Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
And suffer now, not seldom, from my
thought

That I remember, and can weep no more.—
Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
Of self esteem ; and by the cutting blasts
Of self-reproach familiarly assailed ;
Yet would I not be of such wintry bareness
But that some leaf of your regard should
hang

Upon my naked branches :—lively thoughts
Give birth, full often, to unguarded words ;
I grieve that, in your presence, from my
tongue

Too much of frailty hath already dropped ;
But that too much demands still more.

You know,
Revered Compatriot—and to you, kind Sir,
(Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come
Following the guidance of these welcome
feet

To our secluded vale) it may be told—
That my demerits did not sue in vain
To One on whose mild radiance many gazed
With hope, and all with pleasure. This fair
Bride—

In the devotedness of youthful love,
Preferring me to parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
And all known places and familiar sights

(Resigned with sadness gently weighing
down

Her trembling expectations, but no more
Than did to her due honor, and to me
Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
In what I had to build upon)—this Bride,
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
To a low cottage in a sunny bay,
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
On Devon's leafy shores ;—a sheltered hold,
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty !—As our steps
Approach the embowered abode—our chosen
seat—

See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
The unendangered myrtle, decked with
flowers,

Before the threshold stands to welcome us !
While, in the flowering myrtle's neighbor-
hood,

Not overlooked but courting no regard,
Those native plants, the holly and the yew,
Gave modest intimation to the mind
How willingly their aid they would unite
With the green myrtle, to endear the hours
Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.

—Wild were the walks upon those lonely
Downs, [worn

Track leading into track ; how marked, how
Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse,
Winding away its never ending line
On their smooth surface, evidence was none :
But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,
A range of unappropriated earth,
Where youth's ambitious feet might move at
large ;

Whence, unmolested wanderers. We beheld
The shining giver of the day diffuse
His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land
Gay as our spirits, free as our desires ;
As our enjoyments, boundless.—From those
heights

We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan combs
Where arbors of impenetrable shade,
And mossy seats, detained us side by side,
With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our
hearts

‘ That all the grove and all the day was
ours.’

O happy time ! still happier was at hand :
For Nature called my Partner to resign
Her share in the pure freedom of that life,
Enjoyed by us in common.—To my hope,
To my heart's wish, my tender Mate be-
came

The thankful captive of maternal bonds ;
 And those wild paths were left to me alone.
 There could I meditate on follies past ;
 And, like a weary voyager escaped
 From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
 A course of vain delights and thoughtless
 guilt,
 And self-indulgence—without shame pur-
 sued.
 There, undisturbed, could think of and could
 thank
 Her whose submissive power was to me
 Rule and restraint—my guardian—shall I
 say
 That earthly Providence, whose guiding
 love
 Within a port of rest had lodged me safe :
 Safe from temptation, and from danger far ?
 Strains followed of acknowledgment ad-
 dressed
 To an Authority enthroned above
 The reach of sight ; from whom, as from
 their source,
 Proceed all visible ministers of good
 That walk the earth—Father of heaven and
 earth,
 Father, and king, and judge, adored and
 feared !
 These acts of mind, and memory, and heart,
 And spirit—interrupted and relieved
 By observations transient as the glance
 Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward form
 Cleaving with power inherent and intense,
 As the mute insect fixed upon the plant
 On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from
 whose cup
 It draws its nourishment imperceptibly—
 Endeared my wanderings ; and the mother's
 kiss
 And infant's smile awaited my return.

In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,
 Companions daily, often all day long ;
 Not placed by fortune within easy reach
 Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
 Beyond the allowance of our own fire-side,
 The twain within our happy cottage born,
 Inmates and heirs of our united love ;
 Graced mutually by difference of sex,
 And with no wider interval of time
 Between their several births than served for
 one
 To establish something of a leader's sway ;
 Yet left them joined by sympathy in age ;
 Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
 On these two pillars rested as in air
Our solitude.

It soothes me to perceive,
 Your courtesy withhold not from my words
 Attentive audience. But, oh ! gentle Friends,
 As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
 Though, for a nation, times of blessedness,
 Give back faint echoes from the historian's
 page ;

So, in the imperfect sounds of this discourse,
 Depressed I hear how faithless is the voice
 Which those most blissful days reverberate.
 What special record can, or need, be given
 To rules and habits, whereby much was
 done,

But all within the sphere of little things ;
 Of humble, though, to us, important cares,
 And precious interests? Smoothly did our
 life

Advance, swerving not from the path pre-
 scribed ;

Her annual, her diurnal, round alike
 Maintained with faithful care. And you
 divine

The worst effects that our condition saw
 If you imagine changes slowly wrought,
 And in their progress unperceivable ;
 Not wished for ; sometimes noticed with a
 sigh,

(Whate'er of good or lovely they might
 bring)

Sighs of regret, for the familiar good
 And loveliness endeared which they re-
 moved.

Seven years of occupation undisturbed
 Established seemingly a right to hold
 That happiness ; and use and habit gave
 To what an alien spirit had acquired
 A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,
 With thoughts and wishes bounded to this
 world,

I lived and breathed ; most grateful—if to
 enjoy

Without repining or desire for more,
 For different lot, or change to higher
 sphere,

(Only except some impulses of pride
 With no determined object, though upheld
 By theories with suitable support)—
 Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy
 Be proof of gratitude for what we have ;
 Else, I allow, most thankless.—But, at once,
 From some dark seat of fatal power was
 urged

A claim that shattered all.—Our blooming
 girl,
 Caught in the gripe of death, with such brief
 time

To struggle in as scarcely would allow

Her cheek to change its color, was conveyed
From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
Where height, or depth, admits not the approach

Of living man, though longing to pursue.
—With even as brief a warning—and how soon,

With what short interval of time between,
I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,
Our happy life's only remaining stay—
The brother followed; and was seen no more!

Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained; as if in her,
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,
This second visitation had no power
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,
Mine was unable to attain. Immense
The space that severed us. But, as the sight

Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs
Incalculably distant; so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far
(And that is intercourse, and union, too,)
While, overcome with speechless gratitude,
And, with a holier love inspired, I looked
On her—at once superior to my woes
And partner of my loss.—O heavy change!
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept
Insensibly; the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure glory,
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched ambition drops astounded, fell
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish—of itself ashamed,
Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
And, so consumed, she melted from my arms;

And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!

What followed cannot be reviewed in thought;
Much less, retraced in words. If she, of life

Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
And all the tender motions of the soul,
Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand—

Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought;
conjured

Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer; to the grave I spake
Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the Heavens

If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,
If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield

Of the departed spirit—what abode
It occupies—what consciousness retains
Of former loves and interests. Then my soul

Turned inward,—to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters are composed; and life was put

To inquisition, long and profitless!
By pain of heart—now checked—and now impelled—

The intellectual power, through words and things,

Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
And from those transports, and these coils
abstruse,

Some trace am I enabled to retain
Of time, else lost;—existing unto me
Only by records in myself not found.

From that abstraction I was roused,—and how?

Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread
Bastile,

With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
Fell to the ground:—by violence overthrown

Of indignation; and with shouts that drowned

The crash it made in falling. From the wreck

A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
The appointed seat of equitable law
And mild paternal sway. The potent shock
I felt: the transformation I perceived,
As marvellously seized as in that moment
When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld

Glory—beyond all glory ever seen,
Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic
harps

In every grove were ringing, 'War shall cease;

Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers,
to deck

The tree of Liberty.'—My heart rebounded:
My melancholy voice the chorus joined:

—' Be joyful all ye nations ; in all lands,
Ye that are capable of joy be glad !
Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to your-
selves
In others ye shall promptly find ; and all,
Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
Shall with one heart honor their common
kind.'

Thus was I reconverted to the world ;
Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children.— From the
depths
Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
Of institutions, and the forms of things ;
As they exist, in mutable array,
Upon life's surface. What, though in my
veins
There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I
breathed
The air of France, not less than Gallic zeal
Kindled and burnt among the sapless twigs
Of my exhausted heart. If busy men
In sober conclave met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should
stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation, crowds in open air
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my
voice
There mingled, heard or not. The powers
of song
I left not uninvoked ; and, in still groves,
Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive
lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord
With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
Returned,—a progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
—With promises the Hebrew Scriptures
teem ;
I felt their invitation ; and resumed
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing phrase
Of ancient inspiration serving me,
I promised also,—with undaunted trust
Fretted, and added prayer to prophecy ;
The admiration winning of the crowd ;
The help desiring of the pure devout.

Scorn and contempt forbid me to pro-
ceed !

But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell
How rapidly the zealots of the cause
Disbanded—or in hostile ranks appeared ;

Some, tired of honest service ; these, out-
done,
Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims
Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to
exclaim,
As Brutus did to Virtue, ' Liberty,
I worshipped thee, and find thee but a
Shade !'

Such recantation had for me no charm,
Nor would I bend to it ; who should have
grieved
At aught, however fair, that bore the mien
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simply
good
In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whence it
came ;
And, by what compromise it stood, not
nice ?
Enough if notions seemed to be high-
pitched,
And qualities determined.—Among men
So charactered did I maintain a strife
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every
hour ;
But, in the process, I began to feel
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my
own,
And be in part compensated. For rights,
Widely—inveterately usurped upon,
I spake with vehemence ; and promptly
seized
All that Abstraction furnished for my
needs
Or purposes ; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I re-
joiced,
Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant
course,
For its own sake ; but farthest from the
walk
Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind ;
That, in a struggling and distempered
world,
Saw a seductive image of herself.
Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man
Is still the sport ! Here Nature was my
guide,
The Nature of the dissolute ; but thee,
O fostering Nature ! I rejected—smiled
At others' tears in pity ; and in scorn

At those which thy soft influence sometimes
drew

From my unguarded heart.—The tranquil
shores

Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhaps
I might have been entangled among deeds,
Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor—
Despise, as senseless; for my spirit relished
Strangely the exasperation of that Lan. I,
Which turned an angry beak against the
down

Of her own breast; confounded into hope
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.

But all was quieted by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil action, yielded to a power
Formal, and odious, and contemptible
—In Britain, ruled a panic dread of change,
The weak were praised, rewarded, and ad-
vanced;

And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
Once more did I retire into myself.

There feeling no contentment, I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,
Remote from Europe; from her blasted
hopes,
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air

Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the At-
lantic Main

The ship went gliding with her thoughtless
crew;

And who among them but an Exile, freed
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit
Among the busily-employed, not more
With obligation charged, with service taxed,
Than the loose pendant—to the idle wind
Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye
Powers

Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,
O, never let the Wretched, if a choice
Be left him, trust the freight of his distress
To a long voyage on the silent deep!
For, like a plague, will memory break out;
And, in the blank and solitude of things,
Upon his spirit, with a fever's strength,
Will conscience pray.—Feebly must they
have felt

Who, in old time, attired with snakes and
whips

The vengeful Furies *Beautiful* regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I loved;
The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!

Where now that boasted liberty? No wel-
come

[those
From unknown objects I received; and
Known and familiar, which the vaulted sky
Did, in the placid clearness of the night,
Disclose, had accusations to prefer
Against my peace. Within the cabin stood
That volume—as a compass for the soul—
Revered among the nations. I implored
Its guidance; but the infallible support
Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why refused
To One by storms annoyed and adverse
winds;
Perplexed with currents; of his weakness
sick;

Of vain endeavors tired; and by his own,
And by his nature's, ignorance dismayed!

Long-wished for sight, the Western World
appeared;
And, when the ship was moored, I leaped
ashore

Indignantly—resolved to be a man,
Who, having o'er the past no power, would
live

No longer in subjection to the past,
With abject mind—from a tyrannic lord
Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured:
So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared
Some boundary, which his followers may not
cross

In prosecution of their deadly chase,
Respiring I looked round.—How bright the
sun,

The breeze how soft! Can anything pro-
duced

In the whole world compare, thought I, for
power

And majesty with this gigantic stream,
Sprung from the desert? And behold a city
Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are
these

To me, or I to them? As much at least
As he desires that they should be, whom
winds

And waves have wafted to this distant shore,
In the condition of a damaged seed,
Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take root.
Here may I roam at large;—my business is,
Roaming at large, to observe, and not to feel
And, therefore, not to act—convinced that
all

Which bears the name of action, howsoever
Beginning, ends in servitude—still painful,
And mostly profitless. And, sooth to say
On nearer view, a motley spectacle
Appeared, of high pretensions—unreproved

But by the obstreperous voice of higher still ;
 Big passion strutting on a petty stage ;
 Which a detached spectator may regard
 Not unamused.—But ridicule demands
 Quick change of objects ; and, to laugh alone,
 At a composing distance from the haunts
 Of strife and folly, though it be a treat
 As choice as musing Leisure can bestow ;
 Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
 To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
 Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,
 Of all unsocial courses, is least fit
 For the gross spirit of mankind,—the one
 That soonest fails to please, and quickest
 turns
 Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,
 Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge
 Of her own passions ; and to regions haste,
 Whose shades have never felt the encroach-
 ing axe,
 Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
 Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
 Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak
 In combination, (wherefore else driven back
 So far, and of his old inheritance
 So easily deprived ?) but, for that cause,
 More dignified, and stronger in himself ;
 Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy
 True, the intelligence of social art
 Hath overpowered his forefathers, and soon
 Will sweep the remnant of his line away ;
 But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
 Than her destructive energies, attend
 His independence, when along the side
 Of Mississippi, or that northern stream
 That spreads into successive seas, he walks ;
 Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,
 And his innate capacities of soul,
 There imaged : or when, having gained the
 top
 Of some commanding eminence, which yet
 Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
 Regions of wood and wide savanna, vast
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,
 With mind that sheds a light on what he
 sees ;
 Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,
 Pouring above his head its radiance down
 Upon a living and rejoicing world !

So, westward, tow'rd the unviolated woods
 I bent my way ; and, roaming far and wide,
 Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird ;

And, while the melancholy Muccawiss
 (The sportive bird's companion in the grove)
 Repeated, o'er and o'er, his plaintive cry,
 I sympathized at leisure with the sound ;
 But that pure archetype of human greatness,
 I found him not. There, in his stead, ap-
 peared

A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure ;
 Remorseless, and submissive to no law
 But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.

Enough is told ! Here am I—ye have
 heard

What evidence I seek, and vainly seek ;
 What from my fellow-beings I require,
 And either they have not to give, or I
 Lack virtue to receive ; what I myself,
 Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost
 Nor can regain. How languidly I look
 Upon this visible fabric of the world,
 May be divined—perhaps it hath been
 said :—

But spare your pity, if there be in me
 Aught that deserves respect : for I exist,
 Within myself, not comfortless.—The tenor
 Which my life holds, he readily may conceive
 Whoe'er hath stood to watch a mountain
 brook

In some still passage of its course, and seen,
 Within the depths of its capacious breast,
 Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure sky ;
 And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
 And conglobated bubbles un-
 dissolved,
 Numerous as stars ; that, by their onward
 lapse,

Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
 Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
 A softened roar or murmur ; and the sound
 Though soothing, and the little floating isles
 Though beautiful, are both by Nature
 charged

With the same pensive office : and make
 known

Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt
 Precipitations, and untoward straits,
 The earth-born wanderer hath passed ; and
 quickly,

That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
 Must he again encounter.—Such a stream
 Is human Life ; and so the Spirit fares
 In the best quiet to her course allowed ;
 And such is mine,—save only for a hope
 That my particular current soon will reach
 The unfathomable gulf, where all is still !”

BOOK FOURTH.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

ARGUMENT.

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative—A belief in a superintending Providence the only adequate support under affliction—Wanderer's ejaculation—Acknowledges the difficulty of a lively faith—Hence immoderate sorrow—Exhortations—How received—Wanderer applies his discourse to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind—Disappointment from the French Revolution—States grounds of hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude with respect to the course of great revolutions—Knowledge the source of tranquillity—Rural Solitude favorable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recommended; exhortation to bodily exertion and communion with Nature—Morbid Solitude pitiable—Superstition better than apathy—Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of society—The various modes of Religion prevented it—Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of belief—Solitary interposes—Wanderer points out the influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the humble ranks of society, illustrated from present and past times—These principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and popery—Wanderer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous littleness of certain modern Philosophers—Recommends other lights and guides—Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate herself; Solitary asks how—Reply—Personal appeal—Exhortation to activity of body renewed—How to commune with Nature—Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union of the imagination, affections, understanding, and reason—Effect of his discourse—Evening; Return to the Cottage.

HERE closed the Tenant of that lonely vale
His mournful narrative—commenced in pain,
In pain commenced, and ended without
peace:

Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with strains
Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;
And yielding surely some relief to his,
While we sat listening with compassion due.
A pause of silence followed; then, with voice
That did not falter though the heart was
moved,

The Wanderer said:—

“One adequate support

For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
—The darts of anguish fix not where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme
For time and for eternity; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,
To the dishonor of his holy name.
Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the
world!

Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and thine!”

Then, as we issued from that covert nook,
He thus continued, lifting up his eyes
To Heaven:—“How beautiful this dome of
sky;

And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful! Shall the
Soul,

Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these?—Be mute who will,
who can,

Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice:
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget thee here: where thou hast
built,

For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold

Reared for thy presence: therefore, I am
bound

To worship, here, and everywhere—as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to
tread,

From childhood up, the ways of poverty;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued.—By thy
grace

The particle divine remained unquenched;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless
flowers,

From paradise transplanted; wintry age
 Impends; the frost will gather round my
 heart;
 If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
 —Come, labor, when the worn-out frame re-
 quires
 Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;
 And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
 But leave me unabated trust in thee—
 And let thy favor, to the end of life,
 Inspire me with ability to seek
 Repose and hope among eternal things—
 Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
 And will possess my portion in content!

And what are things eternal?—powers
 depart,"
 The gray-haired Wanderer steadfastly re-
 plied,
 Answering the question which himself had
 asked,
 "Possessions vanish, and opinion change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
 But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
 Duty exists;—immutably survive,
 For our support, the measures and the forms,
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies;
 Whose kingdom is where time and space are
 not.
 Of other converse which mind, soul, and
 heart,
 Do, with united urgency, require,
 What more that may not perish?—Thou,
 dread source,
 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
 That in the scale of being fill their place;
 Above our human region, or below,
 Set and sustained;—thou, who didst wrap
 the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion undis-
 turbed;
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual
 care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense
 And reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou
 alone
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
 Which thou includest, as the sea her waves:
 For adoration thou endur'st; endure
 For consciousness the motions of thy will;
 For apprehension those transcendent truths

Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
 (Submission constituting strength and
 power)
 Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!
 This universe shall pass away—a work
 Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,
 A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
 Ah! if the time must come, in which my
 feet
 No more shall stray where meditation leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy
 wild,
 Loved haunts like these; the unimprisoned
 Mind
 May yet have scope to range among her
 own,
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
 Still, it may be allowed me to remember
 What visionary powers of eye and soul
 In youth were mine; when, stationed on
 the top
 Of some Juge hill—expectant, I beheld
 The sun rise up, from distant climes re-
 turned
 Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring
 the day
 His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the
 deep
 Sink with a retinue of flaming clouds
 Attended; then, my spirit was entranced
 With joy exalted to beatitude;
 The measure of my soul was filled with
 bliss,
 And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with
 light,
 With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!

Those fervent raptures are forever flown;
 And, since their date, my soul hath under-
 gone
 Change manifold, for better or for worse:
 Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
 Heavenward; and chide the part of me that
 flags,
 Through sinful choice; or dread necessity
 On human nature from above imposed
 'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
 Earth to despise; but, to converse with
 heaven—
 This is not easy:—to relinquish all
 We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,
 And stand in freedom loosened from this
 world,
 I deem not arduous; but must needs con-
 fess
 That 'tis a thing impossible to frame

Conceptions equal to the soul's desires ;
And the most difficult of tasks to *keep*
Heights which the soul is competent to
gain.

—Man is of dust . ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves
aloft,

Vant due consistence ; like a pillar of
smoke,

That with majestic energy from earth
Rises ; but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen.
From this infirmity of mortal kind

Sorrow proceeds, which else were not ; at
least, [dained,

If grief be something hallowed and or-
If in proportion it be just and meet,
Yet, through this weakness of the general
heart,

Is it enabled to maintain its hold
In that excess which conscience disap-
proves.

For who could sink and settle to that point
Of selfishness ; so senseless who could be
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix

A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,
Which reason promises, and holy writ
Ensures to all believers?—Yet mistrust

Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch ; despondency far less ;
And, least of all, is absolute despair.

—And, if there be whose tender frames
have drooped

Even to the dust ; apparently, through
weight

Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
An agonizing sorrow to transmute ;

Deem not that proof is here of hope with-
held

When wanted most ; a confidence impaired
So pitifully that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down by
love

Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh ! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
Too clearly ; feels too vividly ; and longs
To realize the vision, with intense

And over-constant yearning ;—there—there
lies

The excess, by which the balance is de-
stroyed.

Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual
orbs,

Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy, and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its
course

Along the line of limitless desires
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,
I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore
Are glorified ; or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless
love.

Hope below this consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts ;
Hope below this consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

Here then we rest not fearing for our
creed,

The worst that human reasoning can
achieve,

To unsettle or perplex it : yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
That, though immovably convinced, we
want

Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
As soldiers live by courage ; as, by strength
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas ! the endowment of immortal power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,

And domineering faculties of sense
In *all* ; in most with superadded foes,
Idle temptations ; open vanities,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing
world ;

And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains?—
To seek

Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them ; vows, re-
newed

On the first motion of a holy thought ;
Vigils of contemplation ; praise ; and pray-
er— [heart

A stream, which, from the fountain of the
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.

But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue,
strives

To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—conscience revered and
obeyed,

As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
 And his most perfect image in the world.
 --Endeavor thus to live; these rules regard,
 These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
 Shall then be yours among the happy few
 Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal
 air,
 Sons of the morning. For your nobler
 part,
 Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
 Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased
 away;
 With only such degree of sadness left
 As may support longings of pure desire;
 And strengthened love, rejoicing secretly
 In the sublime attractions of the grave."

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
 Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
 His judgments, near that lonely house we
 paced,
 A plot of green-sward, seemingly preserved
 By nature's care from wreck of scattered
 stones,
 And from encroachment of encircling heath:
 Small space! but, for reiterated steps,
 Smooth and commodious; as a stately deck
 Which to and fro the mariner is used
 To tread for pastime, talking with his mates,
 Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,
 While the ship glides before a steady breeze.
 Stillness prevailed around us: and the voice
 That spake was capable to lift the soul
 Toward regions yet more tranquil. But methought
 That he, whose fixed dependency had
 given
 Impulse and motive to that strong discourse,
 Was less upraised in spirit than abashed;
 Shrinking from admonition, like a man
 Who feels that to exhort is to reproach.
 Yet not to be diverted from his aim,
 The Sage continued:—"For that other loss,
 The loss of confidence in social man,
 By the unexpected transports of our age
 Carried so high that every thought which
 looked
 Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind
 To many seemed superfluous—as no cause
 Could e'er for such exalted confidence
 Exist; so, none is now for fixed despair;
 The two extremes are equally disowned
 By reason: if, with sharp recoil, from one
 You have been driven far as its opposite,

Between them seek the point whereon to
 build
 Sound expectations. So doth he advise
 Who shared at first the illusion; but was
 soon
 Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
 Which Nature gently gave, in woods and
 fields;
 Nor unproved by Providence, thus speak
 ing
 To the inattentive children of the world:
 'Vain-glorious Generation! what new pow-
 ers
 On you have been conferred? what gifts,
 withheld
 From your progenitors, have ye received,
 Fit recompense of new desert? what claim
 Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees
 For you should undergo a sudden change;
 And the weak functions of one busy day,
 Reclaiming and extirpating, perform
 What all the slowly moving years of time,
 With their united force, have left undone?
 By nature's gradual processes be taught;
 By story be confounded! Ye aspire
 Rashly, to fall once more; and that false
 fruit,
 Which, to your over-weening spirits, yields
 Hope of a flight celestial, will produce
 Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her
 sons
 Shall not the less, though late, be justified.'

Such timely warning," said the Wanderer, "gave
 That visionary voice; and, at this day,
 When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
 The groaning nations; when the impious
 rule,
 By will or by established ordinance,
 Their own dire agents, and constrain the
 good
 To acts which they abhor; though I bewail
 This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
 Prevents me not from owning, that the law,
 By which mankind now suffers, is most just.
 For by superior energies; more strict
 Affiance in each other; faith more firm
 In their unhallowed principles; the bad
 Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
 The vacillating, inconsistent good.
 Therefore, not unconsolated, I wait—in hope
 To see the moment when the righteous
 cause
 Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
 As they who have opposed her; in which
 Virtue

Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
That are not lofty as her rights ; aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
That spirit only can redeem mankind ;
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall *our* triumph be complete as
theirs.

Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the
wise

Have still the keeping of their proper peace ;
Are guardians of their own tranquillity.

They act, or they recede, observe, and feel ;
' Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances

Still roll ; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate ; whose strong efforts are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress ;

*And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man !* *

Happy is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures,—to the end that he may find
The law that governs each ; and where
begins

The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree, among all visible Beings ;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—
And cannot fall beneath ; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of
things ;

Up from the creeping plant to sovereign
Man.

Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love,
For knowledge is delight ; and such de-
light

Breeds love : yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love than to adore ;
If that be not indeed the highest love ! "

" Yet," said I, tempted here to interpose,
" The dignity of life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart ; and he
Is a still happier man, who, for those
heights

Of speculation not unfit, descends ;
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior kinds ; not merely those
That he may call his own, and which de-
pend,

As individual objects of regard,
Upon his care, from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond ;
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
And solitude, that they do favor most
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,
These pure sensations ; that can penetrate
The obstreperous city ; on the barren seas
Are not unfelt ; and much might recom-
mend,
How much they might inspirit and endear,
The loneliness of this sublime retreat ! "

" Yes," said the Sage, resuming the dis-
course

Again directed to his downcast Friend,
" If, with the froward will and grovelling
soul

Of man, offended, liberty is here,
And invitation every hour renewed,
To mark *their* placid state who never
heard

Of a command which they have power to
break,

Or rule which they are tempted to trans-
gress :

These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold ; their knowledge register ;
Observe their ways ; and, free from envy,
find

Complacency there :—but wherefore this to
you ?

I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth
The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold
Into a ' feathery bunch,' feeds at your hand.
A box, perchance, is from your casement
hung

For the small wren to build in ;—not in
vain,

The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep abiding place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly ; and
soars,

Small creature as he is, from earth's bright
flowers,

Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness : the Soul ascends
Drawn towards her native firmament of
heaven,

When the fresh eagle, in the month of
May,

Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This shaded valley leaves, and leaves the
dark

Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing

* Danicl.

A proud communication, with the sun
 Low sunk beneath the horizon!—List!—I
 heard,
 From yon huge breast of rock, a voice sent
 forth
 As if the visible mountain made the cry.
 Again!—The effect upon the soul was
 such
 As he expressed: from out the mountain's
 heart
 The solemn voice appeared to issue, start-
 ling
 The blank air—for the region all around
 Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent
 Save for that single cry, the unanswer'd bleat
 Of a poor lamb—left somewhere to itself,
 The plaintive spirit of the solitude!
 He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
 'Thro' consciousness that silence in such
 place
 Was best, the most affecting eloquence.
 But soon his thoughts returned upon them-
 selves,
 And, in soft tone of speech, thus he re-
 resumed.

“ Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,
 Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled
 Too easily, despise or overlook
 The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
 Her sad dependence upon time, and all
 The trepidations of mortality,
 What place so destitute and void—but
 there
 The little flower her vanity shall check;
 The trailing worm reprove her thoughtless
 pride?

These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,
 Does that benignity pervade that warms
 The mole contented with her darksome
 walk
 In the cold ground; and to the emmet gives
 Her foresight, and intelligence that makes
 The tiny creatures strong by social league;
 Supports the generations, multiplies
 Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain
 Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills—
 Their labor, covered, as a lake with waves;
 Thousands of cities, in the desert place,
 Built up of life, and food, and means of
 life!
 Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,
 Creatures that in communities exist,
 Less, as might seem, for general guardian-
 ship
 Or through dependence upon mutual aid,

Than by participation of delight
 And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
 What other spirit can it be that prompts
 The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
 Their sports together in the solar beam,
 Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?
 More obviously the self-same influence rules
 The feathered kinds; the fieldfare's pensive
 flock,
 The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,
 Hovering above these inland solitudes,
 By the rough wind unscattered, at whose
 call [vaes
 Up through the trenches of the long-drawn
 Their voyage was begun: nor is its power
 Unfelt among the sedentary fowl
 That seek yon pool, and there prolong their
 stay
 In silent congress; or together roused
 Take flight; while with their clang the air
 resounds.
 And, over all, in that ethereal vault,
 Is the mute company of changeful clouds;
 Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
 The rainbow smiling on the faded storm;
 The mild assemblage of the starry heavens;
 And the great sun, earth's universal lord!

How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
 Who seeks not; and to him who hath not
 asked
 Large measure shall be dealt. Three
 sabbath-days
 Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
 Of mere humanity, you climb those heights;
 And what a marvellous and heavenly show
 Was suddenly revealed!—the swains moved
 on,
 And heeded not: you lingered, you per-
 ceived
 And felt, deeply as living man could feel.
 There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
 And inward self-disparagement affords
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast.
 Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,
 You judge unthankfully: distempered
 nerves
 Infect the thoughts: the languor of the
 frame
 Depresses the soul's vigor. Quit your
 couch—
 Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell;
 Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed from
 heaven
 Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
 Look down upon your taper, through a
 watch

Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.
 Take courage and withdraw yourself from
 ways
 That run not parallel to nature's course.
 Rise with the lark! your matins shall
 obtain
 Grace, be their composition what it may,
 If but with hers performed; climb once
 again,
 Climb every day, those ramparts; meet the
 breeze
 Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee
 That from your garden thither soars, to
 feed
 On new-blown heath; let yon commanding
 rock
 Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the
 stone
 In thunder down the mountains; with all
 your might
 Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red
 deer
 Fly to those harbors, driven by hound and
 horn
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the pur-
 suit;
 So, wearied to your hut shall you return,
 And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
 A kindling eye:—accordant feelings rushed
 Into my bosom, whence these words broke
 forth:
 "Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous
 health,
 To have a body (this our vital frame
 With shrinking sensibility endued,
 And all the nice regards of flesh and
 blood)
 And to the elements surrender it
 As if it were a spirit!—How divine,
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens
 And mountainous retirements, only trod
 By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
 To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
 That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
 Be as a presence or a motion—one
 Among the many there; and while the
 mists
 Flying, and rainy vapors, call out shapes
 And phantoms from the crags and solid
 earth
 As fast as musician scatters sounds

Out of an instrument; and while the
 streams
 (As at a first creation and in haste
 To exercise their untried faculties)
 Descending from the region of the clouds,
 And starting from the hollows of the earth
 More multitudinous every moment, rend
 Their way before them—what a joy to
 roam
 An equal among mightiest energies;
 And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
 'Rage on, ye elements! let moon and stars
 Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn
 With this commotion (ruinous though it be)
 From day to night, from night to day, pro-
 longed!'"
 "Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from
 my lips
 The strain of transport, "whosoe'er in
 youth
 Has, through ambition of his soul, given
 way
 To such desires, and grasped at such de-
 light,
 Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long,
 In spite of all the weakness that life brings,
 Its cares and sorrows; he, though taught
 to own
 The tranquillizing power of time, shall
 wake,
 Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness—
 Loving the sports which once he gloried in.

Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry's
 hills,
 The streams far distant of your native glen;
 Yet is their form and image here expressed
 With brotherly resemblance. Turn your
 steps
 Wherever fancy leads; by day, by night,
 Are various engines working, not the same
 As those with which your soul in youth was
 moved,
 But by the great Artificer endowed
 With no inferior power. You dwell alone;
 You walk, you live, you speculate alone;
 Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign
 prince,
 For you a stately gallery maintain
 Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,
 Have acted, suffered, travelled far, ob-
 served
 With no incurious eye; and books are
 yours,
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies

Preserved from age to age ; more precious
 far
 Than that accumulated store of gold
 And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
 The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
 These hoards of truth you can unlock at
 will :
 And music waits upon your skilful touch,
 Sounds which the wandering shepherd from
 these heights
 Hears, and forgets his purpose ;—furnished
 thus,
 How can you droop, if willing to be up-
 raised ?

A piteous lot it were to flee from Man—
 Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose
 hours
 Are by domestic pleasures uncaressed
 And unenlivened ; who exists whole years
 Apart from benefits received or done
 'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd ;
 Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear
 Of the world's interests—such a one hath
 need
 Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,
 That, for the day's consumption, books may
 yield
 Food not unwholesome ; earth and air
 correct
 His morbid humor, with delight supplied
 Or solace, varying, as the seasons change.
 — Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her
 haunts of ease
 And easy contemplation ; gay parterres,
 And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
 And shady groves in studied contrast—
 each,
 For recreation, leading into each :
 These may he range, if willing to partake
 Their soft indulgences, and in due time
 May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
 And course of service Truth requires from
 those
 Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,
 And guard her fortresses. Who thinks,
 and feels,
 And recognizes ever and anon
 The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
 Why need such man go desperately astray,
 And nurse ' the dreadful appetite of death ?'
 If tired with systems, each in its degree
 Substantial, and all crumbling in their turn,
 Let him build systems of his own, and
 smile
 At the fond work, demolished with a
 touch ;

If unreligious, let him be at once
 Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled
 A pupil in the many-chambered school
 Where superstition weaves her airy dreams.

Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's
 verge ;
 And daily lose what I desire to keep :
 Yet rather would I instantly decline
 To the traditionary sympathies
 Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
 A fearful apprehension from the owl
 Or death-watch : and as readily rejoice,
 If two auspicious magpies crossed my
 way ;—
 To this would rather bend than see and
 hear
 The repetitions wearisome of sense,
 Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no
 place ;
 Where knowledge, ill begun in cold re-
 mark
 On outward things, with formal inference
 ends ;
 Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
 At once—or, not recoiling, is perplexed
 Lost in a gloom of uninspired research ;
 Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the
 seat
 Where peace and happy consciousness
 should dwell,
 On its own axis restlessly revolving,
 Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of
 truth.

Upon the breast of new-created earth
 Man walked ; and when and wheresoe'er he
 moved,
 Alone or mated, solitude was not.
 He heard, borne on the wind the articulate
 voice
 Of God ; and Angels to his sight appeared
 Crowning the glorious hills of paradise ;
 Or through the groves gliding like morning
 mist
 Enkindled by the sun. He sate — and
 talked
 With winged Messengers ; who daily
 brought
 To his small island in the ethereal deep
 Tidings of joy and love.—From those pure
 heights
 (Whether of actual vision, sensible
 To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
 Have condescendingly been shadowed
 forth
 Communications spiritually maintained,

And intuitions moral and divine)
 Fell Human-kind — to banishment con-
 demned
 That flowing years repealed not: and dis-
 tress
 And grief spread wide; but Man escaped
 the doom
 Of destitution:—solitude was not.
 — Jehovah — shapeless Power above all
 Powers,
 Single and one, the omnipresent God,
 By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
 Or cloud of darkness, localized in heaven;
 On earth, enshrined within the wandering
 ark;
 Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne
 Between the Cherubim — on the chosen
 Race
 Showered miracles, and ceased not to dis-
 pense [age
 Judgments, that filled the land from age to
 With hope, and love, and gratitude, and
 fear;
 And with amazement smote;—thereby to
 assert
 His scorned, or unacknowledged, sover-
 eignty.
 And when the One, ineffable of name,
 Of nature indivisible, withdrew
 From mortal adoration or regard,
 Not then was Deity engulfed; nor Man,
 The rational creature, left to feel the weight
 Of his own reason, without sense or thought
 Of higher reason and a purer will,
 To benefit and bless, through mightier
 power;—
 Whether the Persian—zealous to reject
 Altar and image, and the inclusive walls
 And roofs of temples built by human
 hands—
 To loftiest heights ascending, from their
 tops,
 With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
 Presented sacrifice to moon and stars,
 And to the winds and mother elements,
 And the whole circle of the heavens, for
 him
 A sensitive existence, and a God,
 With lifted hands invoked, and songs of
 praise:
 Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense
 Yielding his soul, the Babylonian framed
 For influence undefined a personal shape;
 And, from the plain, with toil immense, up-
 reared
 Tower eight times planted on the top of
 tower,

That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch
 Descending, there might rest; upon that
 height
 Pure and serene, diffused—to overlook
 Winding Euphrates, and the city vast
 Of his devoted worshippers, far-stretched,
 With grove and field and garden inter-
 spersed;
 Their town, and foodful region for support
 Against the pressure of beleaguering war.

Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless
 fields,
 Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
 Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
 Looked on the polar star, as on a guide
 And guardian of their course, that never
 closed
 His steadfast eye. The planetary Five
 With a submissive reverence they beheld;
 Watched, from the centre of their sleeping
 flocks,
 Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to
 move
 Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
 Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;
 And, by their aspects, signifying works
 Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.
 — The imaginative faculty was lord
 Of observations natural; and, thus
 Led on, those shepherds made report of
 stars
 In set rotation passing to and fro,
 Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
 And its invisible counterpart, adorned
 With answering constellations, under earth,
 Removed from all approach of living sight
 But present to the dead; who, so they
 deemed,
 Like those celestial messengers beheld
 All accidents, and judges were of all.

The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
 Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding
 shores,—
 Under a cope of sky more variable,
 Could find commodious place for every
 God,
 Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
 From the surrounding countries, at the
 choice
 Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
 As nicest observation furnished hints
 For studious fancy, his quick hand be-
 stowed
 On fluent operations a fixed shape;
 Metal or stone, idolatrously served.

And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous
 show
 Of art, this palpable array of sense,
 On every side encountered; in despite
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
 By wandering Rhapsodists; and in contempt
 Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
 Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT
 hung,
 Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and
 farms,
 Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
 And emanations were perceived; and acts
 Of immortality, in Nature's course,
 Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
 As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
 And armed warrior; and in every grove
 A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
 When piety more awful had relaxed.
 —'Take, running river, take these locks of
 mine'—
 Thus would the Votary say—'this severed
 hair,
 My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
 Thankful for my beloved child's return.
 Thy banks, Cephisus, he again hath trod,
 Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal
 lymph [lip,
 With which thou dost refresh the thirsty
 And, all day long, moisten these flowery
 fields!'
 And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair
 was shed
 Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
 Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired;
 That hath been, is, and where it was and is
 There shall endure,—existence unexposed
 To the blind walk of mortal accident;
 From diminution safe and weakening age;
 While man grows old, and dwindles, and
 decays;
 And countless generations of mankind
 Depart; and leave no vestige where they
 trod.

We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love;
 And, even as these are well and wisely
 fixed,

In dignity of being we ascend.
 But what is error?"—"Answer he who
 can!"

The Skeptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:
 "Love, Hope, and Admiration—are they
 not

Mad Fancy's favorite vassals? Does not
 life

Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
 Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
 Imagination's light when reason's fails,
 The unguarded taper where the guarded
 faints?

—Stoop from those heights, and soberly de-
 clare

What error is; and, of our errors, which
 Doth most debase the mind; the genuine
 seats

Of power, where are they? Who shall
 regulate,

With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?"

"Methinks," persuasively the Sage re-
 plied,

"That for this arduous office you possess
 Some rare advantages. Your early days
 A grateful recollection must supply
 Of much exalted good by Heaven vouch-
 safed

To dignify the humblest state.—Your
 voice

Hath, in my hearing, often testified
 That poor men's children, they, and they
 alone,

By their condition taught, can understand
 The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks
 For daily bread. A consciousness is yours
 How feelingly religion may be learned
 In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue—
 Heard while the dwelling vibrates to the din

Of the contiguous torrent, gathering
 strength

At every moment—and, with strength, in-
 crease

Of fury; or, while snow is at the door,
 Assaulting and defending, and the wind,
 A sightless laborer, whistles at his work—
 Fearful; but resignation tempers fear,
 And piety is sweet to infant mounds.

—The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine
 carves,

On the green turf, a dial—to divide
 The silent hours; and who to that report
 Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,
 Throughout a long and lonely summer's
 day,

His round of pastoral duties, is not left
 With less intelligence for moral things
 Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
 Within himself, a measure and a rule,
 Which to the sun of truth he can apply,
 That shines for him, and shines for all
 mankind.

Experience daily fixing his regards

On nature's wants, he knows how few they
are,
And where they lie, how answered and ap-
peased.

This knowledge ample recompense affords
For manifold privations; he refers
His notions to this standard; on this rock
Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime
content.

Imagination—not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the worldling's
mind,

On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
And trivial ostentation—is left free
And puissant to range the solemn walks
Of time and nature, girded by a zone
That, while it binds, invigorates and sup-
ports.

Acknowledge, then, that whether by the
side

Of his poor hut, or on the mountain top,
Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred
(Take from him what you will upon the
score

Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind: his heart
Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;
His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.
And those illusions, which excite the scorn
Or move the pity of unthinking minds,
Are they not mainly outward ministers
Of inward conscience? with whose service
charged

They came and go, appeared and disappear,
Diverting evil purposes, remorse
Awakening, chastening an intemperate
grief,

Or pride of heart abating: and, when'er
For less important ends those phantoms
move, [serve,
Who would forbid them, if their presence
On thinly-peopled mountains and wild
heaths,

Filling a space, else vacant, to exalt
The forms of Nature, and enlarge her
powers?

Once more to distant ages of the world
Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
The face which rural solitude might wear
To the unenlightened swains of pagan
Greece.

—In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,
stretched

On the soft grass through half a summer's
day,

With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he
When his own breath was silent, chanced to
hear

A distant strain, far sweeter than the
sounds

Which his poor skill could make, his fancy
fetched,

Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden
lute,

And filled the illumined groves with ravish-
ment.

The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grate-
ful heart

Called on the lovely wanderer who be-
stowed

That timely light, to share his joyous
sport:

And hence, a beaming Goddess with her
Nymphs,

Across the lawn and through the darksome
grove,

Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and
stars

Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The
traveller slaked

His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and
thanked

The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be trans-
formed

Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their
wings,

Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they
wooed

With gentle whisper. Withered boughs
grotesque,

Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary
age,

From depth of shaggy covert peeping
forth

In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring
horns

Of the live deer, or goat's depending
beard,—

These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild
brood

Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!*

The strain was aptly chosen ; and I could mark
 Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
 Of our Companion, gradually diffused ;
 While, listening, he had paced the noiseless
 turf,
 Like one whose untired ear a murmuring
 stream
 Detains ; but tempted now to interpose,
 He with a smile exclaimed :—

“Tis well you speak
 At a safe distance from our native land,
 And from the mansions where our youth
 was taught.

The true descendants of those godly men
 Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of
 zeal,

Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
 That harbored them,—the souls retaining
 yet

The churlish features of that after-race
 Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting
 rocks,

In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
 Or what their scruples construed to be
 such—

How, think you, would they tolerate this
 scheme

Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
 Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
 The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
 Uprooted ; would re-consecrate our wells
 To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint
 Anne ;

And from long banishment recall Saint
 To watch again with tutelary love
 O'er stately Edinborough throned on
 crags ?

A blessed restoration, to behold
 The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
 Once more parading through our crowded
 streets

Now simply guarded by the sober powers
 Of science, and philosophy, and sense !”

This answer followed.—“ You have turned
 my thoughts

Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
 Against idolatry with warlike mind,
 And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
 In woods, and dwell under impending rocks
 Ill-sheltered, and o't wanting fire and food ;
 Why ?—for this very reason that they felt,
 And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they
 moved,

A spiritual presence, oft-times miscon-
 ceived,

But still a high dependence, a divine
 Bounty and government, that filled their
 hearts

With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love ;
 And from their fervent lips drew hymns of
 praise,

That through the desert rang. Though fa-
 vored less,

Far less, than these, yet such, in their de-
 gree,

Were those bewildered Pagans of old time.
 Beyond their own poor natures and above
 They looked ; were humbly thankful for the
 good

Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
 Bestowed ; were gladsome,—and their moral
 sense

They fortified with reverence for the Gods ;
 And they had hopes that overstepped the
 Grave.

Now, shall our great discoverers,” he ex-
 claimed,

Raising his voice triumphantly, “ obtain
 From sense and reason less than these ob-
 tained,

Though far misled ? Shall men for whom
 our age

Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
 To explore the world without and world
 within,

Be joyless as the blind ? Ambitious
 spirits—

Whom earth, at this late season, hath pro-
 duced

To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
 The planets in the hollow of their hand ;
 And they who rather dive than soar, whose
 pains

Have solved the elements, or analyzed
 The thinking principle—shall they in fact
 Prove a degraded Race ? and what avails
 Renown, if their presumption make them
 such ?

Oh ! there is laughter at their work in
 heaven !

Inquire of ancient Wisdom ; go, demand
 Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant
 That we should pry far off yet be unraised :
 That we should pore and dwindle as we
 pore,

Viewing all objects unremittingly
 In disconnection dead and spiritless ;
 And still dividing, and dividing still,
 Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
 With the perverse attempt, while littleness
 May yet become more little ; waging thus

An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls!

And if indeed there be
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
Our dark foundations rest, could he design
That this magnificent effect of power,
The earth we tread, the sky that we behold

By day, and all the pomp which night reveals;

That these—and that superior mystery
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread soul within it—should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised?—Accuse me not

Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
If, having walked with Nature threescore years,

And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
Revolts, offended at the ways of men
Swayed by such motives, to such ends employed;

Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize

This soul, and the transcendent universe,
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

Nor higher place can be assigned to him
And his compeers—the laughing Sage of France.—

Crowned was he, if my memory do not err,
With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
In sign of conquest by his wit achieved
And benefits his wisdom had conferred;
His stooping body tottered with wreaths of flowers

Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
Than spring oft twines about a mouldering tree;

Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
And a most frivolous people. Him I mean
Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,
This sorry Legend; which by chance we found

Piled in a nook, through malice, as might seem,
Among more innocent rubbish.”—Speaking thus,

With a brief notice when, and how, and where,

We had espied the book, he drew it forth;
And courteously, as if the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man’s heart

Of unbenign aversion or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. “Gentle Friend,”
Herewith he grasped the Solitary’s hand,
“You have known lights and guides better than these.

Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
Of passion: whatsoe’er be felt or feared,
From higher judgment-seats make no appeal

To lower: can you question that the soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upstart notion? In the ports
Of levity no refuge can be found,
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
He who by wilful disesteem of life
And proud insensibility to hope,
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible;
That neither she nor Silence lack the power
To avenge their own insulted majesty.

O blest seclusion! when the mind admits
The law of duty; and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire complacence with her choice;

When youth’s presumptuousness is mel-
lowed down,

And manhood’s vain anxiety dismissed;
When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure hung
In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
Of unreprieved enjoyment; and is pleased
To muse, and be saluted by the air
Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower scents

From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride

And chambers of transgression, now forlorn.

O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!

Who, when such good can be obtained,
would strive

To reconcile his manhood to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,

Stuffed with the thorny substance of the
 past
 For fixed annoyance ; and full oft beset
 With floating dreams, black and disconso-
 late,
 The vapory phantoms of futurity ?

Within the soul a faculty abides,
 That with interpositions, which would hide
 And darken, so can deal that they become
 Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to exalt
 Her native brightness. As the ample noon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer even
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
 In the green trees ; and, kindling on all
 sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
 Capacious and serene :—Like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment—nay, from
 guilt ;
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair."

The Solitary by these words was touched
 With manifest emotion, and exclaimed ;
 " But how begin ? and whence ?—The
 Mind is free—
 Resolve,' the haughty Moralist would say,
 ' This single act is all that we demand.'
 Alas ! such wisdom bids a creature fly
 Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn
 His natural wings !—To friendship let him
 turn
 For succor ; but perhaps he sits alone
 On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
 That holds but him, and can contain no
 more !
 Religion tells of amity sublime
 Which no condition can preclude ; of One
 Who sees all suffering, comprehends all
 wants,
 All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs :
 But is that bounty absolute ?—His gifts,
 Are they not, still, in some degree, rewards
 For acts of service ? Can his love extend
 To hearts that own not him ? Will showers
 of grace,
 When in the sky no promise may be seen,
 Fall to refresh a parched and withered land

Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
 At the Redeemer's feet ?"

In rueful tone,
 With some impatience in his mien, he
 spoke :
 Back to my mind rushed all that had been
 urged
 To calm the Sufferer when his story closed ;
 I looked for counsel as unbending now ;
 But a discriminating sympathy
 Stooped to this apt reply :—

" As men from men
 Do, in the constitution of their souls,
 Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;
 And as we fall by various ways, and sink
 One deeper than another, self-condemned,
 Through manifold degrees of grief and
 shame ;

So manifold and various are the ways
 Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
 Of all infirmity, and tending all
 To the same point, attainable by all—
 Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.
 For you, assuredly, a hopeful road
 Lies open : we have heard from you a voice
 At every moment softened in its course
 By tenderness of heart ; have seen your
 eye,

Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven,
 Kindle before us.—Your discourse this day,
 That, like the fable, Lethe, wished to flow
 In creeping sadness, through oblivious
 shades
 Of death and night, has caught at every
 turn

The colors of the sun. Access for you
 Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
 Which the imaginative Will upholds
 In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
 By the inferior Faculty that moulds,
 With her minute and speculative pains,
 Opinion, ever changing !

I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely ; and his countenance
 soon
 Brightened with joy ; for from within were
 heard
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor ex-
 pressed

Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart

Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
 Adore, and worship, when you know it not ;
 Pious beyond the intention of your thought ;
 Devout above the meaning of your will.
 —Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to
 feel.

The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
 If false conclusions of the reasoning power
 Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
 Through which the ear converses with the
 heart.

Has not the soul, the being of your life,
 Received a shock of awful consciousness,
 In some calm season, when these lofty
 rocks

And night's approach bring down the un-
 clouded sky,

To rest upon their circumambient walls ;
 A temple framing of dimensions vast,
 And yet not too enormous for the sound
 Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst
 Sublime of instrumental harmony,

To glorify the Eternal ! What if these
 Did never break the stillness that prevails
 Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,
 And the soft woodlark here did never chant
 Her vespers,—Nature fails not to provide
 Impulse and utterance. The whispering
 air

Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
 And blind recesses of the caverned rocks ;
 The little rills, and waters numberless,
 Inaudible by daylight, blended their notes
 With the loud streams : and often, at the
 hour

When issue forth the first pale stars, is
 heard,

Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
 One voice—the solitary raven, flying
 Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
 Unseen, perchance above all power of
 sight—

An iron knell ! with echoes from afar
 Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with
 which

The wanderer accompanies her flight
 Through the calm region, fades upon the
 ear,

Diminishing by distance till it seemed
 To expire ; yet from the abyss is caught
 again,

And yet again recovered !

But descending
 From these imaginative heights, that yield

Far-stretching views into eternity,
 Acknowledge that to Nature's humble power
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend
 Even here, where her amenities are sown
 With sparing hand. Then trust yourself
 abroad [fields,

To range her blooming bowers, and spacious
 Where on the labours of the happy throng
 She smiles, including in her wild embrace
 City, and town, and tower,—and sea with
 ships

Sprinkled ;—be our Companion while we
 track

Her rivers populeus with gliding life ;
 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we
 march,

Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods ;
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness ;
 Where living things, and things inanimate,
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye
 and ear,

And speak to social reason's inner sense,
 With inarticulate language.

For, the Man—
 Who, in this spirit, communes with the
 Forms

Of nature, who with understanding heart
 Both knows and loves such objects as excite
 No morbid passions, no disquietude,
 No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must
 feel

The joy of that pure principle of love
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
 But seek for objects of a kindred love
 In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.

Accordingly he by degrees perceives
 His feelings of aversion softened down ;
 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
 His sanity of reason not impaired,
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing
 clear,

From a clear fountain flowing, he looks
 round

And seeks for good ; and finds the good he
 seeks :

Until abhorrence and contempt are things
 He only knows by name ; and, if he hear,
 From other mouths, the language which
 they speak,

He is compassionate ; and has no thought ;
 No feeling, which can overcome his love.

And further ; by contemplating these
 Forms

In the relations which they bear to man,

He shall discern, how, through the various means

Which silently they yield, are multiplied
The spiritual presence of absent things.

Trust me, that for the instructed, time will come

When they shall meet no object but may
Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human suffering, or of human joy.

So shall they learn, while all things speak
of man,

Their duties from all forms; and general
And local accidents, shall tend alike

To rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer
The ability to spread the blessings wide

Of true philanthropy. The light of love
Not failing, perseverance from their steps

Departing not, for them shall be confirmed
The glorious habit by which sense is made

Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine. That change shall

clothe
The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
The burthen of existence. Science then

Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name:

For then her heart shall kindle her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang

Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught with patient interest to watch

The process of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this

Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found

In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous to the mind's *excursive*

power.
—So build we up the Being that we are;

Thus deeply drinking-in the soul of things,
We shall be wise perforce; and while in-

spired
By choice, and conscious that the Will is

Shall move unswerving, even as if im-

pelled
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whatever we see,

Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine;
Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,

Earthly desires; and raise, to loftier heights
Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent har-

angue,

Poured forth with fervor in continuous
Such as, remote, mid savage wilderness,

An Indian Chief discharges from his breast
Into the hearing of assembled tribes,

In open circle seated round, and hushed
As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf
Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he
speak:

The words he uttered shall not pass away
Dispersed, like music that the wind takes up

By snatches, and lets fall, to be forgotten;
No—they sank into me, the bounteous gift

Of one whom time and nature had made
wise,

Gracing his doctrine with authority
Which hostile spirits silently allow;

Of one accustomed to desires that feed
On fruitage gathered from the tree of life;

To hopes on knowledge and experience
built;

Of one in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become

A passionate intuition; whence the Soul,
Though bound to earth by ties of pity and

love,
From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were
reached,

Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
To us who stood low in that hollow dell,

He had become invisible,—a pomp
Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread

Over the mountain sides, in contrast bold
With ample shadows, seemingly, no less

Than those resplendent lights, his rich be-
quest;

A dispensation of his evening power.
—A down the path that from the glen had

led
The funeral train, the Shepherd and his

Were seen descending:—forth to greet them
ran

Our little Page: the rustic pair approach;
And in the Matron's countenance may be

read
Plain indication that the words, which told
How that neglected Pensioner was sent

Before his time into a quiet grave,
Had done to her humanity no wrong:

But we are kindly welcomed—promptly
served

With ostentatious zeal.—Along the floor
Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell

A grateful couch was spread for our repose;
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we

lay,
Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by

Of far-off torrents charming the still night,
And, to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,

Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

BOOK FIFTH.

THE PASTOR.

ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley—Reflections—A large and populous Vale described—The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him—Church and Monuments—The Solitary musing, and where—Roused—In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind—Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to—Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life—Apology for the Rite—Inconsistency of the best men—Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind—General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth—Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive—Pastor approaches—Appeal made to him—His answer—Wanderer in sympathy with him—Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be most free from error—The Pastor is desired to give some portraits of the living or dead from his own observation of life among these Mountains—and for what purpose—Pastor consents—Mountain cottage—Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants—Solitary expresses his pleasure; but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind—Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of persons interred in the Churchyard—Graves of unbaptized Infants—Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence—Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived—Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

“FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,
And guardian rocks!—Farewell, attractive seat!

To the still influx of the morning light
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but veiled

From human observation, as if yet
Primeval forests wrapt thee round with dark
Impenetrable shade; once more farewell,
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,
By Nature destined from the birth of things
For quietness profound!”

Upon the side

Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale

Which foot of boldest stranger would attempt,
Lingering behind my comrades, thus I breathed

A parting tribute to a spot that seemed
Like the fixed centre of a troubled world.
Again I halted with reverted eyes;
The chain that would not slacken, was at length

Snapt,—and, pursuing leisurely my way,
How vain, thought I, is it by change of place

To seek that comfort which the mind denies;

Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned
Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold
Frail life's possessions, that even they whose fate

Yields no peculiar reason of complaint
Might, by the promise that is here, be won
To steal from active duties, and embrace
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.
—Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times,

Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her anchorites, like piety of old;
Men who, from faction sacred, and unstained

By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few
Living to God and nature, and content
With that communion. Consecrated be
The spots where such abide! But happier still

The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends
That meditation and research may guide
His privacy to principles and powers
Discovered or invented; or set forth,
Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,

In lucid order; so that, when his course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook

His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere
Accompanied these musings; fervent thanks

For my own peaceful lot and happy choice;

A choice that from the passions of the world

Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat ;
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
Secluded, but not buried ; and with son
Cheering my days, and with industrious
thought ;

With the ever-welcome company of books ;
With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining
aid,

And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
Following the rugged road, by sledge or
wheel

Worn in the moorland, till I overtook
My two Associates, in the morning sunshine
Halting together on a rocky knoll,
Whence the bare road ascended rapidly
To the green meadows of another vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his
hand

In sign of farewell. "Nay," the old Man
said,

"The fragrant air its coolness still retains ;
The herds and flocks are yet abroad to crop
The dewy grass : you cannot leave us now,
We must not part at this inviting hour."

He yielded, though reluctant ; for his mind
Instinctively disposed him to retire

To his own covert ; as a billow, heaved
Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.

—So we descend : and winding round a
rock

Attained a point that showed the valley—
stretched

In length before us ; and, not distant far,
Upon a rising-ground a gray church-tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted
trees.

And towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond
Among steep hills and woods embosomed,
flowed

A copious stream with boldiy-winding
course ;

Here traceable, there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.
On the stream's bank, and everywhere ap-
peared

Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots ;
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
On the hill-side, a cheerful quiet scene,
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As 'mid some happy valley of the Alps,"
Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic power,
Wantonly breaking it upon the Swiss,

Destroyed their unoffending commonwealth,
A popular equality reigns here,
Save for yon stately House beneath whose
roof

A rural lord might dwell."—"No feudal
pomp,
Or power," replied the Wanderer, "to that
House

Belongs but there in his allotted Home
Abides, from year to year, a genuine Priest,
The shepherd of his flock ; or, as a king
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
The father of his people. Such is he ;
And rich and poor, and young and old,
rejoice

Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouch-
safed

To me some portion of a kind regard ;
And something also of his inner mind
Hath he imparted—but I speak of him
As he is known to all.

The calm delights
Of unambitious piety he chose,
And learning's solid dignity ; though born
Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful
friends

Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew
From academic bowers. He loved the
spot—

Who does not love his native soil?—he
prized

The ancient rural character, composed
Of simple manners, feeling ununsuppress
And undisguised, and strong and serious
thought ;

A character reflected in himself,
With such embellishment as well beseems
His rank and sacred function. This deep
vale

Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight,
And one a turreted manorial hall
Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors,
Have dwelt through ages—Patrons of this
Cure,

To them, and to his own judicious pains,
The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole domain,
Owes that presiding aspect which might
well

Attract your notice ; statelier than could else
Have been bestowed, through course of
common chance,
On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our
way ;
Nor reached the village-churchyard till the
sun

Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had
risen
Above the summits of the highest hills,
And round our path darted oppressive
beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile
Stood open ; and we entered. On my frame,
At such transition from the fervid air,
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to
strike

The heart, in concert with that temperate
awe

And natural reverence which the place in-
spired.

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy ; for duration built ;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs, in some thick
wood,

All withered by the depth of shade above.
Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,
Each in its ornamental scroll enclosed ;
Each also crowned with winged heads—a
pair

Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor
Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
Was occupied by oaken benches ranged
In seemly rows ; the chancel only showed
Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly
state

By immemorial privilege allowed ;
Though with the Encincture's special sanc-
tity

But ill according. An heraldic shield,
Varying its tincture with the changeful light,
Imbued the altar-window ; fixed aloft
A faded hatchment hung, and one by time
Yet undiscolored. A capacious pew

Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery
lined ;

And marble monuments were here displayed
Thronging the walls ; and on the floor
beneath

Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems
graven

And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with
small

And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

The tribute by these various records
claimed

Duly we paid, each after each, and read

The ordinary chronicle of birth,
Office, alliance, and promotion—all

Ending in dust ; of upright magistrates,

Grave doctors strenuous for the mother
church,

And uncorrupted senators, alike
To king and people true. A brazen plate,
Not easily deciphered, told of one
Whose course of earthly honor was begun

In quality of page among the train
Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the
seas

His royal state to show, and prove his
strength

In tournament, upon the fields of France.

Another tablet registered the death,
And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight
Tried in the sea-fights of a second Charles.
Near this brave Knight his Father lay en-
tomb'd ;

And, to the silent language giving voice,
I read,—how in his manhood's earlier day

He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war
And rightful government subverted, found

One only solace—that he had espoused
A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved

For her benign perfections ; and yet more
Endeared to him for this, that, in her state
Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's
regard,

She with a numerous issue filled his house,
Who throve, like plants, uninjured by the
storm [speak

That laid their country waste. No need to
Of less particular notices assigned

To Youth or Maiden gone before their time,
And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old ;
Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed
In modest panegyric.

“ These dim lines,
What would they tell ? ” said I,—but, from
the task

Of puzzling out that faded narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friend
Called me ; and, looking down the dark-
some aisle,

I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale
Standing apart ; with curvèd arm reclined
On the baptismal font ; his pallid face
Upturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost
In some abstraction ;—gracefully he stood,
The semblance bearing of a sculptured
form

That leans upon a monumental urn
In peace, from morn to night, from year to
year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton
rouse ;

Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,

Continuation haply of the notes
That had beguiled the work from which he
came,

With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder
hung ;

To be deposited, for future need,
In their appointed place. The pale Recluse
Withdrew ; and straight we followed,—to a
spot

Where sun and shade were intermixed ; for
there

A broad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms
From an adjoining pasture, overhung
Small space of that green churchyard with a
light

And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown
wall

My ancient Friend and I together took
Our seats ; and thus the Solitary spake,
Standing before us :—

“ Did you note the mien
Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,
Death's hireling, who scoops out his neigh-
bor's grave,

Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,
Or plant a tree. And did you hear his
voice ?

I was abruptly summoned by the sound
From some affecting images and thoughts,
Which then were silent : but crave utter-
ance now.

Much,” he continued, with dejected look,
“ Much yesterday, was said in glowing
phrase

Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
For future state of being ; and the wings
Of speculation, joyfully outspread,
Hovered above our destiny on earth :

But stoop, and place the prospect of the soul
In sober contrast with reality,
And man's substantial life. If this mute
earth

Of what it holds could speak, and every
grave

Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and
shame,

To see disclosed by such dread proof, how
ill

That which is done accords with what is
known

To reason, and by conscience is enjoined ;
How idly, how perversely, life's whole course,
To this conclusion, deviates from the line,

Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
At her aspiring outset.

Mark the babe
Not long accustomed to this breathing world ;
One that hath barely learned to shape a
smile,

Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp
With tiny finger—to let fall a tear ;
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dissolves,
To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might
seem,

The outward functions of intelligent man ;
A grave proficient in amusive feats
Of puppetry, that from the lap declare

His expectations, and announce his claims
To that inheritance which millions rue
That they were ever born to ! In due time
A day of solemn ceremonial comes ;

When they, who for this Minor hold in trust
Rights that transcend the loftiest heritage
Of mere humanity, present their Charge,
For this occasion daintily adorned,

At the baptismal font. And when the pure
And consecrating element hath cleansed
The original stain, the child is there received
Into the second ark, Christ's church, with
trust

[float
That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall
Over the billows of this troublesome world
To the fair land of everlasting life.

Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
Are all renounced ; high as the thought of
man

Can carry virtue, virtue is professed ;
A dedication made, a promise given
For due provision to control and guide,
And unremitting progress to ensure
In holiness and truth.”

“ You cannot blame,”
Here interposing fervently I said,
“ Rites which attest that Man by nature lies
Bedded for good and evil in a gulf
Fearfully low ; nor will your judgment
scorn

Those services, whereby attempt is made
To lift the creature toward that eminence
On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty
He stood ; or if not so, whose top serene

At least he feels 'tis given him to descry ;
Not without aspirations, evermore
Returning, and injunctions from within
Doubt to cast off and weariness ; in trust

That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,
May be, through pains and persevering hope,
Recovered ; or, if hitherto unknown,
Lies within reach, and one day shall be
gained.”

"I blame them not," he calmly answered
—"no;

The outward ritual and established forms
With which communities of men invest
These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows
To which the lips give public utterance
Are both a natural process; and by me
Shall pass uncensured; though the issue
prove,

Bringing from age to age its own reproach,
Incongruous, impotent, and blank.—But, oh!
If to be weak is to be wretched—miserable,
As the lost Angel by a human voice
Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my
mind,

Far better not to move at all than move
By impulse sent from such illusive power,—
That finds and cannot fasten down; that
grasps

And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;
That tempts, emboldens—for a time sustains,
And then betrays: accuses and inflicts
Remorseless punishment; and so retreads
The inevitable circle: better far
Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless
peace,
By foresight or remembrance undisturbed!

Philosophy! and thou more vaunted
name,

Religion! with thy statelier retinue,
Faith, Hope, and Charity—from the visible
world

Choose for your emblems whatsoe'er ye find
Of safest guidance or of firmest trust—
The torch, the star, the anchor; nor except
The cross itself, at whose unconscious feet
The generations of mankind have knelt
Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,
And through that conflict seeking rest—of
you,

High-titled Powers, am I constrained to ask,
Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky
In faint reflection of infinitude
Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet
A subterraneous magazine of bones,
In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be
laid, [where?

Where are your triumphs? your dominion
And in what age admitted and confirmed?

—Not for a happy land do I enquire,
Island or grove, that hides a blessed few
Who, with obedience willing and sincere,
To your serene authorities conform;
But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,
Have ye withdrawn from passion's crooked

ways,

Inspired, and thoroughly fortified?—If the
heart

Could be inspected to its inmost folds
By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,
Who shall be named—in the resplendent
line

Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man
Whom the best might of faith, wherever
fix'd,

For one day's little compass, has preserved
From painful and discreditable shocks
Of contradiction, from some vague desire
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse
To some unsanctioned fear?"

"If this be so,
And Man," said I, "be in his noblest shape
Thus pitifully infirm; then, he who made,
And who shall judge the creature, will for-
give.

—Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint
Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:
For, from this pregnant spot of ground, such
thoughts

Rise to the notice of a serious mind
By natural exhalation. With the dead
In their repose, the living in their mirth,
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,
By which, on Christian lands, from age to
age

Profession mocks performance? Earth is
sick,

And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when
they talk

Of truth and justice. Turn to private life
And social neighborhood; look we to our-
selves;

A light of duty shines on every day
For all; and yet how few are warmed or
cheered!

How few who mingle with their fellow-men
And still remain self-governed, and apart,
Like this our honored Friend; and thence
acquire

Right to expect his vigorous decline,
That promises to the end a blest old age!

"Yet," with a smile of triumph thus ex-
claimed

The Solitary, "in the life of man,
If to the poetry of common speech
Faith may be given, we see as in a glass
A true reflection of the circling year,
With all its seasons. Grant that Spring is
there,

In spite of many a rough untoward blast,

Hopeful and promising with buds and flowers;
 Yet where is glowing Summer's long rich day,
 That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?
 And mellow Autumn, charged with bounteous fruit,
 Where is she imaged? in what favored clime
 Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?
 —Yet, while the better part is missed, the worse
 In man's autumnal season is set forth
 With a resemblance not to be denied,
 And that contents him; bowers that hear no more
 The voice of gladness, less and less supply
 Of outward sunshine and internal warmth;
 And, with this change, sharp air and falling leaves,
 Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway.

How gay the habitations that bedeck
 This fertile valley! Not a house but seems
 To give assurance of content within;
 Embosomed happiness, and placid love;
 As if the sunshine of the day were met
 With answering brightness in the hearts of all
 Who walk this favored ground. But chance-regards,
 And notice forced upon incurious ears;
 These, if these only, acting in despite
 Of the encomiums by my Friend pronounced
 On humble life, forbid the judging mind
 To trust the smiling aspect of this fair
 And noiseless commonwealth. The simple race
 Of mountaineers (by nature's self removed
 From foul temptations, and by constant care
 Of a good shepherd tended as themselves
 Do tend their flocks) partake man's general lot
 With little mitigation. They escape,
 Perchance, the heavier woes of guilt; feel not
 The tedium of fantastic idleness:
 Yet life, as with the multitude, with them
 Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale;
 That on the outset wastes its gay desires,
 Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,
 And pleasant interests — for the sequel leaving
 Old things repeated with diminished grace;
 And all the labored novelties at best
 Imperfect substitutes, whose use and power
 Evince the want and weakness whence they
 spring."

While in this serious mood we held discourse,
 The reverend Pastor toward the church-yard gate
 Approached: and, with a mild respectful air
 Of native cordiality, our Friend
 Advanced to greet him. With a gracious mien
 Was he received, and mutual joy prevailed.
 Awhile they stood in conference, and I guess
 That he, who now upon the mossy wall
 Sate by my side, had vanished, if a wish
 Could have transferred him to the flying clouds,
 Or the least penetrable hiding-place
 In his own valley's rocky guardianship.
 —For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased:
 Nature had framed them both, and both were marked
 By circumstance, with intermixture fine
 Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak
 Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,
 Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,
 One might be likened: flourishing appeared,
 Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,
 The other—like a stately sycamore,
 That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied shade.

A general greeting was exchanged; and soon
 The Pastor learned that his approach had given
 A welcome interruption to discourse
 Grave, and in truth too often sad.—“Is Man
 A child of hope? Do generations press
 On generations, without progress made?
 Halts the individual, ere his hairs be gray,
 Perforce? Are we a creature in whom good
 Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will
 Acknowledge reason's law? A living power
 Is virtue, or no better than a name,
 Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsound?
 So that the only substance which remains
 (For thus the tenor of complaint hath run)
 Among so many shadows, are the pains
 And penalties of miserable life,
 Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!
 —Our cogitations this way have been drawn,
 These are the points,” the Wanderer said,
 “on which
 Our inquest turns.—Accord, good Sir! the light
 Of your experience to dispel this gloom:

By your persuasive wisdom shall the heart
That frets or languishes, be stilled and
cheered."

"Our nature," said the Priest, in mild
reply,
"Angels may weigh and fathom: they per-
ceive,

With undistempered and unclouded spirit,
The object as it is; but, for ourselves,
That speculative height *we* may not reach.
The good and evil are our own; and we
Are that which we would contemplate from
far,

Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep—
As virtue's self; like virtue is beset
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to
decay.

Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
Blind were we without these: through these
alone

Are capable of notice or discern
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
Indifferent judges. Spite of proudest boast,
Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man
An effort only, and a noble aim;
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
Still to be courted—never to be won.

—Look forth, or each man dive into him-
self;

What sees he but a creature too perturbed;
That is transported to itself; that yearns,
Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much;
Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;
Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair?
Thus comprehension fails, and truth is
missed;

Thus darkness and delusion round our path
Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury
lurks

Within the very faculty of sight.

Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best sub-
ject

The will to reason's law, can strictliest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths
Which unassisted reason's utmost power
Is too infirm to reach. But, waiving this,
And our regards confining within bounds
Of less exalted consciousness, through
which

The very multitude are free to range,
We safely may affirm that human life

Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view;
Even as the same is looked at or ap-
proached.

Thus, when in changeful April fields are
white

With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen
north

Your walk conduct you hither, ere the sun
Hath gained his noontide height, this
churchyard, filled

With mounds transversely lying side by
side

From east to west, before you will appear
An unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain,
With more than wintry cheerlessness and
gloom

Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look
back;

Look, from the quarter whence the lord of
light,

Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
His beams; which, unexcluded in their
fall,

Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power;
Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,
All fresh and beautiful, and green and
bright,

Hopeful and cheerful:—vanished is the pall
That overspread and chilled the sacred
turf,

Vanished or hidden; and the whole do-
main,

To some, too lightly minded, might appear
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.

—This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
Is to that other state more apposite,
Death and its two-fold aspect! wintry—
one, [out;

Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut
The other, which the ray divine hath
touched,

Replete with vivid promise, bright as
spring."

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wanderer
thus

With a complacent animation spake;

"And in your judgment, Sir! the mind's
repose

On evidence is not to be ensured

By act of naked reason. Moral truth

Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;

And which, once built, retains a steadfast
shape

And undisturbed proportions ; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents ;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose
head

Floats on the tossing waves. With joy
sincere

I re-salute these sentiments confirmed
By your authority. But how acquire
The inward principle that gives effect
To outward argument ; the passive will
Meek to admit ; the active energy,
Strong and unbounded to embrace, and
firm

To keep and cherish ? how shall man unite
With self-forgetting tenderness of heart
An earth-despising dignity of soul ?
Wise in that union, and without it blind ! ”

“ The way,” said I, “ to court, if not ob-
tain

The ingenuous mind, apt to be set aright ;
This, in the lonely dell discoursing, you
Declared at large ; and by what exercise
From visible nature or the inner self
Power may be trained, and renovation
brought

To those who need the gift. But, after all,
Is aught so certain as that man is doomed
To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance ?
The natural roof of that dark house in
which

His soul is pent ! How little can be
known—

This is the wise man’s sigh ; how far we
err—

This is the good man’s not unfrequent
pang !

And they perhaps err least, the lowly class
Whom a benign necessity compels
To follow reason’s least ambitious course ;
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,
And uncited by a wish to look
Into high objects farther than they may,
Pace to and fro, from morn till even-tide,
The narrow avenue of daily toil
For daily bread.”

“ Yes,” buoyantly exclaimed
The pale Recluse—“ praise to the sturdy
plough,

And patient spade ; praise to the simple
crook,

And ponderous loom—resounding while it
holds

Body and mind in one captivity ;
And let the light mechanic tool be hailed
With honor ; which, encasing by the power

Of long companionship the artist’s hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of
nerves,

From a too busy commerce with the heart !
—Inglorious implements of craft and toil,
Both ye that shape and build, and ye that
force,

By slow solicitation, earth to yield
Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth
With wise reluctance ; you would I extol,
Not for gross good alone which ye produce,
But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife
Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—in those
Who to your dull society are born,
And with their humble birthright rest con-
tent.

—Would I had ne’er renounced it ! ”

A slight flush
Of moral anger previously had tinged
The old Man’s cheek ; but at this closing
turn

Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,
“ That which we feel we utter ; as we think
So have we argued ; reaping for our pains
No visible recompense. For our relief
You,” to the Pastor turning thus he spake,
“ Have kindly interposed. May I entreat
Your further help ? The mine of real life
Dig for us ; and present us, in the shape
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by pains
Fruitless as those of æry alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible. There
lies

Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and inner
heart :

Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts ;
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say what
man

He is who cultivates yon hanging field ;
What qualities of mind she bears who
comes,

For morn and evening service, with her
pail,

To that green pasture ; place before our
sight

The family who dwell within yon house
Fenced round with glittering laurel ; or in
that

Below, from which the curling smoke as-
cends.

Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,
And have the dead around us, take from
them

Your instances ; for they are both best
known,

And by frail man most equitably judged.

Epitomize the life, pronounce, you can,
Authentic epitaphs on some of these
Who, from their lowly mansions hither
brought,
Beneath this turf lies mouldering at our feet
So, by your records, may our doubts be
solved ;
And so, not searching higher, we may learn
*To prize the breath we share with human
kind ;*
And look upon the dust of man with awe."

The Priest replied—"An office you im-
pose
For which peculiar requisites are mine ;
Yet much, I feel, is wanting—else the task
Would be most grateful. True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from our
sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with
these
The future cannot contradict the past :
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone ; the transit made that shows
The very Soul, revealed as she departs.
Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,
Ere we descend into these silent vaults,
One picture from the living.

You behold,
High on the breast of yon dark mountain,
dark
With stony barrenness, a shining speck
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower
Brush it away, or cloud pass over it ;
And such it might be deemed—a sleeping
sunbeam ;
But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,
Cut off, an island in the dusky waste ;
And that attractive brightness is its own.
The lofty sight, by nature framed to tempt
Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones
The tiller's hand, a hermit might have
chosen,
For opportunity presented thence
Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er
land
And ocean, and look down upon the works,
The habitations, and the ways of men,
Himself unseen ! But no tradition tells
That ever hermit dipped his maple dish
In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon
green fields ;
And no such visionary views belong
To those who occupy and till the ground,
High on that mountain where they long
have dwelt
A wedded pair in childless solitude,

A house of stones collected on the spot,
By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in
front,
Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest
Of birch-trees waves over the chimney top ;
A rough abode—in color, shape and size,
Such as in unsafe times of border-war
Might have been wished for and contrived,
to elude
The eye of roving plunderer—for their need
Suffices ; and unshaken bears the assault
Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-
west
In anger blowing from the distant sea.
—Alone within her solitary hut ;
There, or within the compass of her fields,
At any moment may the Dame be found,
True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest
And to the grove that holds it. She be-
guiles
By intermingled work of house and field
The summer's day, and winter's ; with suc-
cess
Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,
Even at the worst, a smooth stream of con-
tent,
Until the expected hour at which her Mate
From the far-distant quarry's vault returns ;
And by his converse crowns a silent day
With evening cheerfulness. In powers of
mind,
In scale of culture, few among my flock
Hold lower rank than this sequestered pair :
But true humility descends from heaven ;
And that best gift of heaven hath fallen on
them ;
Abundant recompense for every want.
—Stoop from your height, ye proud, and
copy these !
Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can
hear
The voice of wisdom whispering scripture
texts
For the mind's government, or temper's
peace ;
And recommending for their mutual need,
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity !"
"Much was I pleased," the gray-haired
Wanderer said,
"When to those shining fields our notice
first
You turned ; and yet more pleased have
from your lips
Gathered this fair report of them who dwell
In that retirement ; whither, by such course
Of evil hap and good as oft awaits

A tired way-faring man, once *I* was brought
While traversing alone yon mountain pass.
Dark on my road the autumnal evening
fell,

And night succeeded with unusual gloom,
So hazardous that feet and hands became
Guides better than mine eyes—until a light
High in the gloom appeared, too high, me-
thought,

For human habitation ; but I longed
To reach it, destitute of other hope.
I looked with steadiness as sailors look
On the north star, or watch-tower's distant
lamp,

And saw the light—now fixed—and shifting
now—

Not like a dancing meteor, but in line
Of never-varying motion, to and fro.
It is no night-fire of the naked hills,
Thought I—some friendly covert must be
near.

With this persuasion thitherward my steps
I turn, and reach at last the guiding light ;
Joy to myself ! but to the heart of her
Who there was standing on the open hill,
(The same kind Matron whom your tongue
hath praised)

Alarm and disappointment ! The alarm
Ceased, when she learned through what
mishap I came,

And by what help had gained those distant
fields.

Drawn from her cottage, on that æry
height,

Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband
home,

By that unwearied signal, kenne'd afar ;
An anxious duty ! which the lofty site,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whenso'er untoward chance
Detains him after his accustomed hour
Till night lies black upon the ground. ' But
come,

Come,' said the Matron, ' to our poor abode ;
Those dark rocks hide it !' Entering, I
beheld

A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth
Sate down ; and to her office, with leave
asked,

The Dame returned.

Or ere that glowing pile
Of mountain turf required the builder's
hand

Its wasted splendor to repair, the door
Opened, and she re-entered with glad looks,
Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,

Frank conversation, made the evening's
treat :

Need a bewildered traveller wish for more ?
But more was given ; I studied, as we sate
By the bright fire, the good Man's form, and
face

Not less than beautiful ; an open brow
Of undisturbed humanity ; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue ;

Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard ;
But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount
Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
But honored once, those features and that
mien

May have descended, though I see them
here

In such a man, so gentle and subdued,
Withal so graceful in his gentleness,
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.
This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
By sundry recollections of such fall
From high to low, ascent from low to high,
As books record, and even the careless
mind

Cannot but notice among men and things)
Went with me to the place of my repose.

Roused by the crowing cock at dawn of
day,

I yet had risen too late to interchange
A morning salutation with my Host,
Gone forth already to the far-off seat
Of his day's work. ' Three dark mid-winter
months

Pass,' said the Matron, ' and I never see,
Save when the Sabbath brings its kind re-
lease,

My Helpmate's face by light of day. He
quits

His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we
gain the bread

For which we pray ; and for the wants pro-
vide

Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
Companions have I many ; many friends,
Dependents, comforters—my wheel, my
fire,

All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,
The cackling hen, the tender chicken brood,
And the wild birds that gather round my
porch.

This honest sheep-dog's countenance I
read :

With him can talk; nor blush to waste a word
 On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.
 And if the blustering wind that drives the clouds
 Care not for me, he lingers round my door,
 And makes me pastime when our tempers suit;—
 But, above all, my thoughts are my support,
 My comfort:—would that they were oftener fixed
 On what, for guidance in the way that leads
 To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer taught.
 The Matron ended—nor could I forbear
 To exclaim—“O, happy! yielding to the law
 Of these privations, richer in the main!—
 While thankless thousands are opprest and clogged
 By ease and leisure; by the very wealth
 And pride of opportunity made poor;
 While tens of thousands falter in their path,
 And sink, through utter want of cheering light;
 For you the hours of labor do not flag;
 For you each evening hath its shining star,
 And every sabbath-day its golden sun.”

“Yes!” said the Solitary with a smile
 That seemed to break from an expanding heart,
 “The untutored bird may found, and so construct,
 And with such soft materials line, her nest
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,
 That the thorns wound her not; they only guard.
 Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts
 Of happy instinct which the woodland bird
 Shares with her species, nature’s grace
 sometimes
 Upon the individual doth confer
 Among her higher creatures born and trained
 To use of reason. And, I own that, tired
 Of the ostentatious world—a swelling stage
 With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,
 And from the private struggles of mankind
 Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
 Far less than once I trusted and believed—
 I love to hear of those who, not contend-
 ing

Nor summoned to contend for virtue’s prize,
 Miss not the humbler good at which they aim,
 Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
 The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
 Into their contraries the petty plagues
 And hindrances with which they stand be-
 set.
 In early youth, among my native hills,
 I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
 A few small crofts of stone-encumbered
 ground;
 Masses of every shape and size, that lay
 Scattered about under the mouldering walls
 Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,
 In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,
 As if the moon had showered them down in
 spite.
 But he repined not. Though the plough
 was scared
 By these obstructions, ‘round the shady
 stones
 A fertilizing moisture,’ said the Swain,
 ‘Gathers, and is preserved; and feeding
 dews
 And damps, through all the droughty sum-
 mer day
 From out their substance issuing, maintain
 Herbage that never fails: no grass springs
 up
 So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!’
 But thinly sown these nature; rare, at
 least,
 The mutual aptitude of seed and soil
 That yields such kindly product. He,
 whose bed
 Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor
 Pensioner
 Brought yesterday from our sequestered dell
 Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,
 If living now, could otherwise report
 Of rustic loneliness: that gray-haired Or-
 phan—
 So call him, for humanity to him
 No parent was—feelingly could have told,
 In life, in death, what solitude can breed
 Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;
 Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.
 —But your compliance, Sir, with our request
 My words too long have hindered.”
 Undeterred,
 Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
 In no ungracious opposition, given
 To the confiding spirit of his own
 Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor
 said,

Around him looking; "Where shall I begin?

Who shall be first selected from my flock
Gathered together in their peaceful fold?"
He paused, and having lifted up his eyes
To the pure heaven, he cast them down
again

Upon the earth beneath his feet, and
spake:—

"To a mysteriously-united pair
This place is consecrate; to Death and
Life,

And to the best affections that proceed
From their conjunction; consecrate to
faith

In him who bled for man upon the cross;
Hallowed to revelation; and no less
To reason's mandates; and the hopes di-
vine

Of pure imagination;—above all,
To charity, and love, that have provided,
Within these precincts, a capacious bed
And receptacle, open to the good

And evil, to the just and the unjust;
In which they find an equal resting-place:
Even as the multitude of kindred brooks
And streams, whose murmur fills this hol-
low vale,

Whether their course be turbulent or
smooth,

Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
And end their journey in the same repose!

And blest are they who sleep; and we
that know,

While in a spot like this we breathe and
walk, [ered

That all beneath us by the wings are cov-
Of motherly humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender shade
Though loth and slow to come! A battle-
field,

In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
With this compared, makes a strange spec-
tacle!

A dismal prospect yields the wild shore
strewn

With wrecks, and trod by feet of young and
old

Wandering about in miserable search
Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea
Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who
would think

That all the scattered subjects which com-
pose

Earth's melancholy vision through the
space

Of all her climes—these wretched, these de-
praved,

To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
From the delights of charity cut off,
To pity dead, the oppressor and the op-
prest;

Tyrants who utter the destroying word,
And slaves who will consent to be de-
stroyed—

Were of one species with the sheltered
few,

Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,
Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,
This file of infants; some that never
breathed

The vital air; others, which, though al-
lowed

That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
Or with too brief a warning, to admit
Administration of the holy rite

That lovingly consigns the babe to the
arms

Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.
These that in trembling hope are laid
apart;

And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired
Till he begins to smile upon the breast
That feeds him; and the tottering little
one

Taken from air and sunshine when the
rose

Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy, the
bold youth

Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid
Smitten while all the promises of life

Are opening round her; those of middle
age,

Cast down while confident in strength they
stand,

Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might
seem,

And more secure, by very weight of all
That, for support, rests on them; the de-
cayed

And burthensome; and lastly, that poor
few

Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and
last,

The earliest summoned and the longest
spared—

Are here deposited, with tribute paid
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;
As if amid these peaceful hills and groves,

Society were touched with kind concern,
And gentle ' Nature grieved that one should
die ;'
Or, if the change demanded no regret,
Observed the liberating stroke — and
blessed.

And whence that tribute? wherefore
these regards?
Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man
(Though claiming high distinction upon
earth [tears,
As the sole spring and fountain-head of
His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness)—"No," the philosophic Priest
Continued, "'tis not in the vital seat
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and
pure ;
With her two faculties of eye and ear,
The one by which a creature, whom his
sins
Have rendered prone, can upward look to
heaven ;
The other that empowers him to perceive
The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
Whispering those truths in stillness, which
the WORD,
To the four quarters of the winds, pro-
claims.

Not without such assistance could the use
Of these benign observances prevail :
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus
maintained ;
And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the
shocks
The fluctuation and decay of things,
Embodied and established these high truths
In solemn institutions :—men convinced
That life is love and immortality,
The being one, and one the element.
There lies the channel, and original bed,
From the beginning, hollowed out and
scooped
For Man's affections—else betrayed and
lost,
And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite !
This is the genuine course, the aim, and
end
Of prescient reason ; all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and per-
verse.
The faith partaking of those holy times.
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human ; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation ; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless
joy."

BOOK SIXTH.

THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ARGUMENT.

Poet's Address to the State and Church of
England—The Pastor not inferior to the an-
cient Worthies of the Church—He begins his
Narratives with an instance of unrequited
Love—Anguish of mind, subdued, and how
—The lonely Miner—An instance of perse-
verance—Which leads by contrast to an ex-
ample of abused talents, irresolution, and
weakness—Solitary, applying this covertly to
his own case, asks for an instance of some
Stranger, whose dispositions may have led
him to end his days here—Pastor, in answer,
gives an account of the harmonizing influence
of Solitude upon two men of opposite princi-
ples, who had encountered agitations in pub-
lic life—The rule by which Peace may be
obtained expressed, and where—Solitary
hints at an overpowering Fatality—Answer

of the Pastor—What subjects he will exclude
from his Narrative—Conversation upon this
—Instance of an unamiable character, a
Female, and why given—Contrasted with
this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and
betrayed love—Instance of heavier guilt, and
its consequences to the Offender—With this
instance of a Marriage Contract broken is
contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his
faithful affection towards his deceased wife
by his care of their female Children.

HAIL to the crown by Freedom shaped—to
gird
An English Sovereign's brow! and to the
throne [lie
Whereon he sits! Whose deep foundations
In veneration and the people's love ;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
—Hail to the State of England! And con-
join

With this a salutation as devout,
 Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church ;
 Founded in truth ; by blood of Martyrdom
 Cemented ; by the hands of Wisdom reared
 In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
 Decent and unreprieved. The voice, that
 greets
 The majesty of both, shall pray for both ;
 That, mutually protected and sustained,
 They may endure long as the sea surrounds
 This favored Land, or sunshine warms her
 soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious
 plains !
 Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-
 towers,
 And spires whose ' silent finger points to
 heaven ;'
 Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
 Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
 Of the dense air, which the town or city
 breeds
 To intercept the sun's glad beams—may
 ne'er
 That true succession fail of English hearts,
 Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
 What in those holy structures ye possess
 Of ornamental interest, and the charm
 Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
 And human charity, and social love.
 —Thus never shall the indignities of time
 Approach their reverend graces, unopposed :
 Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
 Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage
 Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ;
 And, if the desolating hand of war
 Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
 Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
 (Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind
 Exclusively with transitory things)
 An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;
 Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

The Poet, fostering for his native land
 Such hope, entreats that servants may
 abound
 Of those pure altars worthy ; ministers
 Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain
 Superior, insusceptible of pride,
 And by ambitious longings undisturbed ;
 Men, whose delight is where their duty
 leads
 Or fixes them ; whose least distinguished
 day
 Shines with some portion of that heavenly
 lustre

Which makes the sabbath lovely in the
 sight
 Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.
 —And, as on earth it is the doom of truth
 To be perpetually attacked by foes
 Open or covert, be that priesthood still,
 For her defence, replenished with a band
 Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts
 Thoroughly disciplined ; nor (if in course
 Of the revolving world's disturbances
 Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven
 avert !

To meet such trial) from their spiritual sires
 Degenerate ; who, constrained to wield the
 sword
 Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed
 With hostile din, and combating in sight
 Of angry umpires, partial and unjust ;
 And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in
 fire,
 So to declare the conscience satisfied :
 Nor for their bodies would accept release ;
 But, blessing God and praising him, be-
 queathed
 With their last breath, from out the smol-
 dering flame, [earned,
 The faith which they by diligence had
 Or, through illuminating grace, received,
 For their dear countrymen, and all man-
 kind.

O high example, constancy divine !

Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal
 And from the sanctity of elder times
 Not deviating,—a priest, the like of whom,
 If multiplied, and in their stations set,
 Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land
 Spread true religion and her genuine fruits)
 Before me stood that day ; on holy ground
 Fraught with the relics of mortality,
 Exalting tender themes, by just degrees
 To lofty raised ; and to the highest, last ;
 The head and mighty paramount of truths,—
 Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
 For mortal creatures, conquered and secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith
 Announced, as a preparatory act
 Of reverence done to the spirit of the place,
 The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground ;
 Not, as before, like one oppressed with
 awe,
 But with a mild and social cheerfulness ;
 Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

" At morn or eve, in your retired domain,
 Perchance you not unfrequently have
 marked

A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers ;
Too delicate employ, as would appear,
For one, who, though of drooping mien, had
yet
From nature's kindness received a frame
Robust as ever rural labor bred."

The Solitary answered : " Such a Form
Full well I recollect. We often crossed
Each other's path ; but, as the Intruder
seemed
Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,
And I as willingly did cherish mine,
We met, and passed, like shadows. I have
heard,
From my good Host, that being crazed in
brain
By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,
Dived into caves, and pierced the matted
woods,
In hope to find some virtuous herb of
power
To cure his malady ! "

The Vicar smiled,—
" Alas ! before to-morrow's sun goes down
His habitation will be here : for him
That open grave is destined. "
" Died he then
Of pain and grief ? " the Solitary asked.
" Do not believe it ; never could that be ! "

" He loved," the Vicar answered, " deep-
ly loved,
Loved fondly, truly, fervently ; and dared
At length to tell his love, but sued in vain ;
Rejected, yea repelled ; and, if with scorn
Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but
A high-prized plume which female Beauty
wears
In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
To cheat the world, or from herself to hide
Humiliation, when no longer free.
That he could brook, and glory in ;—but
when
The tidings came that she whom he had
wooed
Was wedded to another, and his heart
Was forced to rend away its only hope ;
Then, Pity could have scarcely found on
earth
An object worthier of regard than he,
In the transition of that bitter hour !
Lost was she, lost ; nor could the Sufferer
say
That in the act of preference he had been
Unjustly dealt with ; but the Maid was
gone !

Had vanished from his prospects and de-
sires ;
Not by translation to the heavenly choir
Who have put off their mortal spoils—ah
no !
She lives another's wishes to complete,—
' Joy be their lot, and happiness,' he cried,
' His lot and hers, as misery must be mine !

Such was that strong concussion ; but the
Man,
Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some
huge oak
By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed
The steadfast quiet natural to a mind
Of composition gentle and sedate,
And, in its movements circumspect and
slow.
To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,
O'er which enchained by science he had
loved
To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself,
Resolved to quell his pain, and search for
truth
With keener appetite (if that might be)
And closer industry. Of what ensued
Within the heart no outward sign appeared
Till a betraying sickness was seen
To tinge his cheek ; and through his fra-
it crept
With slow mutation unconcealable ;
Such universal change as autumn makes
In the fair body of a leafy grove
Discolored, then divested.
'Tis affirmed
By poets skilled in nature's secret ways
That Love will not submit to be controlled
By mastery :—and the good Man lacked
not friends
Who strove to instil this truth into his
mind,
A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.
' Go to the hills,' said one, ' remit a while
This baneful diligence :—at early morn
Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and
woods ;
And, leaving it to others to foretell,
By calculations sage, the ebb and flow
Of tides, and when the moon will be eclipsed,
Do you, for your own benefit, construct
A calendar of flowers, plucked as they blow
Where health abides, and cheerfulness, and
peace.'
The attempt was made ;—'tis needless to
report
How hopelessly ; but innocence is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind

A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven ;
That opens, for such sufferers, relief
Within the soul, fountains of grace divine ;
And doth commend their weakness and dis-
ease

To Nature's care, assisted in her office
By all the elements that round her wait
To generate, to preserve, and to restore ;
And by her beautiful array of forms
Shedding sweet influence from above ; or
pure
Delight exhaling from the ground they
tread."

"Impute it not to impatience, if," ex-
claimed

The Wanderer, "I infer that he was healed
By perseverance in the course prescribed"

"You do not err: the powers, that had
been lost

By slow degrees, were gradually regained :
The fluttering nerves composed ; the beat-
ing heart

In rest established ; and the jarring thoughts
To harmony restored.—But yon dark mould
Will cover him, in the fulness of his strength,
Hastily smitten by a fever's force ;
Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused
Time to look back with tenderness on her
Whom he had loved in passion ; and to send
Some farewell words—with one, but one, re-
quest ;

That, from his dying hand, she would accept
Of his possessions that which most he
prized ;

A book, upon whose leaves some chosen
plants,

By his own hand disposed with nicest care,
In undecaying beauty were preserved ;
Mute register, to him, of time and place,
And various fluctuations in the breast ;
To her, a monument of faithful love
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained !

Close to his destined habitation, li
One who achieved a humbler victory,
Though marvellous in its kind. A place
there is

High in these mountains, that allured a band
Of keen adventurers to unite their pains
In search of precious ore : they tried, were
foiled—

And all desisted, all, save him alone.
He, taking counsel of his own clear thoughts,
And trusting only to his own weak hands,
Urged unreluctantly the stubborn work,

Unseconded, uncountenanced ; then, as
time

Passed on, while still his lonely efforts found
No recompense, derided ; and at length,
By many pitied, as insane of mind ;
By others dreaded as the luckless thrall
Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope
By various mockery of sight and sound ;
Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.
—But when the lord of seasons had matured
The fruits of earth through space of twice
ten years,

The mountain's entrails offered to his view
And trembling grasp the long-deferred re-
ward.

Not with more transport did Columbus greet
A world, his rich discovery ! But our Swain,
A very hero till his point was gained,
Proved all unable to support the weight
Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he
looked

With an unsettled liberty of thought,
Wishes and endless schemes ; by daylight
walked

Giddy and restless ; ever and anon
Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups ;
And truly might be said to die of joy !
He vanished ; but conspicuous to this day-
The path remains that linked his cottage
door

To the mine's mouth ; a long and slanting
track,

Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
Worn by his daily visits to and from
The darksome centre of a constant hope.
This vestige, neither force of beating rain,
Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw
Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away ;
And it is named, in memory of the event,
THE PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

"Thou from whom
Man has his strength," exclaimed the
Wanderer, "oh !

Do thou direct it ! To the virtuous grant
The penetrative eye which can perceive
In this blind world the guiding vein of hope ;
That, like this Laborer, such may dig their
way,

'Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified ;'
Grant to the wise *his* firmness of resolve !"

"That prayer were not superfluous," said
the Priest,

"Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,
That Westminster, for Briton's glory, holds
Within the bosom of her awful pile,
Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,

Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is due
to all,

Wherever laid, who living fell below
Their virtue's humbler mark; a sigh of

pain
if to the opposite extreme they sank.

How would you pity her who yonder rests;
Him, farther off; the pair who here are laid;
But, above all, that mixture of earth's
mould

Whom sight of this green hillock to my
mind

Recalls!

He lived not till his locks were nipped
By seasonable frost of age; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the manly brown with silver gray,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath
usurped

The natural crown that sage Experience
wears.

Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,
And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed
Or could perform; a zealous actor, hired
Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn
Into the lists of giddy enterprise—

Such was he; yet, as if within his frame
Two several souls alternately had lodged,
Two sets of manners could the Youth put
on;

And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird
That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth
and still

As the mute swan that floats adown the
stream,

Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
That flutters on the bough, lighter than he;
And not a flower, that droops in the green
shade,

More winningly reserved! if ye enquire
How such consummate elegance was bred
Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice;
'Twas Nature's will; who sometimes under-
dertakes,

For the reproof of human vanity,
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.
Hence, for this Favorite—lavishly endowed
With personal gifts, and bright instinctive
wit

While both, embellishing each other, stood
Yet farther recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanor, and by dance and song,
And skill in letters—every fancy shaped
Fair expectations; nor, when to the world's

Capacious field forth went the Adventurer,
there

Were he and his attainments overlooked,
Or scantily rewarded; but all hopes,
Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,
Like blighted buds; or clouds that mimicked
land

Before the sailor's eye; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass;
or aught

That *was* attractive, and hath ceased to be!

Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the
rites

Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,
Who, by humiliation undeterred,
Sought for his weariness a place of rest
Within his Father's gates.—Whence came
he?—clothed

In tattered garb, from hovels where abide
Necessity, the stationary host
Of vagrant poverty; from rifted barns
Where no one dwells but the wide-staring
owl

And the owl's prey; from these bare haunts,
to which

He had descended from the proud saloon,
He came, the ghost of beauty and of health,
The wreck of gayety! but soon revived
In strength, in power refitted, he renewed
His suit to Fortune; and she smiled again
Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose,
Thrice sank as willingly. For he—whose
nerves

Were used to thrill with pleasure, while his
voice

Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,
By the nice finger of fair ladies touched
In glittering halls—was able to derive
No less enjoyment from an abject choice.
Who happier for the moment—who more
blithe

Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary
holds

His talents lending to exalt the freaks
Of merry-making beggars,—now, provoked
To laughter multiplied in louder peals
By his malicious wit; then, all enchained
With mute astonishment, themselves to see
In their own arts outdone, their fame
eclipsed,

As by the very presence of the Fiend
Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,
For knavish purposes! The city, too,
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty
bowers

Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect

As there to linger, there to eat his bread,
Hired minstrel of voluptuous blandish-
ment;

Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,
Listen who would, be wrought upon who
might,

Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.
—Such the too frequent tenor of his boast
In ears that relished the report;—but all
Was from his Parents happily concealed;
Who saw enough for blame and pitying
love.

They also were permitted to receive
His last, repentant breath; and closed his
eyes,

No more to open on that irksome world
Where he had long existed in the state
Of a young fowl beneath one mother hatched,
Though from another sprung, different in
kind:

Where he had lived, and could not cease to
live,

Distracted in propensity; content
With neither element of good or ill;
And yet in both rejoicing; man unblest;
Of contradictions infinite the slave,
Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him
One with himself, and one with them that
sleep.”

“’Tis strange,” observed the Solitary,
“strange

It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,
That in a land where charity provides
For all that can no longer feed themselves,
A man like this should choose to bring his
shame

To the parental door; and with his sighs
Infect the air which he had freely breathed
In happy infancy. He could not pine,
Through lack of converse; no—he must
have found

Abundant exercise for thought and speech,
In his diurnal being, self-revicwed,
Self-catechised, self-punished.—Some there
are

Who, drawing near their final home, and
much

And daily longing that the same were
reached,

Would rather shun than seek the fellowship
Of kindred mould.—Such haply here are
laid?”

“Yes,” said the Priest, “the Genius of
our hills—

Who seems, by these tremendous barriers
cast

Round his domain, desirous not alone
To keep his own, but also to exclude
All other progeny—doth sometimes lure,
Even by his studied depth of privacy,
The unhappy alien hoping to obtain
Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,
In place from outward molestation free,
Helps to internal ease. Of many such
Could I discourse; but as their stay was
brief,

So their departure only left behind
Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other trace
Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair
Who, from the pressure of their several
fates,

Meeting as strangers, in a petty town
Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach
Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends
True to their choice; and gave their bones
in trust

To this loved cemetery, here to lodge
With unescutcheoned privacy interred
Far from the family vault.—A Chieftain one
By right of birth; within whose spotless
breast

The fire of ancient Caledonia burned:
He, with the foremost whose impatience
hailed

The Stuart, landing to resume, by force
Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,
Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their
head,

With his brave sword endeavored to prevent
Culloden’s fatal overthrow. Escaped
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
He fled; and when the lenient hand of
time [gained,

Those troubles had appeased, he sought and
For his obscured condition, an obscure
Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

The other, born in Britain’s southern
tract,

Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
There where *they* placed them who in con-
science prized

The new succession, as a line of kings
Whose oath had virtue to protect the land
Against the dire assaults of papacy
And arbitrary rule. But launch thy bark
On the distempered flood of public life,
And cause for most rare triumph will be
thine

If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
The stream, that bears thee forward, prove
not, soon

Or late, a perilous master. He—who oft,
Beneath the battlements and stately trees
That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,
Had moralized on this, and other truths
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied—
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitter-

ness,
When he had crushed a plentiful estate
By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat
In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the
attempt :

And while the uproar of that desperate strife
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,
The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed
name,

(For the mere sound and echo of his own
Haunted him with sensations of disgust
That he was glad to lose) slunk from the
world

To the deep shade of those untravelled
Wilds ;

In which the Scottish Laird had long pos-
sessed

An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they
met,

Two doughty champions ; flaming Jacobite
And sullen Hanoverian ! You might think
That losses and vexations, less severe
Than those which they had severally sus-
tained,

Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
For his ungrateful cause ; no,—I have
heard

My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm
Of that small town encountering thus, they
filled,

Daily, its bowling-green with harmless
strife ;

Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the
church ;

And vexed the market-place. But in the
breasts

Of these opponents gradually was wrought,
With little change of general sentiment,
Such leaning towards each other, that their
days

By choice were spent in constant fellow-
ship ;

And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,
Those very bickerings made them love it
more.

A favorite boundary to their lengthened
walks

This Church-yard was. And, whether they
had come

Treading their path in sympathy and
linked

In social converse, or by some short space
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,
One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway
Over both minds, when they awhile had
marked

The visible quiet of this holy ground,
And breathed its soothing air ;—the spirit of
hope

And saintly magnanimity ; that—spurning
The field of selfish difference and dispute,
And every care which transitory things,
Earth and the kingdoms of the earth,
create—

Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,
Preclude forgiveness, from the praise de-
barred,

Which else the Christian virtue might have
claimed.

There live who yet remember here to
have seen

Their courtly figures, seated on the stump
Of an old yew, their favorite resting-place.
But as the remnant of the long-lived tree
Was disappearing by a swift decay,

They, with joint care, determined to erect,
Upon its site, a dial, that might stand
For public use preserved, and thus survive
As their own private monument ; for this
Was the particular spot, in which they
wished

(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish
the desire)

That, undivided, their remains should lie.
So, where the mouldered tree had stood,
was raised

Yon structure, framing, with the ascent of
steps

That to the decorated pillar lead,
A work of art more sumptuous than might
seem

To suit this place ; yet built with no proud
scorn

Of rustic homeliness ; they only aimed
To ensure for it respectful guardianship.
Around the margin of the plate, whereon
The shadow falls to note the stealthy
hours,

Winds an inscriptive legend."—At these
words

Thither we turned ; and gathered, as we
read,

The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers
couched :

" *Time flies ; it is his melancholy task*

*To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
And re-produce the troubles he destroys.
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,
Which the world wants, shall be for thee
confirmed!"*

"Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered
Muse,"
Exclaimed the Skeptic, "and the strain of
thought
Accords with nature's language;—the soft
voice
Of yon white torrent falling down the rocks
Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.
If, then, their blended influence be not lost
Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,
Even upon mine, the more we are required
To feel for those among our fellow-men,
Who, offering no obeisance to the world,
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a
sense
Of constant infelicity,' cut off
From peace like exiles on some barren
rock,
Their life's appointed prison; not more
free
Than sentinels, between two armies, set,
With nothing better, in the chill night-air,
Than their own thoughts to comfort them.
Say why
That ancient story of Prometheus chained
To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus;
The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant
the woes
By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
And the dark sorrows of the line of
Thebes?
Fictions in form, but in their substance
truths,
Tremendous truths! familiar to the men
Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.
Exchange the shepherd's frock of native
gray
For robes with regal purple tinged; con-
vert
The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp
Of circumstance; and here the tragic Muse
Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.
Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills,
The generations are prepared; the pangs,
The internal pangs, are ready; the dread
strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer,
"these be terms
Which a divine philosophy rejects,
We, whose established and unfailing trust
Is in controlling Providence, admit
That, through all stations, human life
abounds
With mysteries;—for, if Faith were left un-
tried,
How could the might, that lurks within her,
then
Be shown? her glorious excellence—that
ranks
Among the first of Powers and Virtues—
proved?
Our system is not fashioned to preclude
That sympathy which you for others ask;
And I could tell, not travelling for my
theme
Beyond these humble graves, of grievous
crimes
And strange disasters; but I pass them by,
Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed
in peace.
—Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat
Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight
By the deformities of brutish vice:
For, in such portraits, though a vulgar face
And a coarse outside of repulsive life
And unaffected manners might at once
Be recognized by all—" "Ah! do not
think,"
The Wanderer somewhat eagerly ex-
claimed, [gain,
"Wish could be ours that you, for such poor
(Gain shall I call it?—gain of what?—for
whom?)
Should breathe a word tending to violate
Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look
for
In slight of that forbearance and reserve
Which common human-heartedness in-
spires,
And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."
"True," said the Solitary, "be it far
From us to infringe the laws of charity.
Let judgment here in mercy be pro-
nounced;
This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and
this
Wisdom enjoins; but if the thing we seek
Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in
mind
How, from his lofty throne, the sun can
fling

Colors as bright on exhalations bred
By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,
As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
Or the pellucid lake."

"Small risk," said I,

"Of such illusion do we here incur;
Temptation here is none to exceed the
truth;

No evidence appears that they who rest
Within this ground were covetous of praise,
Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.
Green is the Church-yard, beautiful and
green,

Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,
A heaving surface, almost wholly free
From interruption of sepulchral stones,
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen
trust

The lingering gleam of their departed lives
To oral record, and the silent heart;
Depositories faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph: for, if those fall,
What boots the sculptured tomb? And
who can blame,

Who rather would not envy, men that feel
This mutual confidence; if, from such
source,

The practice flow,—if thence, or from a
deep

And general humility in death?
Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring
From disregard of time's destructive power,
As only capable to prey on things
Of earth, and human nature's mortal part.

Yet—in less simple districts, where we
see

Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone
In courting notice; and the ground all
paved

With commendations of departed worth;
Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent
lives,

Of each domestic charity fulfilled,
And sufferings meekly borne—I, for my
part,
Though with the silence pleased that here
prevails,

Among those fair recitals also range,
Soothed by the natural spirit which they
breathe.

And, in the centre of a world whose soil
Is rank with all unkindness, compassed
round

With such memorials, I have sometimes
felt,

It was no momentary happiness
To have *one* Enclosure where the voice that
speaks

In envy or detraction is not heard,
Which malice may not enter; where the
traces

Of evil inclinations are unknown;
Where love and pity tenderly unite
With resignation; and no jarring tone
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb
Of amity and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned,"

The Pastor said, "I willingly confine
My narratives to subjects that excite
Feelings with these accordant; love, es-
teem,

And admiration; lifting up a veil,
A sunbeam introducing among hearts
Retired and covert; so that ye shall have
Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature's unambitious underwood,
And flowers that prosper in the shade. And
when

I speak of such among my flock as swerved
Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something
more

Than brotherly forgiveness may attend;
To such will we restrict our notice, else
Better my tongue were mute.

And yet there are,

I feel, good reasons why we should not
leave

Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.
For, strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and rebel—

These elements of virtue, that declare
The native grandeur of the human soul—

Are oft-times not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a selfish course:
Truth every day exemplified, no less

In the gray cottage by the murmuring
stream

Than in fantastic conqueror's roving camp,
Or 'mid the factious senate unappalled
Whoe'er may sink, or rise—to sink again,
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

There," said the Vicar, pointing as he
spake,

"A woman rests in peace; surpassed by
few

In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
Tall was her stature; her complexion dark
And saturnine; her head not raised to hold
Converse with heaven, nor yet depressed
towards earth,

But in projection carried, as she walked
Forever musing. Sunken were her eyes ;
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual
thought

Was her broad forehead ; like the brow of
one

Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful
glare

Of overpowering light.—While yet a child,
She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,
Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfur-
nished

With its appropriate grace, yet rather seek-
To be admired, than coveted and loved.

Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign
queen,

Over her comrades ; else their simple
sports,

Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,
Had crossed her only to be shunned with
scorn.

—Oh ! pang of sorrowful regret for those
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has en-
thralled,

That they have lived for harsher servitude,
Whether in soul, in body, or estate !

Such doom was hers ; yet nothing could
subdue

Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface
Those brighter images by books imprest
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars

That occupy their places, and, though oft
Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by
haze,

Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

Two passions, both degenerate, for they
both

Began in honor, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life ;

An unremitting, avaricious thrift ;
And a strange thralldom of maternal love,

That held her spirit, in its own despite,
Bound—by vexation, and regret, and scorn,

Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,
And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame
concealed—

To a poor dissolute Son, her only child.
—Her wedded days had opened with mis-
hap,

Whence dire dependence. What could she
perform

To shake the burden off ? Ah ! there was
felt,

Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.
She mused, resolved, adhered to her re-
solve ;

The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the
heart

Closed by degrees to charity ; heaven's
blessing

Not seeking from that source, she placed
her trust

In ceaseless pains—and strictest parsimony
Which sternly hoarded all that could be
spared,

From each day's need, out of each day's
least gain.

Thus all was re-established, and a pile
Constructed that sufficed for every end,

Save the contentment of the builder's
mind ;

A mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content ;

A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang her heart de-
plored.

Dread life of conflict ! which I oft com-
pared

To the agitation of a brook that runs
Down a rocky mountain, buried now and
lost

In silent pools, now in strong eddies
chained ;

But never to be charmed to gentleness :
Its best attainment fits of such repose

As timid eyes might shrink from fathom-
ing.

A sudden illness seized her in the
strength

Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell
How on her bed of death the Matron lay,

To Providence submissive, so she thought ;
But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon,
almost

To anger, by the malady that griped
Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing
power,

As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb ?
She prayed, she moaned ;—her husband's
sister watched

Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs ;
And yet the very sound of that kind foot
Was anguish to her ears ! 'and must she
rule,'

This was the death-doomed Woman heard
to say

In bitterness, 'and must she rule and
reign,

Sole Mistress of this house, when I am
gone ?

Tend what I tended, calling it her own!
Enough;—I fear, too much.—One vernal
evening,

While she was yet in prime of health and
strength,

I well remember, while I passed her door
Alone, with loitering step, and upward-eye
Turned towards the planet Jupiter that
hung

Above the centre of the Vale, a voice
Roused me, her voice; it said, 'That
glorious star

In its untroubled element will shine
As now it shines, when we are laid in
earth

And safe from all our sorrows.' With a
sigh

She spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained
By faith in glory that shall far transcend
Aught by these perishable heavens dis-
closed

To sight or mind. Nor less than care
divine

Is divine mercy. She, who had rebelled,
Was into meekness softened and subdued;
Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,
With resignation sink into the grave;
And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,
Tho', in this Vale, remembered with deep
awe."

THE Vicar paused; and toward a seat ad-
vanced,

A long stone seat, fixed in the Church-yard
wall;

Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part
Offering a sunny resting-place to them
Who seek the House of worship, while the
bells

Yet ring with all their voices, or before
The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.

Beneath the shade we all sat down; and
there

His office, uninvited, he resumed.

"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of
March,

Screened by its parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbor; the small
heap

Speaks for itself; an infant there doth
rest;

The sheltering hillock is the Mother's
grave.

If mild discourse, and manners that con-
ferred

A natural dignity on humblest rank;
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do;
And if religious tenderness of heart,
Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
Shed when the clouds had gathered and dis-
tained

The spotless ether of a maiden life;
If these may make a hallowed spot of
earth

More holy in the sight of God or Man;
Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless
man

Could field or grove, could any spot of
earth,

Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed; render back an
echo

Of the sad steps by which it hath been
trod!

There, by her innocent Baby's precious
grave,

And on the very turf that roofs her own,
The Mother oft was seen to stand, or
kneel

In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
Now she is not; the swelling turf reports
Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's
tears

Is silent; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had
moved

In virgin fearlessness, with step that
seemed

Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gemmed with morning
dew,

In the prime hour of sweetest scents and
airs.

—Serious and thoughtful was her mind;
and yet,

By reconciliation exquisite and rare
The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-
girl

Were such as might have quickened and in-
spired

A Titian's hand, address to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the
shade

What time the hunter's earliest horn is heard
Startling the golden hills.

A wide-spread elm
Stands in our valley, named THE JOYFUL
TREE;

From dateless usage which our peasants hold

Of giving welcome to the first of May
By dances round its trunk.—And if the sky
Permit, like honors, dance and song, are
paid

To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty
stars

Or the clear moon. The queen of these
gay sports,

If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,
Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the
ground

So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks
Less gracefully were braided;—but this
praise,

Methinks, would better suit another place.

She loved, and fondly deemed herself be-
loved.

—The road is dim, the current unperceived,
The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,
May be delivered to distress and shame.
Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen
danced,

Among her equals, round THE JOYFUL
TREE,

She bore a secret burthen; and full soon
Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—
Then, to bewail a sternly broken vow,
Alone, within her widowed Mother's house.
It was the season of unfolding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost
length,

And small birds singing happily to mates
Happy as they. With spirit-saddening
power

Winds pipe through fading woods; but
those blithe notes

Strike the deserted to the heart; I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.

—Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost
twig

A thrush resorts, and annually chants,
At morn and evening from that naked
perch,

While all the undergrove is thick with
leaves,

A time-beguiling ditty, for delight

Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.
—'Ah why,' said Ellen, sighing to herself,
Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn
pledge;

And nature that is kind in woman's breast,
And reason that in man is wise and good,
And fear of him who is a righteous judge;
Why do not these prevail for human life,
To keep two hearts together, that begar

Their spring-time with one love, and that
have need

Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
To grant, or be received; while that poor
bird—

O come and hear him! Thou who hast to
me

Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly
creature,

One of God's simple children that yet know
The universal Parent, how he sings

As if he wished the firmament of heaven
Should listen, and give back to him the
voice

Of his triumphant constancy and love;
The proclamation that he makes, how far
His darkness doth transcend our fickle
light!

Such was the tender passage, not by me
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
Which I perused, even as the words had
been

Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,
Bedropped with tears. 'Twill please you to
be told

That, studiously withdrawing from the eye
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
In lonely reading found a meek resource;
How thankful for the warmth of summer
days,

When she could slip into the cottage-barn,
And find a secret oratory there;
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil
Of their long twilight, pore upon her book
By the last lingering help of the open sky
Until dark night dismissed her to her bed
Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose
The unconquerable pang of despised love.

A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon its
face

She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought of,

—joy

Far livelier than bewildered traveller feels,
 Amid a perilous waste that all night long
 Hath harassed him toiling through fearful
 storm,
 When he beholds the first pale speck
 serene
 Or day-spring, in the gloomy east, revealed,
 And greets it with thanksgiving. 'Till
 this hour,'
 Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen spake,
 There was a stony region in my heart ;
 But he, at whose command the parched
 rock
 Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching
 stream,
 Hath softened that obduracy, and made
 Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,
 To save the perishing ; and, henceforth, I
 breathe
 The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake
 My Infant ! and for that good Mother dear
 Who bore me, and hath prayed for me in
 vain ;—
 Yet not in vain ; it shall not be in vain.'
 She spake, nor was the assurance unful-
 filled ;
 And if heart-rending thoughts would oft
 return,
 They stayed not long.—The blameless
 Infant grew ;
 The Child whom Ellen and her Mother
 loved
 They soon were proud of ; tended it and
 nursed ;
 A soothing comforter, although forlorn ;
 Like a poor singing-bird from distant
 lands ;
 Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes
 by
 With vacant mind, not seldom may observe
 Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
 Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.

Through four months' space the Infant
 drew its food
 From the maternal breast ; then scruples
 rose ;
 Thoughts, which the rich are free from,
 came and crossed
 The fond affection. She no more could
 bear
 By her offence to lay a twofold weight
 On a kind parent willing to forget
 Their slender means ; so, to that parent's
 care
 Trusting her child, she left their common
 home,

And undertook with dutiful content
 A Foster-mother's office.

'Tis, perchance,
 Unknown to you that in these simple vales
 The natural feeling of equality
 Is by domestic service unimpaired ;
 Yet, though such service be, with us, removed
 From sense of degradation, not the less
 The ungentle mind can easily find means
 To impose severe restraints and laws unjust,
 Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to
 feel .

For (blinded by an over anxious dread
 Of such excitement and divided thought
 As with her office would but ill accord)
 The pair, whose infant she was bound to
 nurse,

Forbad her all communion with her own :
 Week after week, the mandate they enforced,
 —So near ! yet not allowed, upon that sight
 To fix her eyes—alas ! 'twas hard to bear !
 But worse affliction must be borne—far
 worse ;

For 'tis Heaven's will that, after a disease
 Begun and ended within three days' space,
 Her child should die ; as Ellen now ex-
 claimed,

Her own—deserted child !—Once, only once,
 She saw it in that mortal malady ;
 And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain
 Permission to attend its obsequies.

She reached the house, last of the funeral
 train ;
 And some one, as she entered, having
 chanced

To urge unthinkingly their prompt depart-
 ure,
 'Nay,' said she, with commanding look, a
 spirit

Of anger never seen in her before,
 'Nay, ye must wait my time !' and down
 she sat,

And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat
 Weeping and looking, looking on and weep-
 ing,

Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
 Until at length her soul was satisfied.

You see the infant's Grave ; and to this
 spot,

The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
 On whatsoever errand, urged her steps :
 Hither she came ; here stood, and some
 times knelt

In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene !
 So call her ; for not only she bewailed
 A mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness

Her own transgression; penitent sincere
As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye!
—At length the parents of the foster child,
Noting that in despite of their commands
She still renewed and could not but renew
Those visitations, ceased to send her forth;
Or to the garden's narrow bounds confined.
I failed not to remind them that they erred;
For holy Nature might not thus be crossed,
Thus wronged in woman's breast: in vain I
pleaded—

But the green stalk of Ellen's life was
snapped,
And the flower drooped; as every eye could
see,

It hung its head in mortal languishment
—Aided by this appearance, I at length
Prevailed: and, from those bonds released,
she went

Home to her mother's house.

The Youth was fled;
The rash betrayer could not face the shame
Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had
caused;

And little would his presence, or proof given
Of a relenting soul, have now availed;
For, like a shadow, he was passed away
From Ellen's thoughts; had perished to
her mind

For all concerns of fears, or hope, or love,
Save only those which to their common
shame,

And to his moral being appertained:
Hope from that quarter would, I know, have
brought

A heavenly comfort; there she recognized
An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need;
There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built,
Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest
In blindness all too near the river's edge;
That work a summer flood with hasty swell
Had swept away; and now her Spirit longed
For its last flight to heaven's security.

—The bodily frame wasted from day to day;
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace
And pleasure in endurance. Much she
thought,

And much she read; and brooded feelingly
Upon her own unworthiness. To me,
As to a spiritual comforter and friend.
Her heart she opened; and no pains were
spared

To mitigate, as gently as I could,
The sting of self-reproach, with healing
words.

Meek Saint! through patience glorified on
earth!

In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!
May I not mention that, within those walls,
In due observance of her pious wish,
The congregation joined with me in prayer
For her soul's good? Nor was that office
vain.

—Much did she suffer: but, if any friend,
Beholding her condition, at the sight
Gave way to words of pity or complaint,
She stilled them with a prompt reproof, and
said,

'He who afflicts me knows what I can bear;
And, when I fail, and can endure no more,
Will mercifully take me to himself.'
So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit
passed

Into that pure and unknown world of love
Where injury cannot come:—and here is
laid

The mortal Body by her Infant's side."

The Vicar ceased; and downcast looks
made known

That each had listened with his inmost heart.
For me, the emotion scarcely was less strong
Or less benign than that which I had felt
When seated near my venerable Friend,
Under those shady elms, from him I heard
The story that retraced the slow decline
Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely heath
With the neglected house to which she
clung

—I noted that the Solitary's cheek
Confessed the power of nature.—Pleased
though sad,

More pleased than sad, the gray-haired Wan-
derer sate;

Thanks to his pure imaginative soul
Capacious and serene; his blameless life.
His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and
love

Of human kind! He was it who first broke
The pensive silence, saying:—

"Blest are they
Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have
erred.

This tale gives proof that Heaven most
generally deals

With such, in their affliction.—Ellen's fate,
Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,
Call to my mind dark hints which I have
heard

Of one who died within this vale, by doom
 Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.
 Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the
 bones

Of Wilfred Armathwaite?"

The Vicar answered,
 "In that green nook, close by the Church-
 yard wall,

Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself
 In memory and for warning, and in sign
 Of sweetness where dire anguish had been
 known,

Of reconciliation after deep offence—
 There doth he rest. No theme his fate
 supplies [world;

For the smooth glozings of the indulgent
 Nor need the windings of his devious course
 Be here retraced;—enough that, by mishap
 And venial error, robbed of competence,
 And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
 He craved a substitute in troubled joy;
 Against his conscience rose in arms, and,
 braving

Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.
 That which he had been weak enough to do
 Was misery in remembrance; he was stung,
 Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the
 smiles

Of wife and children stung to agony.
 Wretched at home, he gained no peace
 abroad;

Ranged through the mountains, slept upon
 the earth

Asked comfort of the open air, and found
 No quiet in the darkness of the night,
 No pleasure in the beauty of the day.
 His flock he slighted: his paternal fields
 Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished
 To fly—but whither! And this gracious
 Church,

That wears a look so full of peace and hope
 And love, benignant mother of the vale,
 How fair amid her brood of cottages!
 She was to him a sickness and reproach.

Much to the last remained unknown: but
 this [died;
 Is sure, that through remorse and grief he
 Though pitied among men, absolved by
 God,

He could not find forgiveness in himself;
 Nor could endure the weight of his own
 shame

Here rests a Mother. But from her I
 turn
 And from her grave.—Behold—upon that
 ridge.

That, stretching boldly from the mountain
 side,

Carries into the centre of the vale
 Its rocks and woods—the Cottage where she
 dwelt;

And where yet dwells her faithful partner,
 left

(Full eight years past) the solitary prop
 Of many helpless children. I begin
 With words that might be prelude to a tale
 Of sorrow and dejection; but I feel
 No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
 See daily in that happy family.

—Bright garland form they for the pensive
 brow

Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,
 Those six fair daughters, budding yet—not
 one,

Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower.
 Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
 That father was, and filled with anxious
 fear,

Now, by experience taught, he stands as-
 sured

That God, who takes away, yet takes not
 half

Of what he seems to take; or gives it back,
 Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer;
 He gives it—the boon produce of a soil
 Which our endeavors have refused to till,
 And hope hath never watered. The Abode,
 Whose grateful owner can attest these truths
 Even were the object nearer to our sight,
 Would seem in no distinction to surpass
 The rudest habitations. Ye might think
 That it had sprung self-raised from earth,
 or grown

Out of the living rock, to be adorned
 By nature only; but, if thither led,
 Ye would discover, then, a studious work
 Of many fancies, prompting many hands.

Brought from the woods the honeysuckle
 twines

Around the porch, and seems, in that trim
 place,

A plant no longer wild; the cultured rose
 There blossoms, strong in health, and will
 be soon

Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden
 wall,

And with the flowers are intermingled stones
 Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the
 hills.

These ornaments, that fade not with the
 year.

A hardy Girl continues to provide;

Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,
Her Father's prompt attendant, does for
him

All that a boy could do, but with delight
More keen and prouder daring; yet hath she,
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favorite herbs, a
space,

B; sacred charter, holden for her use.

—These, and whatever else the garden bears
Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,
I freely gather; and my leisure draws
A not unfrequent pastime from the hum
Of bees around their range of sheltered hives
Busy in that enclosure; while the rill,
That sparkling thrills the rocks, attunes his
voice

To the pure course of human life which
there

Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom
Of night is falling round my steps, then
most

This Dwelling charms me; often I stop
short, [my sight
(Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth
With prospect of the company within,
Laid open through the blazing window:—
there

I see the eldest Daughter at her wheel
Spinning amain, as if to overtake
The never-halting time; or, in her turn,
Teaching some Novice of the sisterhood
That skill in this or other household work,
Which, from her Father's honored hand,
herself,

While she was yet a little-one, had learned.
Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are gay;
And the whole house seems filled with gayety.
—Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be
deemed,

The Wife, from whose consolatory grave
I turned, that ye in mind might witness
where,

And how, her Spirit yet survives on earth!*

BOOK SEVENTH.

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Continued

ARGUMENT.

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author's mind—Pastor invited to give account of certain Graves that lie apart—Clergyman and his family—Fortunate influence of change of situation—Activity in extreme old age—Another Clergyman, a character of resolute Virtue—Lamentations over misdirected applause—Instance of less exalted excellence in a deaf man—Elevated character of a blind man—Reflection upon Blindness—Interrupted by a Peasant who passes—his animal cheerfulness and careless vivacity—He occasions a digression on the fall of beautiful and interesting Trees—A female Infant's Grave—Joy at her Birth—Sorrow at her Departure—A youthful Peasant—his patriotic enthusiasm and distinguished qualities—his untimely death—Exultation of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this picture—Solitary how affected—Monument of a Knight—Traditions concerning him—Peroration of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society—Hints at his own past Calling—Thanks the Pastor.

WHILE thus from theme to theme the Historian passed,

The words he uttered, and the scene that lay

Before our eyes, awakened in my mind
Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours;
When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale,
(What time the splendor of the setting sun
Lay beautiful on Snowden's sovereign brow,
On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur)

A wandering Youth, I listened with delight
To pastoral melody or warlike air,
Drawn from the chords of the ancient British harp

By some accomplished Master, while he sate
Amid the quiet of the green recess,
And there did inexhaustibly dispense
An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,
Tender or blithe; now, as the varying mood
Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a voice
From youth or maiden, or some honored chief

Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
Around him) drinking in the impassioned notes

Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required
For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains
of power

Were they, to seize and occupy the sense ;
 But to a higher mark than song can reach
 Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the
 stream
 Which overflowed the soul was passed
 away,
 A consciousness remained that it had left,
 Deposited upon the silent shore
 Of memory, images and precious thoughts,
 That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

" These grassy heaps lie amicably close,"
 Said I, " like surges heaving in the wind
 Along the surface of a mountain pool :
 Whence comes it, then, that yonder we be-
 hold
 Five graves, and only five, that rise together
 Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching
 On the smooth play-ground of the village-
 school ?"

The Vicar answered, — " No disdainful
 pride

In them who rest beneath, nor any course
 Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped
 To place those hillocks in that lonely guise.
 —Once more look forth, and follow with
 your sight
 The length of road that from yon moun-
 tain's base

Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till its
 line

Is lost within a little tuft of trees ;
 Then, reappearing in a moment, quits
 The cultured fields ; and up the heathy
 waste,

Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
 Led towards an easy outlet of the vale.
 That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
 By which the road is hidden, also hides
 A cottage from our view ; though I discern
 (Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees
 The smokeless chimney-top.—

All unembowered
 And naked stood that lowly Parsonage
 (For such in truth it is, and appertains
 To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)
 When hither came its last Inhabitant
 Rough and forbidding were the choicest
 roads

By which our northern wilds could then be
 And into most of these secluded vales
 Was no access for wain, heavy or light.
 So, at his dwelling-place the Priest ar-
 rived

With store of household goods in panniers
 along

On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells
 And on the back of more ignoble beast ;
 That, with like burthen of effects most
 prized

Or easiest carried, closed the motley train.
 Young was I then, a school-boy of eight
 years ;

But still, methinks, I see them as they
 passed

In order, drawing toward their wished-for
 home.

—Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass
 Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised
 freight,

Each in his basket nodding drowsily ;
 Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with
 flowers,

Which told it was the pleasant month of
 June ;

And, close behind, the comely Matron rode,
 A woman of soft speech and gracious smile,
 And with a lady's mien.—From far they
 came,

Even from Northumbrian hills ; yet theirs
 had been

A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered
 By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jest ;
 And freak put on, and arch word dropped
 to swell

The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
 That gathered round the slowly-moving
 train.

—' Whence do they come ? and with what
 errand charged ?

Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe
 Who pitch their tents under the green-wood
 tree ?

Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact
 Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the
 Wood,

And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set
 forth

The lucky venture of sage Whittington
 When the next village hears the show an-
 nounced

By blast of trumpet ?' Plenteous was the
 growth

Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen
 On many a staring countenance portrayed
 Of boor or burgher, as they marched along.

And more than once their steadiness of face
 Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
 To their inventive humor, by stern looks,

And questions in authoritative tone,
 From some staid guardian of the public
 peace,

Checking the sober steed on which he rode,

In his suspicious wisdom ; oftener still,
 By notice indirect, or blunt demand
 From traveller halting in his own despite,
 A simple curiosity to ease :
 Of which adventures, that beguiled and
 cheered
 Their grave migration, the good pair would
 tell,
 With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

A Priest he was by function ; but his
 course
 From his youth up, and high as manhood's
 noon,
 (The hour of life to which he then was
 brought)
 Had been irregular, I might say, wild ;
 By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care
 Too little checked. An active, ardent
 mind ;
 A fancy pregnant with resource, and scheme
 To cheat the sadness of a rainy day ;
 Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games ;
 A generous spirit, and a body strong
 To cope with stoutest champions of the
 bowl ;
 Had earned for him sure welcome, and the
 rights
 Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall
 Of country 'squire ; or at the staterly board
 Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly pomp
 Withdrawn, — to wile away the summer
 hours
 In condescension among rural guests.

With these high comrades he had revelled
 long,
 Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk
 By hopes of coming patronage beguiled
 Till the heart sickened. So, each loftier
 aim
 Abandoning and all his showy friends,
 For a life's stay (slender it was, but sure)
 He turned to this secluded chapelry ;
 That had been offered to his doubtful
 choice
 By an unthought-of patron. Bleak and
 bare
 They found the cottage, their allotted
 home ;
 Naked without, and rude within ; a spot
 With which the Cure not long had been
 endowed :
 And far remote the chapel stood,—remote,
 And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,
 Save through a gap high in the hills, an
 opening

Shadeless and shelterless, by driving
 showers
 Frequented, and beset with howling winds
 Yet cause was none, whate'er regret might
 hang
 On his own mind, to quarrel with the choice
 Or the necessity that fixed him here ;
 Apart from old temptations, and constrained
 To punctual labor in his sacred charge.
 See him a constant preacher to the poor !
 And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,
 Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will
 The sick in body, or distress in mind ;
 And, by a salutary change, compelled
 To rise from timely sleep, and meet the
 day [proud
 With no engagement, in his thoughts, more
 Or splendid than his garden could afford,
 His fields, or mountains by the heath-cock
 ranged,
 Or the wild brooks ; from which he now re-
 turned
 Contented to partake the quiet meal
 Of his own board, where sat his gentle Mate
 And three fair Children, plentifully fed
 Though simply, from their little household
 farm ;
 Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl
 By nature yielded to his practised hand ;—
 To help the small but certain comings-in
 Of that spare benefice. Yet not the less
 Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs
 A charitable door.

So days and years
 Passed on ;—the inside of that rugged house
 Was trimmed and brightened by the Ma-
 tron's care,
 And gradually enriched with things of
 price,
 Which might be lacked for use or orna-
 ment.
 What, though no soft and costly sofa there
 Insiduously stretched out its lazy length,
 And no vain mirror glittered upon the
 walls,
 Yet were the windows of the low abode
 By shutters weather-fenced, which at once
 Repelled the storm and deadened its loud
 roar.
 There snow-white curtains hung in decent
 folds ;
 Tough moss, and long enduring mountain
 plants,
 That creep along the ground with sinuous
 trail,
 Were nicely braided ; and composed a
 work

Like Indian mats, that with appropriate
grace

Lay at the threshold and the inner doors ;
And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool
But tintured daintily with florid hues,
For seemliness and warmth, on festive days,
Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain-
stone

With which the parlor-floor, in simplest
guise
Of pastoral homesteads, had been long in-
laid.

Those pleasing works the Housewife's
skill produced :

Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand
Was busier with his task—to rid, to plant,
To rear for food, for shelter, and delight ;
A thriving covert ! And when wishes,
formed

In youth, and sanctioned by the riper mind,
Restored me to my native valley, here
To end my days ; well pleased was I to see
The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-
side,

Screen'd from assault of every bitter blast ;
While the dark shadows of the summer
leaves

Danced in the breeze, checkering its mossy
roof.

Time, which had thus afforded willing help
To beautify with nature's fairest growths
Th's rustic tenement, had gently shed,
Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace .
The comeliness of unenfeebled age.

But how could I say, gently ? for he still
Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights
Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures
lost ;

Generous and charitable, prompt to serve
And still his harsher passions kept their
hold—

Anger and indignation. Still he loved
The sound of titled names, and talked in
glee

Of long-past banqueting with high-born
friends :

Then, from those lulling fits of vain delight
Uproused dy recollected injury, railed
At their false ways disdainfully,—and oft
In bitterness, and with a threatening eye
Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.

--Those transports, with staid looks of pure
goodwill,

And with soft smile, his consort would re-
prove.

She, far behind him in the race of years,
Yet keeping her first mildness, was ad-
vanced

Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
To that still region whither all are bound.
Him might we liken to the setting sun
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
Struggling and bold, and shining from the
west

With an inconstant and unmellowed light ;
She was a soft attendant cloud, that hung
As if with wish to veil the restless orb ;
From which it did itself imbibe a ray
Of pleasing lustre.—But no more of this ;
I better love to sprinkle on the sod
That now divides the pair, or rather say,
That still unites them, praises, like heaven's
dew,

Without reserve descending upon both.

Our very first in eminence of years
This old Man stood, the patriarch of the
Vale !

And, to his unmolested mansion, death
Had never come, through space of forty
years ;

Sparing both old and young in that abode.
Suddenly then they disappeared : not twice
Had summer scorched the fields ; not twice
had fallen,

On those high peaks, the first autumnal
snow,

Before the greedy visiting was closed,
And the long-privileged house left empty—
swept

As by a plague. Yet no rapacious plague
Had been among them ; all was gentle
death,

One after one, with intervals of peace.

A happy consummation ! an accord
Sweet, perfect, to be wished for ! save that
here

Was something which to mortal sense might
sound

Like harshness,—that the old gray-headed
Sire,

The oldest, he was taken last, survived
When the meek Partner of his age, in
Son,

His daughter, and that late and high-prized
gift,

His little smiling Grandchild, were no more

' All gone, all vanished ! he deprived and
bare,

How will he face the remnant of his life ?

What will become of him?' we said, and mused

In sad conjectures—'Shall we meet him now

Haunting with rod and line the craggy brooks?

Or shall we overhear him, as we pass, Striving to entertain the lonely hours With music?' (for he had not ceased to touch

The harp or viol which himself had framed, For their sweet purposes, with perfect skill.)

'What titles will he keep? will he remain Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist, A planter, and a rearer from the seed? A man of hope and forward-looking mind Even to the last!'—Such was he, unsub-

dued. But Heaven was gracious; yet a little while,

And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng Of open projects, and his inward hoard Of unsunned griefs, too many and too keen,

Was overcome by unexpected sleep, In one blest moment. Like a shadow thrown

Softly and lightly from a passing cloud, Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay

For noontide solace on the summer grass, The warm lap of his mother earth: and so, Their lenient term of separation past, That family (whose graves you there behold)

By yet a higher privilege once more Were gathered to each other."

Calm of mind

And silence waited on these closing words Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear

Lest in those passages of life were some That might have touched the sick heart of his Friend

Too nearly, or intent to reinforce His own firm spirit in degree deprest By tender sorrow for our mortal state)

Thus silence broke—"Behold a thoughtless Man

From vice and premature decay preserved By useful habits, to a fitter soil

Transplanted ere too late.—The hermit, lodged

Amid the untrodden desert, tells his beads, With each repeating its allotted prayer, And thus divides and thus relieves the

time;

Smooth task, with *his* compared, whose mind could string,

Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread Of keen domestic anguish: and beguile A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed; Till gentlest death released him.

Far from us

Be the desire too curiously to ask How much of this is but the blind result Of cordial spirits and vital temperament, And what to higher powers is justly due. But you, Sir, know that in a neighboring vale

A Priest abides before whose life such doubts

Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature lie

Retired from notice, lost in attributes Of reason, honorably effaced by debts Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,

And conquers over her dominion gained, To which her frowardness must needs submit.

In this one Man is shown a temperance—proof

Against all trials; industry severe And constant as the motion of the day; Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade

That might be deemed forbidding, did not there

All generous feelings flourish and rejoice; Forbearance, charity in deed and thought, And resolution competent to take Out of the bosom of simplicity

All that her holy customs recommend, And the best ages of the world prescribe.

—Preaching, administering, in every work, Of his sublime vocation, in the walks Of worldly intercourse between man and man,

And in his humble dwelling, he appears A laborer, with moral virtue girt, With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned." "Doubt can be none," the Pastor said, for whom

This portraiture is sketched. The great, the good,

The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise, These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,

Honor assumed or given: and him, the WONDERFUL,

Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,

Deservedly have styled.—From his abode

In a dependent chapelry that lies
Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
And, having once espoused, would never
quit ;

Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
That lowly, great, good Man. A simple
stone

May cover him ; and by its help, perchance,
A century shall hear his name pronounced,
With images attendant on the sound ;
Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight
close

In utter night ; and of his course remain
No cognizable vestiges, no more
Than of this breath, which shapes itself in
words

To speak of him, and instantly dissolves."

The Pastor, pressed by thoughts which
round his theme

Still linger'd, after a brief pause, resumed ;
" Noise is there not enough in doleful war,
But that the heaven-born poet must stand
forth,

And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
To multiply and aggravate the din ?
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless
love—

And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—
But that the minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind, far as he may ?

—Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate
The good man's purposes and deeds ; re-
trace

His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,
His triumphs hail, and glorify his end ;
That virtue, like the fumes and vapory
clouds

Through fancy's heat redounding in the
And like the soft infections of the heart,
By charm of measured words may spread
o'er field,

Hamlet, and town ; and piety survive
Upon the lips of men in hall or bower ;
Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,
And grave encouragement, by song in-
spired ?

—Vain thought ! but wherefore murmur or
repine ?

The memory of the just survives in heaven :
And, without sorrow, will the ground re-
ceive

That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
Of what lies here confines us to degrees
In excellence less difficult to reach,
And milder worth : nor need we travel far
From those to whom our last regards were
paid,

For such example.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Out stretches toward me, like a long straight
path

Traced faintly in the greensward ; there
beneath

A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman lies,
From whom, in early childhood, was with
drawn

The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul ;
And this deep mountain-valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird
of dawn

Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep
With startling summons ; not for his de-
light

The vernal cuckoo shouted ; not for him
Murmured the laboring bee. When winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture : evermore

Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he
moved.

Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labors ; the steep mountain-side
Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog ;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he
swayed ;

And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers. For himself,
All watchful and industrious as he was,
He wrought not : neither field nor flock he
owned :

No wish for wealth had place within his
mind ;

Nor husband's love, nor fathers hope or
care.

Though born a younger brother, need was
That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him ; but he remained well
pleased,

By the pure bend of independent love,
 An inmate of a second family ;
 The fellow-laborer and friend of him
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
 —Nor deem that his mild presence was a
 weight
 That pressed upon his brother's house ; for
 books
 Were ready comrades whom he could not
 tire ;
 Of whose society the blameless Man
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
 Even to old age, with unabated charm
 Beguiled his leisure hours ; refreshed his
 thoughts ;
 Beyond its natural elevation raised
 His introverted spirit ; and bestowed
 Upon his life an outward dignity
 Which all acknowledged. The dark winter
 night,
 The stormy day, each had its own resource ;
 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
 Science severe, or word of holy Writ
 Announcing immortality and joy
 To the assembled spirits of just men
 Made perfect, and from injury secure.
 —Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain com-
 plaint
 And they who were about him did not fail
 In reverence, or in courtesy ; they prized
 His gentle manners ; and his peaceful smiles,
 The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
 Were met with answering sympathy and
 love.

At length, when sixty years and five were
 told,
 A slow diseased insensibly consumed
 The powers of nature : and a few short steps
 Of friends and kindred bore him from his
 home
 (Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.
 —Nor was his funeral denied the grace
 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful
 grief ;
 Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
 And now that monumental stone preserves
 His name, and unambitiously relates
 How long, and by what kindly outward aids,
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,
 The sad privation was by him endured.
 —And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing
 sound
 Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,

Hath now its own peculiar sanctity ;
 And, at the touch of every wandering breeze
 Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful of
 things !
 Guide of our way, mysterious comforter !
 Whose sacred influence, spread through
 earth and heaven,
 We all too thanklessly participate,
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.
 Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he com-
 plained ;
 Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
 A safer, easier, more determined course.
 What terror doth it strike into the mind
 To think of one, blind and alone, advancing
 Straight towards some precipice's airy
 brink !
 But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed
 his steps,
 Protected, say enlightened, by his ear ;
 And on the very edge of vacancy
 Not more endangered than a man whose
 eye
 Beholds the gulf beneath.—No floweret
 blooms
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough
 hills,
 Nor in the woods that could from him con-
 ceal
 Its birth-place ; none whose figure did not
 live
 Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious
 mind ;
 The ocean paid him tribute from the stores
 Lodged in her bosom ; and, by science led,
 His genius mounted to the plains of heaven.
 —Methinks I see him—how his eye-balls
 rolled,
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness
 paired,—
 But each instinct with spirit ; and the frame
 Of the whole countenance alive with thought,
 Fancy, and understanding ; while the voice
 Discoursed of natural or moral truth
 With eloquence, and such authentic power
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge
 stood
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble—and, to unreflecting minds,
 A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer
 said,

"Beings like these present! But proof
abounds

Upon the earth that faculties, which seem
Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to be.
And to the mind among her powers of sense
This transfer is permitted,—not alone
That the bereft their recompense may win;
But for remoter purposes of love
And charity; nor last nor least for this,
That to the imagination may be given
A type and shadow of an awful truth;
How, likewise, under sufferance divine,
Darkness is banished from the realms of
death,

By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.
Unto the men who see not as we see
Futurity was thought, in ancient times,
To be laid open, and they prophesied.
And know we not that from the blind have
flowed
The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;
And wisdom married to immortal verse?"

Among the humbler Worthies, at our
feet

Lying insensible to human praise,
Love, or regret,—*whose* lineaments would
next

Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it
chanced

That, near the quiet church-yard where we
sate,

A team of horses, with a ponderous freight
Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
Whose sharp descent confounded their
array,

Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we muse,
and mourn

The waste of death; and lo! the giant oak
Stretched on his bier—that massy timber
wain;

Nor fail to note the Man who guides the
team."

He was a peasant of the lowest class
Gray locks profusely round his temples
hung

In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite
Of winter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged
Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;
And he returned our greeting with a smile.
When he had passed, the Solitary spake;
"A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows; with a face
Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much

Of Nature's impress,—gayety and health,
Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and
shrewd.

His gestures note,—and hark! his tones of
voice
Are all vivacious as his men and looks."

The Pastor answered: "You have read
him well.

Year after year is added to his store
With *silent* increase: summers, winters—
past,

Past or to come; yea, boldly might I say,
Ten summers and ten winters of a space
That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds
Upon his sprightly vigor cannot fix
The obligation of an anxious mind,
A pride in having, or a fear to lose;
Possessed like outskirts of some large
domain,

By any one more thought of than by him
Who holds the land in fee, its careless lord!
Yet is the creature rational, endowed
With foresight; hears, too, every sabbath
day,

The christian promise with attentive ear,
Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
Reject the incense offered up by him,
Though of the kind which beasts and birds
present

In grove or pasture; cheerfulness of soul,
From trepidation and repining free.
How many scrupulous worshippers fall
down

Upon their knees, and daily homage pay
Less worthy, less religious, even, than his!

This qualified respect, the old Man's due,
Is paid without reluctance; but in truth,"
(Said the good Vicar with a fond half
smile)

"I feel at times a motion of despitè
Towards one, whose bold contrivances and
skill,
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous
part

In works of havoc; taking from these vales,
One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapors
nursed,

In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;
Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,
A veil of glory for the ascending moon;
And oak whose roots by noontide dew were
damped,

And on whose forehead inaccessible

The raven lodged in safety.—Many a ship
 Launched into Morecamb-bay to *him* hath
 owed
 Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that
 bears
 The loftiest of her pendants; He, from
 park
 Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree
 That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thousand
 spindles:
 And the vast engine laboring in the mine,
 Content with meaner prowess, must have
 lacked
 The trunk and body of its marvellous
 strength,
 If his undaunted enterprize had failed
 Among the mountain coves.

Yon household fir,
 A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
 But towering high the roof above, as if
 Its humble destination were forgot—
 That sycamore, which annually holds
 Within its shade, as in a stately tent
 On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
 A grave assemblage, seated while they shear
 The fleece-encumbered flock—the JOYFUL
 ELM,
 Around whose trunk the maidens dance in
 May—
 And the LORD'S OAK—would plead their
 several rights
 In vain, if he were master of their fate;
 His sentence to the axe would doom them
 all.

But, green in age and lusty as he is,
 And promising to keep his hold on earth
 Less, as might seem, in rivalry with men
 Than with the forests more enduring growth,
 His own appointed hour will come at last;
 And, like the haughty Spoilers of the world,
 This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must fall,

Now from the living pass we once again:
 From Age," the Priest continued, "turn
 your thoughts:
 From Age, that often unlamented drops,
 And marks that daisied hillock, three spans
 long!
 —Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the
 board
 Of Gold-rill side; and, when the hope had
 ceased
 Of other progeny, a Daughter then
 Was given, the crowning bounty of the
 whole;
 And so acknowledged with a tremulous joy
 Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm

With which by nature every mother's soul
 Is stricken in the moment when her throes
 Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry
 Which tells her that a living child is born,
 And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,
 That the dread storm is weathered by them
 both.

The Father—him at this unlooked-for
 gift
 A bolder transport seizes. From the side
 Of his bright hearth, and from his open
 door,
 Day after day the gladness is diffused
 To all that come, almost to all that pass;
 Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer
 Spread on the never-empty board, and
 drink [girl,
 Health and good wishes to his new-born
 From cups replenished by his joyous hand.
 —Those seven fair brothers variously were
 moved
 Each by the thoughts best suited to his
 years:
 But most of all and with most thankful mind
 The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched;
 A happiness that ebbed not, but remained
 To fill the total measure of his soul!
 From the low tenement, his own abode,
 Whither, as to a little private cell,
 He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and
 noise,
 To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,
 Once every day he dutiously repaired
 To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe:
 For in that female infant's name he heard
 The silent name of his departed wife;
 Heart-stirring music! hourly heard that
 name;
 Full blest he was, 'Another Margaret
 Green,'
 Oft did he say, 'was come to Gold-rill side.'

Oh! pang unthought of, as the precious
 boon [stroke
 Itself had been unlooked-for; oh! dire
 Of desolating anguish for them all!
 —Just as the Child could totter on the floor,
 And, by some friendly finger's help up-
 stayed,
 Range round the garden walk, while she
 perchance
 Was catching at some novelty of spring,
 Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its
 cell
 Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful
 season

The winds of March, smiting insidiously,
Rais'd in the tender passage of the throat
Viewless obstruction; whence, all unfor-
warn'd,

The household lost their pride and soul's
delight.

--But time hath power to soften all regrets,
And prayer and thought can bring to worst
distress

Due resignation. Therefore, though some
tears

Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye
Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,
Yet this departed Little-one, too long
The innocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps
In what may now be called a peaceful bed.

On a bright day—so calm and bright, it
seem'd

To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly fair—
These mountains echoed to an unknown
sound;

A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse
Let down into the hollow of that grave,
Whose shelving sides are red with naked
mould.

Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth!
Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these
sods,

That they may knit together, and therewith
Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!
Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.

Dear Youth, by young and old alike be-
loved,

To me as precious as my own!—Green
herbs

May creep (I wish that they would softly
creep)

Over thy last abode, and we may pass
Reminded less imperiously of thee;—
The ridge itself may sink into the breast
Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more:
Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our
hearts,

'Thy image disappear!

The Mountain-ash

No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that out-
shine

Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have
marked,

By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn: the pool
Glow's at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brighten'd round her. In his native
vale

Such and so glorious did this Youth ap-
pear;

A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the
shade

Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals (if such fables without blame
May find chance-mention on this sacred
ground)

So, through a simple rustic garb's dis-
guise,

And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's
sight,

In him the spirit of a hero walk'd
Our unpretending valley.—How the quoit
Whizz'd from the stripling's arms! If
touch'd b. him,

The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the
pitch

Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow
curve,

Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!

The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved
weak

To guard the royal brood The sailing
glead,

The wheeling swallow, and the darting
snipe,

The sportive sea-gull dancing with the
waves,

And cautious water-fowl, from distant
climes,

Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere,
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.
And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast

Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his
threats;

Our Country marked the preparation vast
Of hostile forces; and she called—with
voice

That fill'd her plains, that reach'd her ut-
most shores,

And in remotest vales was heard—to arms

Then, for the first time, here you might
 have seen
 The shepherd's gray to martial scarlet
 changed,
 That flashed uncouthly through the woods
 and fields,
 Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,
 And graced with shining weapons, weekly
 marched,
 From this lone valley, to a central spot
 Where, in assemblage with the flower and
 choice
 Of the surrounding district, they might
 learn
 The rudiments of war; ten—hardy, strong,
 And valiant; but young Oswald, like a
 chief
 And yet a modest comrade, led them forth
 From their shy solitude, to face the world,
 With a gay confidence and seemly pride;
 Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet
 Like Youths released from labor, and yet
 bound
 To most laborious service, though to them
 A festival of unencumbered ease;
 The inner spirit keeping holiday,
 Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine
 left.

Of t have I marked him, at some leisure
 hour,
 Stretched on the grass, or seated in the
 shade,
 Among his fellows, while an ample map
 Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
 From which the gallant teacher would dis-
 course,
 Now pointing this way, and now that.—
 'Here flows,'
 Thus would he say, 'The Rhine, that famous
 stream!
 Eastward, the Danube toward this inland
 sea,
 A mightier river, winds from realm to
 realm;
 And, like a serpent, shows his glittering
 back
 Bespotted—with innumerable isles:
 Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk;
 observe
 His capital city!' Thence, along a tract
 Of livelier interest to his hope and fears,
 His finger moved, distinguishing the spots
 Where wide-spread conflict then most
 fiercely raged;
 Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields
 On which the sons of mighty Germany

Were taught a base submission.—'Here
 behold
 A nobler race, the Switzers, and their land,
 Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge
 woods,
 And mountains, white with everlasting
 snow!'
 —And, surely, he, that spake with kin-
 dling brow,
 Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best
 Of that young peasantry, who, in our days,
 Have fought and perished for Helvetia's
 rights—
 Ah, not in vain!—or those who, in old
 time,
 For work of happier issue, to the side
 Of Tell came trooping from a thousand
 huts,
 When he had risen alone! No braver
 Youth
 Descended from Judean heights, to march
 With righteous Joshua; nor appeared in
 arms
 When grove was felled, and altar was cast
 down,
 And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-
 inflamed,
 And strong in hatred of idolatry."

The Pastor, even as if by these last
 words
 Raised from his seat within the chosen
 shade,
 Moved toward the grave;—instinctively his
 steps
 We followed; and my voice with joy ex-
 claimed:
 Power to the Oppressors of the world is
 given,
 A might of which they dream not. Oh!
 the curse,
 To be the awakener of divinest thoughts,
 Father and founder of exalted deeds;
 And, to whole nations bound in servile
 straits,
 The liberal donor of capacities
 More than heroic! this to be, nor yet
 Have sense of one unnatural wish, nor yet
 Deserve the least return of human thanks;
 Winning no recompense but deadly hate
 With pity mixed, astonishment with
 scorn!"

When this involuntary strain had ceased,
 The Pastor said: "So Providence is
 served;
 The forked weapon of the skies can send

Illumination in'to deep, dark holds,
Which the mild sunbeam hath not power
to pierce.

Ye Thrones that have defied remorse, and
cast

Pity away, soon shall ye quake with *fear* !
For, not unconscious of the mighty depth
Which to outrageous wrong the sufferer
owes,

Europe, through all her habitable bounds,
Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet
Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,
By horror of their impious rites, pre-
served;

Are still permitted to extend their pride,
Like cedars on the top of Lebanon
Darkening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,
And love ' all hoping and expecting all,'
This hallowed grave demands, where rests
in peace

A humble champion of the better cause ;
A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he asked
No higher name ; in whom our country
showed,

As in a favorite son, most beautiful.
In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,
Spread with the spreading of her wealthy
arts,

England, the ancient and the free, appeared
In him to stand before my swimming eyes,
Unconquerably virtuous and secure.

-- No more of this, lest I offend his dust :
Short was his life, and a brief tale remains.

One day — a summer's day of annual
pomps
And solemn chase—from morn to sultry
noon

His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,
The red-deer driven along its native heights
With cry of hound and horn ; and, from
that toil

Returned with sinews weakened and re-
laxed, [self,

This generous Youth, too negligent of
Plunged — 'mid a gay and busy throng
convened

To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock
Into the chilling flood. Convulsions dire
Seized him, that self-same night ; and
through the space

Of twelve ensuing days his frame was
wrenched,

Till nature rested from her work in death.
To him, thus snatched away, his comrades
paid

A soldier's honors. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless
blue—

A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering
there,

From some commanding eminence had
looked

Down on this spot, well pleased would he
have seen

A glittering spectacle ; but every face
Was pallid : seldom hath that eye been
moist

With tears that wept not then ; nor were
the few,

Who from their dwellings came not forth to
join

In this sad service, less disturbed than we,
They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder, which announced,
Through the still air, the closing of the
Grave ;

And distant mountains echoed with a
sound

Of lamentation, never heard before !”

The Pastor ceased. — My venerable
Friend

Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye ;
And, when that eulogy was ended, stood
Enrapt, as it his inward sense perceived

The prolongation of some still response,
Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide land,
The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,
Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,

Its rights and virtues—by that Deity
Descending, and supporting his pure heart
With patriotic confidence and joy.

And, at the last of those memorial words,
The pining Solitary turned aside :

Whether through manly instinct to conceal
Tender emotions spreading from the heart

To his worn cheek ; or with uneasy shame
For those cold humors of habitual spleen

That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man
Solace and self-excuse, had sometime
urged

To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.
—Right toward the sacred Edifice his
steps

Had been directed, and we saw him now
Intent upon a monumental stone,

Whose uncouth form was grafted on the
wall, [side

Or rather seemed to have grown into the
Of the rude pile ; as oft-times trunks of
trees,

Where nature works in wild and craggy spots,

Are seen incorporate with the living rock—
To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note
Of his employment, with a courteous smile
Exclaimed—

“The sagest Antiquarian’s eye
That task would foil;” then, letting fall
his voice

While he advanced, thus spake: “Tradition
tells

That, in Eliza’s golden days, a Knight
Came on a war-horse sumptuously attired,
And fixed his home in this sequestered
vale.

’Tis left untold if here he first drew breath,
Or as a stranger reached this deep recess,
Unknown and unknown. A pleasing
thought

I sometimes entertain, that haply bound
To Scotland’s court in service of his
Queen,

Or sent on mission to some northern Chief
Of Endland’s realm, this vale he might have
seen

With transient observation; and thence
caught

An image fair, which, brightening in his
soul

When joy of war and pride of chivalry
Languished beneath accumulated years,
Had power to draw him from the world, re-
solved

To make that paradise his chosen home
To which his peaceful fancy oft had turned,

Vague thoughts are these; but, if belief
may rest

Upon unwritten story fondly traced
From sire to son, in this obscure retreat
The Knight arrived, with spear and shield,
and borne

Upon a Charger gorgeously bedecked
With brodered housings. And the lofty
Steed—

His sole companion, and his faithful friend,
Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range
In fertile pastures—was beheld with eyes
Of admiration and delightful awe,
By those untravelled Dalesmen. With less
pride,

Yet free from touch of envious discontent,
They saw a mansion at his bidding rise,
Like a bright star, amid the lowly band
Of their rude homesteads. Here the War-
rior dwelt;

And, in that mansion, children of his own,

Or kindred, gathered round him. As a
tree

That falls and disappears, the house is
gone;

And, through improvidence or want of love
For ancient worth and honorable things,
The spear and shield are vanished, which
the Knight

Hung in his rustic hall. One ivied arch
Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains
Of that foundation in domestic care
Raised by his hands. And now no trace is
left

Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this
stone,

Faithless memorial! and his family name
Borne by yon clustering cottages, that
sprang

From out the ruins of his stately lodge;
These, and the name and title at full
length,—

Sir Alfred Irving, with appropriate
words

Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath
Or posy, girding round the several fronts
Of three clear sounding and harmonious
bells,

That in the steeple hang, his pious gift.”

“So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and
dies,”

The gray-haired Wanderer pensively ex-
claimed,

“All that this world is proud of. From
their spheres

The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes and emperors, and the crowns and
palms

Of all the mighty, withered and con-
sumed!

Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man him-
self

Departs; and soon is spent the line of
those

Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and
ranks,

Fraternalities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a
smile

Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of Desolation, aimed: to slow decline

These yield, and these to sudden overthrow :
 Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
 Expire; and nature's pleasant robe of green,
 Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
 Their monuments and their memory. The
 vast frame
 Of social nature changes evermore
 Her organs and her members with decay
 Restless, and restless generation, powers
 And functions dying and produced at
 need,—
 And by this law the mighty whole subsists :
 With an ascent and progress in the main :
 Yet, oh ! how disproportioned to the
 hopes
 And expectations of self-flattering minds !

The courteous Knight, whose bones are
 here interred,
 Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
 For strife and ferment in the minds of
 men ;
 Whence alteration in the forms of things,
 Various and vast. A memorable age !
 Which did to him assign a pensive lot—
 To linger 'mid the last of those bright
 clouds
 That, on the steady breeze of honor, sailed
 In long procession calm and beautiful
 He who had seen his own bright order fade,
 And its devotion gradually decline,
 (While war, relinquishing the lance and
 shield,
 Her temper changed, and bowed to other
 laws)
 Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,
 That violent commotion which o'erthrew,
 In town and city and sequestered glen,
 Altar and cross, and church of solemn roof,
 And old religious house—pile after pile ;

And shook their tenants out into the fields,
 Like wild beasts without home ! Their
 hour was come ;
 But why no softening thought of gratitude,
 No just remembrance, scruple, or wis-
 doubt ?
 Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help,
 Save at worst need, from bold impetuous
 force,
 Fitliest allied to anger and revenge.
 But Human-kind rejoices in the might
 Of mutability ; and airy hopes,
 Dancing around her, hinder and disturb
 Those meditations of the soul that feed
 The retrospective virtues. Festive songs
 Break from the maddened nations at the
 sight
 Of sudden overthrow ; and cold neglect
 Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

Even," said the Wanderer, "as that
 courteous Knight,
 Bound by his vow to labor for redress
 Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
 By sword and lance the law of gentleness,
 (If I may venture of myself to speak,
 Trusting that not uncongruously I blend
 Low things with lofty) I too shall be
 doomed
 To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem
 Of the poor calling which my youth em-
 braced
 With no unworthy prospect. But enough ;
 —Thoughts crowd upon me—and 'twere
 seemlier now
 To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher
 thanks
 For the pathetic records which his voice
 Hath here delivered ; words of heartfelt
 truth,
 Tending to patience when affliction strikes
 To hope and love ; to confident repose
 In God ; and reverence for the dust of
 Man."

BOOK EIGHTH.

THE PARSONAGE.

ARGUMENT.

Pastor's apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, with the Pastor's invitation to his house—Solitary disinclined to comply—rallies the Wanderer—and playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant—which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit—Favorable effects—The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth—Physical science unable to support itself—Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society—Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill—Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed—Conversation broken off by a renewed Invitation from the Pastor—Path leading to his House—Its appearance described—His Daughter—His Wife—His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion—Their happy appearance—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

THE pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale
To these acknowledgments subscribed his
own,

With a sedate compliance, which the Priest
Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and
said:—

“If ye, by whom invited I began
These narratives of calm and humble life,
Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained;
At 1, in return for sympathy bestowed
And patient listening, thanks accept from
me.

—Life, death, eternity! momentous themes
Are they—and might demand a seraph's
tongue,

Were they not equal to their own support;
And therefore no incompetence of mine
Could do them wrong. The universal
forms

Of human nature in a spot like this,
Present themselves at once to all men's
view: [make

Ye wished for act and circumstance, that
The individual known and understood;
And such as my best judgment could select
From what the place afforded have been
given;

Though apprehensions crossed me that my
zeal

To his might well be likened who unlocks
A cabinet stored with gems and pictures—
draws

His treasures forth, soliciting regard
To this, and this, as worthier than the last,
Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased
More than the exhibitor himself, becomes
Weary and faint, and longs to be released.
—But let us hence! my dwelling is in
sight,
And there—”

At this the Solitary shrunk,
With backward will; but, wanting not ad-
dress

That inward motion to disguise, he said
To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake:
—“The peaceable remains of this good
Knight

Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful
scorn, [lies
If consciousness could reach him where he
That one, albeit of these degenerate times,
Deploping changes past, or dreading change
Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in
thought,

The fine vocation of the sword and lance
With the gross aims and body-bending toil
Of a poor brotherhood who walk the earth
Pitied, and, where they are not known, de-
spised.

Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the two
estates
Are graced with some resemblance. Errant
those,

Exiles and wanderers—and the like are
these; [dale,
Who, with their burthen, traverse hill and
Carrying relief for nature's simple wants.

—What though no higher recompense be
sought

Than honest maintenance, by irksome toil
Full oft procured, yet may they claim re-
spect,

Among the intelligent, for what this course
Enables them to be and to perform.

Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,
While solitude permits the mind to feel;
Instructs, and prompts her to supply de-
fects

By the division of her inward self
For grateful converse: and to these poor men
Nature (I but repeat your favorite boast)
Is bountiful—go wheresoe'er they may;
Kind nature's various wealth is all their
own.

Versed in the characters of men; and bound,
 By ties of daily interest, to maintain
 Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;
 Such have been, and still are in their deg-
 ree,
 Examples efficacious to refine
 Rude intercourse; apt agents to expel,
 By importation of unlooked-for arts,
 Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;
 Raising, through just gradation, savage
 life
 To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.
 —Within their moving magazines is lodged
 Power that comes forth to quicken and
 exalt
 Affections seated in the mother's breast,
 And in the lover's fancy; and to feed
 The sober sympathies of long-tried friends.
 —By these Itinerants, as experienced men,
 Counsel is given; contention they appease
 With gentle language; in remotest wilds,
 Fears wipe away, and pleasant tidings
 bring;
 Could the proud quest of chivalry do
 more?"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer, "they
 who gain

A panegyric from your generous tongue!
 But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
 Aught of romantic interest, it is gone.
 Their purer service, in this realm at least,
 Is past forever.—An inventive Age
 Has wrought, if not with speed of magic,
 yet
 To most strange issues I have lived to
 mark

A new and unforeseen creation rise
 From out the labors of a peaceful Land
 Wielding her potent enginery to frame
 And to produce, with appetite as keen
 As that of war, which rests not night or
 day, [pains
 Industrious to destroy! With fruitless
 Might one like me *now* visit many a tract
 Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod
 again,
 A lone pedestrian, with a scanty freight,
 Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he
 came—
 Among the tenantry of thorp and vill;
 Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter
 proud,
 And dignified by battlements and towers
 Of some stern castle, mouldering on the
 brow

Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
 The foot-path faintly marked, the horse
 track wild,
 And formidable length of plashy lane,
 (Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
 Or easier links connecting place with place)
 Have vanished—swallowed up by stately
 roads
 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
 Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth has
 lent
 Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
 Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
 Glistening along the low and woody dale;
 Or, in its progress, on the lofty side,
 Of some bare hill, with wonder kenne'd from
 far.

Meanwhile, at social Industry's com-
 mand,
 How quick, how vast an increase! From
 the germ
 Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
 Here a huge town, contiguous and com-
 pact, [there,
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and
 Where not a habitation stood before,
 Abodes of men irregularly massed
 Like trees in forests,—spread through spa-
 cious tracts,
 O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
 Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
 Of vapor glittering in the morning sun.
 And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his
 steps,
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,
 Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
 How much the mild Directress of the plough
 Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!
 —Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence
 the shores
 Of Britain are resorted to by ships
 Freightened from every climate of the world
 With the world's choicest produce. Hence
 that sum
 Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
 That animating spectacle of sails
 That, through her inland regions, to and fro
 Pass with the respiration of the tide,
 Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
 Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
 Of thunder daunting those who would ap-
 proach
 With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock
Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care
And Heaven's good providence, preserved
from taint!

With you I grieve, when on the darker side
Of this great change I look; and there be-
hold

Such outrage done to nature as compels
The indignant power to justify herself;
Yea, to avenge her violated rights,
For England's bane.—When soothing dark-
ness spreads

O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus ex-
pressed

His recollections, "and the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their
homes,

Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful
lord;

Then, in full many a region, once like this
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting Labor's eyes
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern
behest—

A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disorged are now the ministers of day:
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded
door—

And in the courts—and where the rumbling
stream,

That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens,
youths,

Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old
Our ancestors, within the still domain
Of vast cathedral or conventual church,
Their vigils kept: where tapers day and
night

On the dim altar burned continually,
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious men were they;
Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire
Above this transitory world, allow

That there should pass a moment of the year
When in their land the Almighty's service
ceased.

Triumph who will in these profaner rites
Which we, a generation self-extolled,
As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency:—yet do I exult,
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers
That, by the thinking mind, have been com-
pelled

To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by
the might

Of this dominion over nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory
rests,

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmyra, central in the desert, tell;
And the Arts died by which they had been
raised.

—Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy whose sway depends
On mere material instruments;—how weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if unprop-
ped

By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive grief,
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetful-
ness!"

When from the Wanderer's lips these
words had fallen,
I said, "And, did in truth those vaunted
Arts

Possess such privilege, how could we escape
Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,
And would preserve as things above all price,
The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stable worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate?
Oh! where is now the character of peace,

Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,
 And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
 And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer ;
 That made the very thought of country-life
 A thought of refuge, for a mind detained
 Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd ?
 Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept
 With conscientious reverence, as a day
 By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced
 Holy and blest ? and where the winning
 grace
 Of all the lighter ornaments attached
 To time and season, as the year rolled
 round ? ”

“ Fled ! ” was the Wanderer’s passionate
 response,

“ Fled utterly ! or only to be traced
 In a few fortunate retreats like this ;
 Which I behold with trembling, when I think
 What lamentable change a year—a month—
 May bring ; that brook converting as it runs
 Into an instrument of deadly bane
 For those who, yet untempted to forsake
 The simple occupations of their sires,
 Drink the pure water of its innocent stream
 With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss
 (Or call it comfort, by a humbler name.)
 How art thou blighted for the poor Man’s
 heart !

Lo ! in such neighborhood, from morn to
 eve,

The habitations empty ! or perchance
 The Mother left alone,—no helping hand
 To rock the cradle of her peevish babe ;
 No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
 Or in dispatch of each day’s little growth
 Of household occupation ; no nice arts
 Of needle-work ; no bustle at the fire,
 Where once the dinner was prepared with
 pride ;
 Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the
 mind ;
 Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command !

The Father, if perchance he still retain
 His old employments, goes to field or wood,
 No longer led or followed by the Song ;
 Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his*
 sight ;
 Breathing fresh air, and treading the green
 earth ;
 Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
 Ne’er to return ! That birthright now is
 lost,
 Economists will tell you that the State
 Thrives by the forfeiture—unfeeling thought.

And false as monstrous ! Can the mother
 thrive
 By the destruction of her innocent sons
 In whom a premature necessity
 Blocks out the forms of nature, preconsumes
 The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
 The infant Being in itself, and makes
 Its very spring a season of decay !
 The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
 Whether a pining discontent survive,
 And thirst for change ; or habit hath subdued
 The soul deprest, dejected—even to love
 Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
 A native Briton to these inward chains,
 Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep ;
 Without his own consent, or knowledge.
 fixed !

He is a slave to whom release comes not,
 And cannot come. The boy, where’er he
 turns,

Is still a prisoner, when the wind is up
 Among the clouds, and roars through the
 ancient woods ;

Or when the sun is shining in the east,
 Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school
 Of his attainments ? no ; but with the air
 Fanning his temples under heaven’s blue
 arch.

His raiment, whitened o’er with cotton
 flakes

Or locks of wool, announces whence he
 comes.

Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,
 His respiration quick and audible ;
 And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
 Could break from out those languid eyes, or
 a blush

Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,
 Of no mean Being ? One who should be
 clothed

With dignity befitting his proud hope ;
 Who, in his very childhood, should appear
 Sublime from present purity and joy !
 The limbs increase ; but liberty of mind
 Is gone forever ; and this organic frame,
 So joyful in its motions, is become
 Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead .
 And even the touch, so exquisitely poured
 Through the whole body, with a languid wind
 Performs its functions ; rarely competent
 To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
 Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
 The gentle visitations of the sun,
 Or lapse of liquid element—by hand,

Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—perceived.

—Can hope look forward to a manhood raised

On such foundations ?”

“ Hope is none for him !”

The pæ Recluse indignantly exclaimed,

“ And tens of thousands suffer wrong as deep.

Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,

If there were not, before those arts appeared,

These structures rose, commingling old and young,

And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint :

If there were not, *then*, in our far-famed Isle,

Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed

Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large ;

Yet walked beneath the sun, in human shape,

As abject, as degraded ? At this day,

Who shall enumerate the crazy huts

And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth

A ragged Offspring, with their upright hair

Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear ;

Or wearing, (shall we say ?) in that white growth

An ill-adjusted turban, for defence

Or fierceness, wreathed around their sunburnt brows,

By savage Nature ? Shrivelled are their lips ;

Naked, and colored like the soil, the feet

On which they stand ; as if thereby they drew

Some nourishment, as trees do by their roots,

From earth, the common mother of us all.

Figure and mien, complexion and attire,

Are leagued to strike dismay ; but outstretched hand

And whining voice denote them supplicants

For the least boon that pity can bestow.

Such on the breast of darksome heaths are found ;

And with their parents occupy the skirts

Of furze-clad commons ; such are born and reared

At the mine's mouth under impending rocks ;

Or dwell in chambers of some natural cave ;

Or where their ancestors erected huts,

For the convenience of unlawful gain,

In forest purlieus ; and the like are bred,

An England through, where nooks and slips of ground

Purloined, in times less jealous than our own,

From the green margin of the public way,

A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom

And gayety of cultivated fields.

Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)

Do I remember oft-times to have seen

'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. In earnest watch,

Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand

Then, following closely with the cloud & dust,

An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone

Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage.

—Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin,

And, on the freight of merry passengers

Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed ;

And spin—and pant—and over head again,

Wild pursuivants ! until their breath is lost,

Or bounty tires—and every face, that smiled

Encouragement, hath ceased to look that way.

—But, like the vagrants of the gypsy tribe,

These, bred to little pleasure in themselves, Are profitless to others.

Turn we then

To Britons born and bred within the pale

Of civil polity, and early trained

To earn, by wholesome labor in the field,

The bread they eat. A sample should I give

Of what this stock hath long produced to enrich

The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,

' Is this the whistling plough-boy, whose shrill notes

Impart new gladness to the morning air !'

Forgive me if I venture to suspect

That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,

Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints ; Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the

knees

Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear

Fellows to those that lustily upheld

The wooden stools for everlasting use,

Whereon our fathers sate. And mark his brow !

Under whose shaggy canopy are set

Two eyes—not dim, but of a healthy stare—

Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange—

Proclaiming boldly that they never drew

A look or motion of intelligence

From infant-conning of the Christ-cross row,

Or puzzling through a primer, line by line,

Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last

—What kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand,

What penetrating power of sun or breeze,

Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his
soul

Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?

This torpor is no pitiable work

Of modern ingenuity; no town

Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught

Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law

To which (and who can tell where or how
soon?)

He may be roused. This Boy the fields
produce:

His spade and hoe, mattock and glittering
scythe,

The carter's whip that on his shoulder rests

In air high-towering, with a boorish pomp,

The sceptre of his sway; his country's
name,

Her equal rights, her churches and her
schools—

What have they done for him? And, let me
ask,

For tens of thousands uninformed as he?

In brief, what liberty of *mind* is here?"

This ardent sally pleased the mild good

Man,

To whom the appeal couched in its closing
words

Was pointedly addressed; and to the
thoughts

That, in assent or opposition, rose

Within his mind, he seemed prepared to
give

Prompt utterance but the Vicar interposed
With invitation urgently renewed.

—We followed, taking, as he led, a path

Along a hedge of nollies, dark and tall,

Whose flexil boughs, low bending with a
weight

Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and
roots

That gave them nourishment. When frosty
winds

Howl from the north, what kindly warmth,
methought,

's here -- how grateful this impervious
screen!

—Not shaped by simple wearing of the
foot

On rural business passing to and fro

Was the commodious walk: a careful hand
Had marked the line, and strewn its surface

o'er

With pure cerulean gravel, from the heights
Fetched by a neighboring brook.—Across
the vale

The stately fence accompanied our steps;

And thus the pathway, by perennial green
Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to
unite,

As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,

The Pastor's mansion with the house of
prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined
With feminine allurements soft and fair,
The mansion's self displayed;—a reverend
pile

With bold projections and recesses deep,
Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it
stood

Fronting the noontide sun. We paused to
admire

The pillared porch, elaborately embossed;
The low wide windows with their mullions
old;

The cornice, richly fretted, of gray stone;
And that smooth slope from which the
dwelling rose,

By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers
And flowering shrubs, protected and adorn-
ed:

Profusion bright! and every flower assum-
ing

A more than natural vividness of hue,
From unaffected contrast with the gloomy

Of sober cypress, and the darker foil
Of yew, in which survived some traces,
here

Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
And uncouth fancy. From behind the
roof

Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
Blending their divers foliage with the green

Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
The huge round chimneys, harbor of de-
light

For wren and redbreast,—where they sit
and sing

Their slender ditties when the trees are
bare.

Nor must I leave untouched (the picture
else

Were incomplete) a relic of old times
Happily spared, a little Gothic niche

Of nicest workmanship; that once had
held

The sculptured image of some patron-saint,
Or of the blessed Virgin, looking down
On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo! where from the rocky garden-
mount

Crowned by its antique summer-house—
descends,

Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl ;
For she hath recognized her honored friend,
The Wanderer ever welcome. A prompt
kiss

The gladsome Child bestows at his request ;
And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,
Hangs on the old Man with a happy look,
And with a pretty restless hand of love.

—We enter—by the Lady of the place
Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port :
A lofty stature undepressed by time,
Whose visitation had not wholly spared
The finer lineaments of form and face ;
To that complexion brought which prudence
trusts in

And wisdom loves.—But when a stately
ship

Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast
On homeward voyage, what—if wind and
wave,

And hardship undergone in various climes,
Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,
And that full trim of inexperienced hope
With which she left her haven—not for
this,

Should the sun strike her, and the impartial
breeze

Play on her streamers, fails she to assume
Brightness and touching beauty of her own,
That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair ap-
peared

This goodly Matron, shining in the beams
Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board
Was spread, and we partook a plain repast

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
The mid-day hours with desultory talk ;
From trivial themes to general argument
Passing, as accident or fancy led,
Or courtesy prescribed. While question
rose

And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
Resumed the manners of his happier days ;
And in the various conversation bore

A willing, nay, at times, a forward part ;
Yet with the grace of one who in the world
Had learned the art of pleasing, and had
now

Occasion given him to display his skill
Upon the steadfast 'vantage-ground of truth.
He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed,
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,
Seen, from the shady room in which we
sate,

In softened perspective ; and more than
once

Praised the consummate harmony serene
Of gravity and elegance, diffused
Around the mansion and its whole domain ;
Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
And female care. — “ A blessed lot is
yours ! ”

The words escaped his lips, with a tender
sigh
Breathed over them ; but suddenly the
door

Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys
Appeared, confusion checking their delight.
—Not brothers they in feature or attire,
But fond companions, so I guessed, in
field,

And by the river's margin—whence they
come,

Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.
One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
The boy of plainer garb, whose blush sur-
vives

More deeply tinged. Twin might the
other be

To that fair girl who from the garden
mount

Bounded :—triumphant entry this for him !
Between his hands he holds a smooth blue
stone,

On whose capacious surface see outspread
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted
trouts ;

Ranged side by side, and lessening by de-
Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle
Upon the board he lays the sky-blue stone
With its rich freight ; their number he pro-
claims ;

Tells from what pool the noblest had been
dragged ;

And where the very monarch of the brook,
After long struggle, had escaped at last—
Stealing alternately at them and us

(As doth his comrade too) a look of pride,
And, verily, the silent creatures made
A splendid sight, together thus exposed,
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by
death,

That seemed to pity what he could not
spare.

But O, the animation in the mien
Of those two boys ! yea in the very words
With which the young narrator was in-
spired,

When, as our questions led, he told at
large

Of that day's prowess ! Him might I com-
pare,

His looks, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,
To a bold brook that splits for better
speed, [way

And, at the self-same moment, works its
Through many channels, ever and anon
Parted and re-united: his compeer
To the still lake, whose stillness is to sight
As beautiful—as grateful to the mind.
—But to what object shall the lovely Girl
Be likened? She whose countenance and
air

Unite the graceful qualities of both,
Even as she shares the pride and joy of both.

My gray-haired Friend was moved; his
vivid eye [knew,
Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I

Was full; and had, I doubted not, returned,
Upon this impulse, to the theme—erewhile
Abruptly broken off. The ruddy boys
Withdrew, on summons, to their well-earned
meal;

And He—to whom all tongues resigned
their rights

With willingness, to whom the general ear
Listened with readier patience than to
strain

Of music, lute or harp, a long delight
That ceased not when his voice had ceased—
as One

Who from truth's central point serenely
views

The compass of his argument—began
Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

BOOK NINTH.

DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND AN EVENING VISIT TO THE LAKE.

ARGUMENT.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe, its noblest seat the human soul—How lively this principle is in Childhood—Hence the delight in old Age of looking back upon Childhood—The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted—These not to be looked for generally but under a just government—Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument—The condition of multitudes deplored—Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light—Truth placed within reach of the humblest—Equality—Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to—Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government—Glorious effects of this foretold—Walk to the Lake—Grand spectacle from the side of a hill—Address of Priest to the Supreme Being—in the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him—The change ascribed to Christianity—Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead—Gratitude to the Almighty—Return over the Lake—Parting with the Solitary—Under what circumstances.

"To every Form of being is assigned,"
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
"An *active* principle:—how'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures; in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds.
This is the freedom of the universe;
Unfolded still the more, more visible,
The more we know; and yet is revered
least,
And least respected in the human Mind,
Its most apparent home. The food of
hope
Is meditated action; robbed of this
Her whole support, she languishes and dies
We perish also; for we live by hope
And by desire; we see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
And so we live, or else we have no life.
To-morrow—nay perchance this very hour
(For every moment hath its own to-mor-
row!)

Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are almost sick

With present triumph, will be sure to find
A field before them freshened with the dew
Of other expectations;—in which course
Their happy year spins round. The youth obeys

A like glad impulse; and so moves the man

'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and fears,—

Or so he ought to move. Ah! why in age
Do we revert so fondly to the walks
Of childhood—but that there the Soul discerns

The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
Of her own native vigor; thence can hear
Reverberations; and a choral song,
Commungling with the incense that ascends
Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,

From her own lowly altar?

Do not think
That good and wise ever will be allowed,
Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate

As shall divide them wholly from the stir
Of hopeful nature. Rightly is it said
That Man descends into the VALE of years;

Yet have I thought that we might also speak,

And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
As of a final EMINENCE; though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty; a place of power,
A throne, that may be likened unto his
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
Down from a mountain-top.—say one of those

High peaks that bound the vale where now we are.

Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,
Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,
With all the shapes over their surface spread:

But, while the gross and visible frame of things

Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
Yea almost on the Mind herself, and seems
All unsubstantialized,—how loud the voice
Of waters, with invigorated peal
From the full river in the vale below,
Ascending! For on that superior height
Who sits is disencumbered from the press
Of near obstructions, and is privileged

To breathe in solitude, above the host
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves

Many and idle, visits not his ear:
This he is freed from, and from thousand notes

(Not less unceasing, not less vain than these),

By which the finer passages of sense
Are occupied; and the Soul, that would incline

To listen, is prevented or deterred. >

And may it not be hoped, that, placed by age

In like removal, tranquil though severe,
We are not so removed for utter loss;
But for some favor, suited to our need?
What more than that the severing should confer

Fresh power to commune with the invisible world,

And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude; whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labor on the Plain below.

But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes
Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close
And termination of his mortal course;
Them only can such hope inspire whose minds

Have not been starved by absolute neglect;
Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford

Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may ensure.

For me, consulting what I feel within
In times when most existence with herself
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe
That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope
And Reason's sway predominates; even so far,

Country, society, and time itself
That saps the individual's bodily frame
And lays the generations low in dust,
Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace, partake
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
And cherishing with ever-constant love
That tires not, nor betrays. Our life is turned

Out of her course, wherever man is made

An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
 Or implement, a passive thing employed
 As a brute mean, with out acknowledgment
 Of common right or interest in the end,
 Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
 Why, what can follow for a rational soul
 Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
 And strength in evil? Hence an after-call
 For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
 And oft-times Death, avenger of the past,
 And the sole guardian in whose hands we
 dare

Entrust the future.—Not for these sad issues

Was Man created; but to obey the law
 Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis
 known

That when we stand upon our native soil,
 Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
 Our active powers, those powers themselves
 become

Strong to subvert our noxious qualities:
 They sweep distemper from the busy day,
 And make the chalice of the big round year
 Run o'er with gladness; whence the Being
 moves

In beauty through the world; and all who
 see

Bless him, rejoicing in his neighborhood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what
 force

Of language shall a feeling heart express
 Her sorrow for that multitude in whom
 We look for health from seeds that have
 been sown

In sickness, and for increase is a power
 That works but by extinction? On them-
 selves

They cannot lean, nor turn to their own
 hearts

To know what they must do; their wis-
 dom is

To look into the eyes of others, thence
 To be instructed what they must avoid:
 Or rather, let us say, how least observed,
 How with most quiet and most silent death,
 With the least taint and injury to the air
 The oppressor breathes, their human form
 divine,

And their immortal soul, may waste away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you—you
 have spared

My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
 A wide compassion which with you I share.
 When, heretofore, I placed before your sight

A Little-one, subjected to the arts
 Of modern ingenuity, and made
 The senseless member of a vast machine,
 Serving as both a spindle or a wheel;
 Think not that pitying him, I could for-
 get

The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, un-
 taught;

The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,
 And miserable hunger. Much, too much,
 Of this unhappy lot, in early youth

We both have witnessed, lot which I myself
 Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:
 Yet was the mind to hindrances exposed,
 Through which I struggled, not without
 distress

And sometimes injury, like a lamb en-
 thrall'd

'Mid thorns and brambles; or a bird that
 breaks

Through a strong net, and mounts upon the
 wind,

Though with her plumes impaired. If they,
 whose souls

Should open while they range the richer
 fields

Of merry England, are obstructed less
 By indigence, their ignorance is not less,
 Nor less to be deplored. For who can
 doubt

That tens of thousands at this day exist
 Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs
 Of those who once were vassals of her soil,
 Following its fortunes like the beasts of
 trees

Which it sustained. But no one takes de-
 light

In this oppression; none are proud of it;
 It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;
 A standing grievance, an indigenous vice
 Of every country under heaven. My
 thoughts

Were turned to evils that are new and
 chosen,

A bondage lurking under shape of good,—
 Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,
 But all too fondly followed and too far;
 To victims, which the merciful can see
 Nor think that they are victims—turned to
 wrongs,

By women, who have children of their own,
 Beheld without compassion, yea with
 praise!

I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
 With gladness, thinking that the more
 spread

The hearer, the seerer, we become;

Delusion which a moment may destroy ;
 Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had
 seen
 Corrupted and cast down, on favored
 ground,
 Where circumstances and nature had combin-
 ed
 To shelter innocence, and cherish love ;
 Who, but for this intrusion, would have
 lived,
 Possessed of health, and strength, and peace
 of mind ;
 Thus would have lived, or never have been
 born.

Alas ! what differs more than man from
 man !
 And whence that difference ? whence but
 from himself ?
 For see the universal Race endowed
 With the same upright form !—The sun is
 fixed,
 And the infinite magnificence of heaven
 Fixed, within reach of every human eye ;
 The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears :
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight
 Into all hearts. Throughout the world of
 sense,
 Even as an object is sublime or fair,
 That object is laid open to the view
 Without reserve or veil : and as a power
 Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
 Are each and all enabled to perceive
 That power, that influence, by impartial
 law.
 Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all ;
 Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and
 tears ;
 Imagination, freedom in the will ;
 Conscience to guide and check ; and death
 to be
 Foretasted, immortality conceived
 By all,—a blissful immortality,
 To them whose holiness on earth shall make
 The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.
 Strange, then, nor less than monstrous,
 might be deemed
 The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
 Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
 The excellence of moral qualities
 From common understanding ; leaving truth
 And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark,
 Hard to be won, and only by a few ;
 Strange, should He deal herein with nice
 respects,
 And frustrate all the rest ! Believe it not :
 The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;

The charities that soothe, and heal, and
 bless,
 Are scattered at the feet of Man—like
 flowers.
 The generous inclination, the just rule,
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure
 thoughts—
 No mystery is here ! Here is no boon
 For high—yet not for low ; for proudly
 graced—
 Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke
 ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth
 As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose
 soul
 Ponders this true equality, may walk
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope ;
 Yet, in that meditation, will he find
 Motive to sadder grief, as we have found ;
 Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
 And for the injustice grieving, that hath
 made
 So wide a difference between man and man.

Then let us rather fix our gladdened
 thoughts
 Upon the brighter scene. How blest that
 pair
 Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even
 now)
 Blest in their several and their common lot !
 A few short hours of each returning day
 The thriving prisoners of their village-
 school :
 And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant
 homes
 Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy ;
 To breathe and to be happy, run and shout
 Idle,—but no delay, no harm, no loss ;
 For every genial power of heaven and
 earth,
 Through all the seasons of the changeful
 year,
 Obscurely doth take upon herself
 To labor for them ; bringing each in turn
 The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge,
 health,
 Beauty, or strength ! Such privilege is
 theirs,
 Granted alike in the outset of their course
 To both ; and, if that partnership must
 cease,
 I grieve not," to the Pastor here he turned,
 " Much as I glory in that child of yours,
 Repine not for his cottage-comrade, whom
 Belike no higher destiny awaits
 Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled ;

The wish for liberty to live—content
With what Heaven grants, and die—in peace
of mind

Within the bosom of his native vale.
At least, whatever fate the noon of life
Reserves for either, sure it is that both
Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
Whether regarded as a jocund time,
That in itself may terminate, or lead
In course of nature to a sober eve.
Both have been fairly dealt with; looking
back

They will allow that justice has in them
Been shown, alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
Some weighty matter; then, with fervent
voice

And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed—

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest
wealth

And best protection, this imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil main-
tains

The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that
none,

However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the
help

Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right the lisping babe pro-
claims

To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his
need.

—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who them-
selves

Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a
prayer

That from the humblest floor ascends to
heaven,

It mounts to reach the State's parental ear:
Who, if indeed she owns a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude, to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good—which England,
safe

From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt
cliffs

To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;
Laws overturned; and territory split,
Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,
And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Of the same breath are shattered and de-
stroyed.

Meantime the sovereignty of these fair
Isles

Remains entire and indivisible:
And, if that ignorance were removed, which
breeds

Within the compass of their several shores
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
Might still preserve the beautiful repose
Of heavenly bodies shining in their spheres.
—The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus duties rising out of good possess
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require
That the whole people should be taught and
trained.

So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.

With such foundations laid, avaunt the
fear

Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all healthful growth
Through mutual injury! Rather in the law
Of increase and the mandate from above
Rejoice!—and ye have special cause for
joy.

—For, as the element of air affords
 An easy passage to the industrious bees
 Fraught with their burthens; and a way as
 smooth
 For those ordained to take their sounding
 flight
 From the thronged hive, and settle where
 they list
 In fresh abodes—their labor to renew;
 So the wide waters, open to the power,
 The will, the instincts, and appointed
 needs
 Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
 Her swarms, and in succession send them
 forth;
 Bound to establish new communities
 On every shore whose aspect favors hope
 Or bold adventure; promising to skill
 And perseverance their deserved reward.

Yes," he continued, kindling as he spake,
 "Change wide, and deep, and silently per-
 formed,

This Land shall witness; and as days roll
 on,
 Earth's universal frame shall feel the
 effect;
 Even till the smallest habitable rock,
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
 Of humanized society; and bloom
 With civil arts, that shall breathe forth
 their fragrance,

A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
 From culture, unexclusively bestowed
 On Albion's noble Race in freedom born,
 Expect these mighty issues; from the pains
 And faithful care of unambitious schools
 Instructing simple childhood's ready ear:
 Thence look for these magnificent results!
 --Vast the circumference of hope—and ye
 Are at its centre, British Lawgivers;
 Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall Wis-
 dom's voice

From out the bosom of these troubled
 times

Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
 And shall the venerable halls ye fill
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree?
 Trust not to partial care a general good;
 Transfer not to futurity a work
 Of urgent need.—Your Country must com-
 plete

Her glorious destiny. Begin even now,
 Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian
 plague
 Of darkness stretched o'er guilty Europe,
 makes

The brightness more conspicuous that in-
 vests

The happy Island where ye think and act;
 Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,
 Show to the wretched nations for what
 end

The powers of civil polity were given."

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
 The Sage broke off. No sooner had he
 ceased

Than, looking forth, the gentle lady said,
 "Behold the shades of afternoon have
 fallen

Upon this flowery slope; and see—be-
 yond—

The silvery lake is streaked with placid
 blue,

As if preparing for the peace of evening.
 How temptingly the landscape shines! The
 air

Breathes invitation: easy is the walk
 To the lake's margin, where a boat lies
 moored

Under a sheltering tree."—Upon this hint
 We rose together; all were pleased; but
 most

The beauteous girl, whose cheek was
 flushed with joy.

Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills
 She vanished—eager to impart the scheme
 To her loved brother and his shy compeer
 —Now was there bustle in the Vicar's
 house

And earnest preparation.—Forth we went
 And down the vale along the streamlet's
 edge

Pursued our way, a broken company,
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.
 Thus having reached a bridge, that over
 arched

The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A two-fold image; on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same! Most beautiful,
 On the green turf, with his imperial front
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns su-
 perb,

The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counter-
 part.

Each had his glowing mountains, each his
 sky,
 And each seemed centre of his own fair
 world:

Antipodes unconscious of each other,

Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended, in perfect stillness, to our sight!

“Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
And yet a breath can do it!”

These few words
The Lady whispered, while we stood and
gazed

Gathered together, all in still delight,
Not without awe. Thence passing on, she
said

In like low voice to my particular ear,
“I love to hear that eloquent old Man
Pour forth his meditations, and descant
On human life from infancy to age.
How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
His mind gives back the various forms of
things,

Caught in their fairest, happiest, attitude!
While he is speaking, I have power to see
Even as he sees; but when his voice hath
ceased,

Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,
That combinations so serene and bright
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,
Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,
Seems but a fleeting sun-beam's gift, whose
peace

The sufferance only of a breath of air!”

More had she said—but sportive shouts
were heard

Sent from the jocund hearts of those two
Boys,

Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
Down the green field came tripping after
us.

With caution we embarked; and now the
pair

For prouder service were address; but each,
Wishful to leave an opening for my choice,
Dropped the light oar his eager hand had
scized.

Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
Their place I took—and for a grateful office
Pregnant with recollections of the time
When, on thy bosom, spacious Winder-
mere!

A Youth, I practised this delightful art;
Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew
Of joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy
marge

Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant,
oars

Free from obstruction: and the boat ad-
vanced

Through crystal water, smoothly as a
hawk,

That, disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert,
cleaves

With correspondent wings the abyss of air.
—“Observe,” the Vicar said, “yon rocky
isle

With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall
guide the helm,

While thitherward we shape our course; or
while

We seek that other, on the western shore;
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
Supporting gracefully a massive dome
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
A Grecian temple rising from the Deep.”

“Turn where we may,” said I, “we can-
not err

In this delicious region.”—Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered
groves,

And mountains bare, or clothed with an-
cient woods,

Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us; change of
place,

From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new.

—Ah! that such beauty, varying in the
light

Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;

But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love!

Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet
speaks

Of trivial occupations well devised,
And unsought pleasures springing up by
chance;

And if some friendly Genius had ordained
That, as the day thus far had been enriched
By acquisition of sincere delight,
The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young
A gypsy-fire we kindled on the shore
Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed—
and there,

Merrily seated in a ring, partook
A choice repast—served by our young con-
panions

With rival earnestness and kindred glee.

Launched from our hands the smooth stone
skimmed the lake ;
With shouts we raised the echoes ;—stiller
sounds

The lovely Girl supplied—a simple song,
Whose low tones reached not to the distant
rocks

To be repeated thence, but gently sank
Into our hearts ; and charmed the peaceful
flood.

Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
From land and water ; lilies of each hue—
Golden and white, that float upon the
waves,

And court the wind ; and leaves of that shy
plant,

(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the
vale,

That loves the ground, and from the sun
withholds

Her pensive beauty ; from the breeze her
sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did the
place

And season yield ; but, as we re-embarked,
Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
Of that wild spot, the Solitary said

In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,
“ The fire, that burned so brightly to our
wish,

Where is it now ?—Deserted on the beach—
Dying, or dead ! Nor shall the fanning
breeze

Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
Whose ends are gained ? Behold an em-
blem here

Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys !

And, in this unpremeditated slight

Of that which is no longer needed, see
The common course of human gratitude ! ”

This plaintive note disturbed not the re-
pose

Of the still evening. Right across the lake
Our pinnacle moves ; then, coasting creek
and bay,

Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,
Where couch the spotted deer ; or raise our
eyes

To shaggy steeps on which the careless
goat

Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls ;
And thus the bark, meandering with the
shore,

Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier
Of jutting rock invited us to land.

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,
We clomb a green hill's side ; and, as we
clomb,

The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,
O'er the flat meadows and indented coast
Of the smooth lake, in compass seen :—far
off,

And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-
tower,

In majesty presiding over fields
And habitations seemingly preserved
From all intrusion of the restless world
By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon we
couched

Or sate reclined ; admiring quietly
The general aspect of the scene ; but each
Not seldom over anxious to make known
His own discoveries ; or to favorite points
Directing notice, merely from a wish

To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared,
That rapturous moment never shall I for-
get

When these particular interests were effaced
From every mind !—Already had the sun,
Sinking with less than ordinary state,
Attained his western bound ; but rays of
light—

Now suddenly diverging from the orb
Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled
By the dense air—shot upwards to the
crown

Of the blue firmament—aloft, and wide :
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Through their ethereal texture pierced—ere
we,

Who saw, of change were conscious—had
become

Vivid as fire ; clouds separately poised,—
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the sky ;
And giving back, and shedding each on
each,

With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which from the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to re-
ceive.

That which the heavens displayed, the liquid
deep

Repeated ; but with unity sublime !

While from the grassy mountain's open
side
We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes in-
tent

On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible
space,
The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed :

“ Eternal Spirit ! universal God !
Power inaccessible to human thought,
Save by degrees and steps which thou hast
deigned

To furnish ; for this effluence of thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed ; this local transitory type
Of thy paternal splendors, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest hea-
ven,

The radiant Cherubim ;—accept the thanks
Which we, thy humble Creatures, here con-
vened,

Presume to offer ; we, who— from the
breast

Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of thy face—
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore !
Such as they are who in thy presence stand
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty streamed forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of
earth

Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonor, cleansed from mortal stain.
—Accomplish, then, their number ; and
conclude

Time’s weary course ! Or if, by thy decree,
The consummation that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
Oh ! let thy Word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the
law,

As it is written in thy holy book,
Throughout all lands : let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey ;
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which it affords, to such as do thy will
And persevere in good, that they shall rise,
To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.
—Father of good ! this prayer in bounty
grant,

In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.
Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
And cruel wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
Alas ! the nations, who of yore received
These tidings, and in Christian temples
meet

The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger
still ;

Preferring bonds and darkness to a state

Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

So fare the many ; and the thoughtful
few,
Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
This dire perverseness, cannot choose but
ask,
Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife,
Falseness and guile, be left to sow their
seed ;

And the kind never perish ? Is the hope
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,
And ne’er to fail ? Shall that blest day ar-
rive

When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell
In crowded cities, without fear shall live
Studious of mutual benefit, and he,
Whom Morn awakens, among dews and
flowers

Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
Be happy in himself ?—The law of faith
Working through love, such conquest shall
it gain,

Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve ?
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart !
And with that help the wonder shall be
seen

Fulfilled, the hope accomplished ; and thy
praise
Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

Once,” and with mild demeanor, as he
spoke,

On us the venerable Pastor turned
His beaming eye that had been raised to
Heaven,

“ Once, while the name, Jehovah, was a
sound

Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
Unheard, the savage nations bowed the
head

To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds ;
Gods which themselves had fashioned, to
promote

Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.
Then, in the bosom of yon mountain cove,
To those inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnized ; and
there—

Amid impending rocks and gloomy woods—
Of those terrific Idols some received
Such dismal service, that the loudest voice
Of the swollen cataracts (which now are
heard

Soft murmuring) was too weak to over-
come,

Though aided by wild winds, the groans
and shrieks

Of human victims, offered up to appease
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes
Had visionary faculties to see
The thing that hath been as the thing that is,
Aghast we might behold this crystal Mere
Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths voluminous,

Flung from the body of devouring fires,
To Taranis erected on the heights
By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
Exultingly, in view of open day
And full assemblage of a barbarous host ;
Or to Andates, female Power, who gave
(For so they fancied) glorious victory.

—A few rude monuments of mountain-
stone

Survive; all else is swept away.— How
bright

The appearances of things! From such,
how changed

The existing worship; and with those com-
pared,

The worshippers how innocent and blest!
So wide the difference, a willing mind
Might almost think, at this affecting hour,
That paradise, the lost abode of man,
Was raised again: and to a happy few,
In its original beauty, here restored.

Whence but from thee, the true and only
God,

And from the faith derived through Him
who bled

Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
Of good from evil? as if one extreme
Were left, the other gained.—O ye, who
come

To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,
Called to such office by the peaceful sound
Of sabbath-bells; and ye, who sleep in earth,
All cares forgotten, round its hallowed
walls!

For you, in presence of this little band
Gathered together on the green hill-side,
Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer
Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King;
Whose love, whose counsel, whose com-
mands, have made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
And in good works; and him, who is en-
dowed

With scantiest knowledge, master of all
truth

Which the salvation of his soul requires.
Conscious of that abundant favor showered

On you, the children of my humble care,
And this dear land, our country, while
earth

We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.

These barren rocks, your stern inheritance.
These fertile fields, that recompense your
pains;

The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-
top;

Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
Or hushed; the roaring waters, and the
still—

They see the offering of my lifted hands,
They hear my lips present their sacrifice,
They know if I be silent, morn or even:
For, though in whispers speaking, the full
heart

Will find a vent; and thought is praise to
Audible praise, to thee, omniscient Mind,
From whom all gifts descend, all blessings
flow!"

This vesper-service closed, without delay,
From that exalted station to the plain
Descending, we pursued our homeward
course,

In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,
Under a faded sky. No trace remained
Of those celestial splendors; gray the
vault—

Pure, cloudless, ether; and the star of eve
Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared
Faintly, too faint almost for sight; and
some

Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth
In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained
Her mooring-place; where, to the shelter-
ing tree

Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,
With prompt yet careful hands. This
done, we paced

The dewy fields; but ere the Vicar's door
Was reached, the Solitary checked his steps,
Then, intermingling thanks, on each be-
stowed

A farewell salutation; and, the like
Receiving, took the slender path that leads
To the one cottage in the lonely dell:
But turned not without welcome promise
made

That he would share the pleasures and pur-
suits

Of yet another summer's day, not loth
To wander with us through the fertile vales,
And o'er the mountain-wastes. "Another
sun,"

said he, " shall shine upon us, ere we part ;
 Another sun, and peradventure more ;
 If time, with free consent, be yours to give,
 and season favors."

To enfeebled Power,
 From this communion with uninjured
 Minds,
 What renovation had been brought ; and
 what
 Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,
 Dejected, and habitually disposed

To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
 Excuse and solace for her own defects ;
 How far those erring notions were reformed ;
 And whether aught, of tendency as good
 And pure, from further intercourse en-
 sued ;

This—if delightful hopes, as heretofore,
 Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts
 Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the
 past—

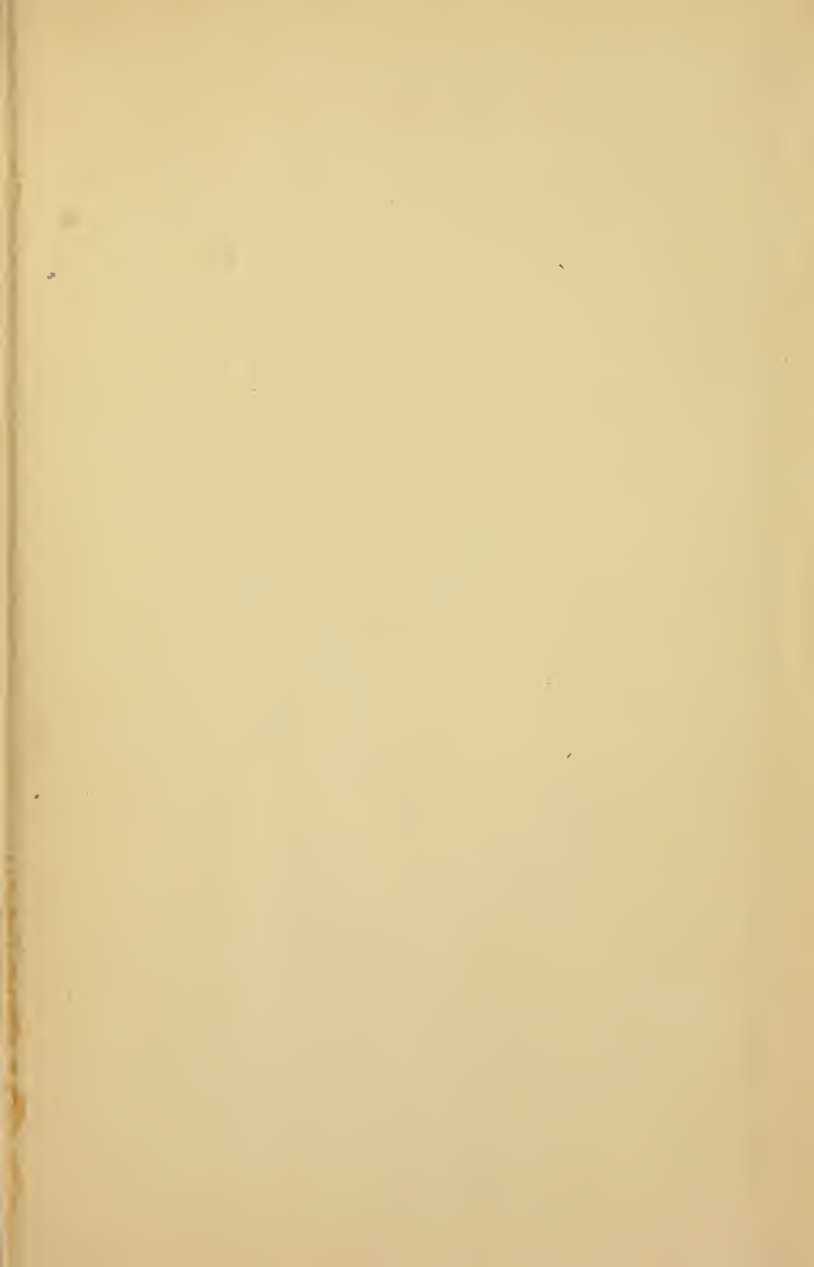
My future labors may not leave untold.

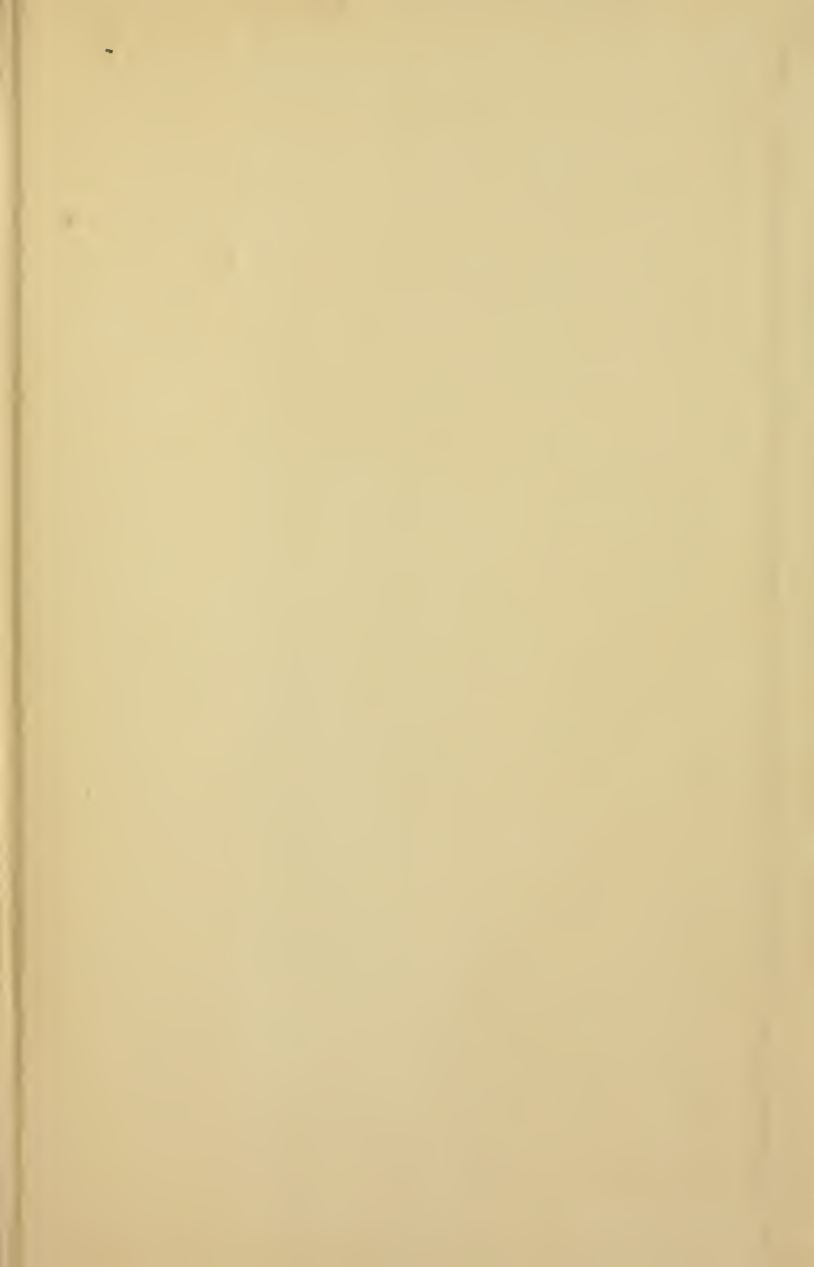
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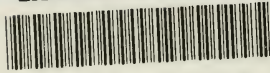
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